

# THE INDEPENDENT

SATURDAY 26 APRIL 1997

WEATHER: Bright at first, then rainy

(R65p) 60p

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The Magazine



Films, books, TV, gigs, music, travel... (not to mention lunch and just)



## Terror threat to election day

### Home Office orders big security clampdown

Jason Bennetto, Fran Abrams and David McKittrick

Unprecedented security measures are to be taken on polling day to thwart any attempt by the IRA to disrupt the general election.

Polling stations are to be searched for explosive devices, extra police officers posted, some voters may be searched and returning officers been given Home Office advice about terrorist threats for the first time.

The plans emerged on the day two IRA bombs exploded under a electricity pylon close to a motorway and a housing estate north of Birmingham, as part of the wave of mass disruption to Britain's transport systems.

Police believe the IRA was attempting to send a 132,000-volt electricity pylon crashing down on the M6. However, no one was hurt when the devices exploded in the morning rush hour. The police later said the IRA gave inaccurate coded warnings, further endangering life. The explosions were the third time in eight days the IRA has tried to disrupt the election campaign by creating chaos via a series of coded bomb threats.

The authorities intend to impose the tightest security measures seen this century surrounding a general election on 1 May to avoid further disruption. A Home Office spokesman said the decision by the Home Office to send all 6,000 returning officers a catalogue telling them how to respond to an attack.

It says: "Provided that an adequate security plan, based on police advice, has been put in place, it should be possible to avoid major disruption, such as evacuation of premises, in almost all circumstances. Should a bomb threat be received, the police will assess its credibility and consider, in the light of the security measures in place, what level of response is appropriate."

"Their aim will be to enable the electoral process to continue uninterrupted unless that would pose a clear risk to public safety."

If adds that if voting did have to be abandoned the process could be completed the following day.

Officials said that in the event of any coded threats being received, the presiding officers should arrange for the polling station to be searched again.

Home Office sources maintained that they had no intelligence about a specific IRA threat to polling day and serious disruption was considered unlikely. But they also acknowledged that recent IRA activity had emphasised that the general threat was high.

**"We've a large number of security measures - this is an enormous operation but we are sure that it will do the job"**

Chief constables of Britain's police forces will decide the level of security necessary at each of the 45,000 polling stations and 650,000 voters. Both the visible and more covert measures are expected to turn polling day into one of the biggest police security operations ever.

David Veness, the Metropolitan Police's assistant commissioner, revealed earlier in the week that police had been planning how to combat any IRA threat on 1 May for some time.

A police source from a metropolitan force said yesterday: "Polling day is a prime target for the IRA. We have a large number of security measures - some covert - ready to be brought into play. This is an enormous operation, but we're sure it will do the job. There will be more police officers than

usual and if anyone is acting suspiciously they may be searched."

Tickets to some counts have already been restricted and attendants on voting night can expect tight security.

In Northern Ireland itself there has been no recent history of serious disruption on polling days.

Since the early 1980s, when Sinn Fein has contested every election, polling has normally taken place in a trouble-free atmosphere.

One of the principal reasons for this pattern has been the fact that Sinn Fein activists have been anxious to secure as big a turnout as possible of their own supporters.

However, in at least one election in the early 1970s, a wave of IRA bomb attacks took place across Belfast while on the evening of another polling day, a number of Loyalist bombs went off.

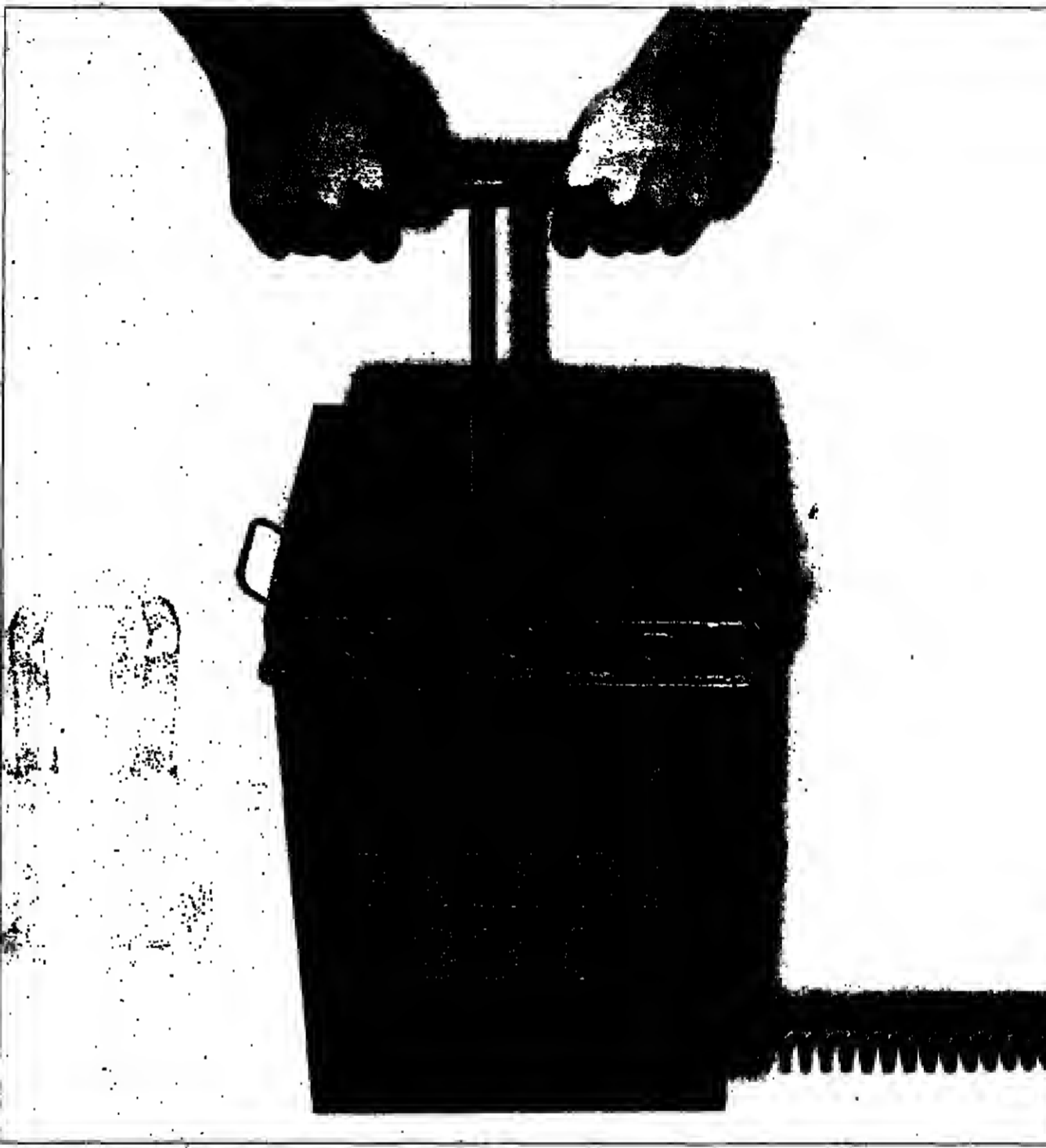
Meanwhile, the emergency services were yesterday having to cope with yet another series of coded bomb threats that crippled the motorway system in the Midlands, and closed Birmingham's main train station and Luton airport. Sections of the M1 and M18 in Leicestershire, Nottinghamshire and South Yorkshire were also closed for a time.

Commenting on the bombs which were detonated under the electricity pylon, at Moxich, west Midlands, between junctions 10 and 10A of the M6, Chief Inspector Steve Dwyer of West Midlands police said: "It's absolutely despicable... It could have resulted in total devastation. If the pylon had fallen in one direction, it would have fallen on to the M6, where drivers at rush hour were going to work."

"If it had fallen the other way, it could have fallen on to flats and residents' property."

The pylon, which was slightly damaged, only supplies a small area with electricity. All the disrupted routes were re-opened by the afternoon with the exception of a section of the M6, near the explosions.

Travel chaos, page 5



## Blair wins backing on pensions

Anthony Bevins and Diane Coyle

The Tories yesterday hit Labour with a £10-for-£1 charge that it was planning a £20 cut in the basic pension after John Major condemned Tony Blair for dragging politics into the gutter, and staked his political career on guaranteeing the state pension.

The Institute for Fiscal Studies, a respected think tank, says in an analysis for *The Independent* that the Conservatives' proposal for a "basic pension plus" does, as Mr Blair claims, amount to the replacement of the guaranteed basic state pension by private provision.

"It is effectively a privatisation of the state pension," according to Paul Johnson, deputy director of the IFS.

The IFS also pointed out that Labour's retention of the link between pensions and earnings, rather than earnings, will devalue the pension over time. "We are effectively seeing general agreement that the basic pension will be gradually phased out," Mr Johnson said.

Both parties downplayed the fact that anybody who is under 20 now can not count on receiving a state pension that provides enough to live on, no matter who wins the election.

The pattern of pension provision is almost certain to involve two tiers, a basic state pension and a top-up private pension. The amount provided by the state,

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whether under a Labour or Conservative government, will be minimal.

But the political row between the parties overshadowed all else. While Mr Major and Mr Blair battled over the future of the state pension, Peter Lilley,

Secretary of State for Social Security, alleged that Labour's plans for a flexible age of retirement "would cut the basic pension by £20 a week."

Harriet Harman, the Labour spokeswoman, said: "The basic state pension will be paid in full to all who retire at 65." The Labour leader said he was angered by "Tony plans to split the country into a 'two-tier' society. Look at all their proposals," he said at Labour's press conference, "whether it's health, education, pensions; it's all dividing people up."

But Mr Blair was not as angry as Mr Major appeared at his press conference. Challenged by *The Independent* to say how he could guarantee the state pension with men like Michael Portillo or John Redwood about, he said: "If anybody in my Cabinet actually prevailed in an argument like that, I would not only leave Downing Street, I would call a general election."

"This is just the politics of crude fantasy, scurrilous, unscrupulous campaigning in order to win the votes of people who they wish to frighten... It really does bring politics down into the gutter when people utter charges like this, that they know in their hearts to be false."

Mr Major said: "This wasn't a casual, tossed-off remark by Mr Brown or Mr Blair. This was a carefully calculated, carefully prepared campaign against the

Conservative Party to frighten pensioners into believing that their security and the state retirement pension was at risk."

Certainly, the Labour attack was calculated. *The Independent* was told last night that Mr Blair had made his own assessment of Conservative pension plans when they were first announced in Downing Street in March - but held back his attack for delivery at the height of the election campaign.

Gordon Brown, the shadow Chancellor, last night wrote to Mr Major asking him to confirm that the state pension was to be replaced by "privately purchased provision" and that the scheme might eventually be extended to include older people.

Flows in every one of the Environment Agency's 35 indicator rivers are well below average for the time of year. In most, the flow is less than a third of what is normal for late April.

If Labour wins the general election next Thursday, it has promised to crack down on the water companies, demanding that they speed up their programmes to reduce mains leakage and repair customer's leaking pipes and taps free of charge.

Weather, Long Weekend, page 31

## Strange wet stuff falls from the sky

Nicholas Schoon

"Rain stopped play." Sweet words of summer, which we thought we might never hear again. But yesterday eight cricket matches were halted as real water fell from the sky.

The Meteorological Office is confidently forecasting a genuinely wet weekend. And, peering cautiously into the future, it predicts unsettled weather in the first half of May, with still more precipitation.

Instead of April turning out to be a freakishly, record-setting dry, it now looks as if the month might merely have far

below average rainfall. Until yesterday, rainfall in England and Wales this April had only averaged 2mm - compared with the long-term average for the entire month of 60mm.

Ever less rain had fallen in the nation's most parched regions of East Anglia, the Thames Valley and the South.

But now at last there has been widespread, steady drizzle, which had dumped more than 3mm on London by yesterday afternoon. It was capital's first proper, prolonged rain since 23 March. "Our sensors show it's still raining," said a spokesman indoors at the London Weather

Centre. "We could well go to over 4mm."

So unusual was all this dampness that the Associated Press, the leading US news agency, told the world's media. "It rained in London, Friday. News? You bet," its report began.

England and Wales have had their driest 24 successive months since reliable records began just over 200 years ago. There was well above average rainfall in February, but precipitation in January and March was exceptionally low for the time of year.

Much more is required to

avert the threat of hosepipe and sprinkler bans across large parts of southern and eastern England. From now until the autumn, the ground is too dry and evaporation too swift for surface and underground water resources to be replenished by rain. But any rain that falls cuts the demand from gardeners and farmers, helping to eke out supplies.

"This week's rainfall is unlikely to have any real effect on supplies; what we really need is a great deal of consistent rainfall," said Jane Farncombe of Southern Water, which still has a long-running hosepipe ban in East and West Sussex. "We

have already experienced one surge of demand in April due to the warm weather."

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**Co-op net widens**

The scandal surrounding Andrew Regan's failed £1.2bn break-up bid for the Co-op widened yesterday to include 17 leading City financial institutions and blue-chip companies. They were supplied with confidential information stolen from the Co-op after what a High Court judge described as "iniquitous conduct" on the part of Mr Regan and his advisers. Page 22

**Channel 4 race-off**

The contest to succeed Michael Grade as chief executive of Channel 4 appears to have boiled down to a two-horse race between the BBC's Michael Jackson, and C4's director of programmes, John Yorke. Page 3

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YOU AND CANON CAN

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# BBC's brightest set to head C4

Rob Brown  
Media Editor

The contest to succeed Michael Grade as chief executive of Channel 4, an appointment expected to be made at a board meeting on Monday, appears to have boiled down to a two-horse race between one of the BBC's top television executives, Michael Jackson, and Channel 4's director of programmes, John Willis.

If the youthful Mr Jackson gets the job, it will be hard for Mr Willis to stick around at the station he has been with since day one. Colleagues expect him to quit if he is passed over for the post. He may even cross over to the BBC.

Many of Mr Jackson's col-

leagues at the Beeb are bracing themselves for that eventuality. He has described the Channel 4 chief executive post as the best job in British broadcasting.

Rumours have been sweeping through the corridors at Television Centre since last Tuesday, when the director of television and controller of BBC1 suddenly cancelled a walkabout in the entertainment department for a serious discussion at Broadcasting House with director-general John Birt.

Mr Birt has dismissed suggestions that he is about to lose one of the brightest minds in the corporation, and a possible future DG. He told one reporter that for Mr Jackson to move from his current job at the BBC (Director of Television and

controller of BBC1) to Channel 4 would be "like you going off to edit the *New Statesman*".

It could be that Mr Birt has held out the wunderkind of White City by offering him an irresistible package of promises. But Mr Jackson has just embarked on a plum job, so it is doubtful he can be offered much more at this stage.

Speculation that he is set to defect to the commercial sector has risen since it emerged last week that BBC's director of programmes, Alan Yentob, was out of the running. Although he has no real experience in the commercial world, the way for the appointment of a creative leader was paved by the recent decision to promote David Scott from finance director to

Channel 4's managing director. But it will be a major blow for the station's programming supremo, John Willis, who has been described by Channel 5's chief executive David Elstein as the "unsung hero" of Channel 4.

Mr Willis would hate to lose out to a younger man he once branded a "copycat criminal". That was when Mr Jackson was controller of BBC2 and, allegedly, stealing ideas from Channel 4. Mr Jackson hit back at that time, describing Channel 4 as a "lager channel" and arguing that a "sapping of originality" had resulted from a "pursuit of demographics" - in particular, young, lager-drinking, upwardly-mobile men.

Mr Jackson pointed to *The Gilt Show* as an example of "putting

packaging before programming, treating the audience simply as categories of consumers".

In contrast, BBC2, he suggested, challenged its audience by "reflecting the more fluid social realities of the Nineties - the awareness that Essex Man may be curious about Cezanne, that Sussex Woman may have hankers after Oasis".

Mr Jackson made life difficult for Channel 4 schedulers during his time in charge of BBC2. He broadened its appeal, particularly in peak time, with everything from fantasy football to *Our Friends in the North*. He axed the Late Show and gave the network its first continuous drama series, *This Life*, about a group of sex-obsessed young lawyers sharing a Ladbroke flat.

Interestingly, Michael Grade performed virtually the same role that Mr Jackson performs at the Beeb, before he took over at Channel 4 in 1987. Because of his populist and flamboyant image, Mr Grade's appointment unnerved many at Channel 4. Yet he quickly established himself as the Face of Four and many Channel 4 staffers were devastated when he announced on 27 January that he would quit in July.

The horror which greeted Michael Grade's move to Channel 4 would repeat itself if the board opted this time for his old LWT chum Greg Dyke, who is believed to covet the post. Mr Jackson has more at stake, and no one will be outraged if he is named as Channel 4's new boss.



Michael Jackson: Wunderkind Photograph: Edward Sykes

## ...but backlash against the box starts here

Nicole Veash

The backlash against television started in the Wilson household when they banished the square box to a corner of the attic, where it sat gathering dust for more than a decade.

A few years ago, they decided to be rid of it permanently, mainly because it was over used and was taking up too much space.

The family, who live in East Grinstead, Sussex, have now given their support to Turn Off TV Week, a campaign launched by anti-television campaigners, White Dot.

Sarah Wilson, 44, a music teacher and mother to three teenage children, said "when they chose to turn off their television they were rewarded with an enriched family life."

"When the children were quite small my husband and I decided we didn't want them watching television because it is habit-forming and they would

have assumed it was a expected part of family life," she said.

"I don't think we have replaced the television, we are not rushing around all the time trying to fill the gaps in our life. It is just that we live by a different, more moderate tempo."

The Wilsons are used to people thinking that life without television is somewhat odd. But they dismiss suggestions that their children are bored or in some way deprived. "Each of the children has had the time to develop a musical talent and I'm not quite sure how we would fit TV into our life now," says Mrs Wilson, whose husband, Chris, a business communications manager in London.

"I would like to think that if people switched off their television, even for just one week, that they would see how much more there is to life beyond *Neighbours*. Family life is being eroded and one of the contributing factors is television."

This week was officially designated Turn Off TV Week by David Burke, a computer programmer from Hove, Sussex, and founder of White Dot, after witnessing the success of a similar crusade in the United States, where a reputed 3.5 million viewers hit the off button last year. "I think people who watch a lot of TV don't realise how much it dominates their life because they are plugged into it all the time," he said.

"They start replacing reality with escapism. For example, they think the actors in the soap *Friends* are in fact their friends." Christine Airey, a shop assistant and her husband Mike, a policeman, of Brighton, have followed suit. The couple have four children, two of whom still live at home. The family disposed of the television a while ago, but somehow their children managed to sneak it back.

Mrs Airey, 45, said: "I would like to get rid of it permanently, but there is the rest of the family to consider."

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Before the box: A family enjoys itself in the pre-television age, as the Wilsons have for 10 years. Advertising Archives

## The Flying Hamburger: German hover-train will be world's fastest at 300mph

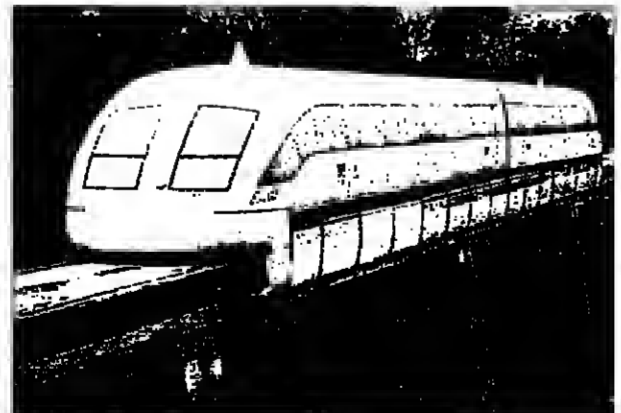
Imre Karacs  
Bonn

The German government yesterday gave the green light to the world's fastest train, which is designed to glide from Hamburg to Berlin at speeds of up to 300mph.

Work on the Transrapid project, financed jointly by taxpayers and private enterprise, is due to begin next year, with the trains scheduled to make their first journey in 2005. They will cover the 185-mile distance, with a stop in Schwerin, in less than an hour. Transrapid will herald a new age of the railway. Levitating on a magnetic cushion half an inch above the specially constructed track, the light-weight vehicles will dispense with wheels, traditional brakes, friction and noise.

Such systems already operate on short stretches around the world, but the Hamburg-Berlin line will be the first to apply the technology at a distance long enough to swamp other means of transport. The government and the German companies pioneering Transrapid hope their courage will be rewarded with export orders world-wide.

But although several countries, notably Brazil, the United States, Australia and China, have expressed interest in magnetic levitation (Maglev) trains, no firm order has been re-



The Transrapid will cover the 185 miles from Hamburg to Berlin - with a stop - in less than an hour

ceived. The incalculable revenue from exports has long been the subject of dispute in Germany, following realisation that Transrapid will not make money at home for a long time.

Indeed, yesterday's pledge of funds by the Transport Minister, Matthias Wissmann, was precipitated by the withdrawal of three large German construction companies from the project. The estimated cost of the project has gone up by 10 per cent of original calculations, while revenue forecasts have been revised downwards.

According to the latest figures, the government will invest DM1.1bn (about £2.1bn), while the private sector will put up

DM3.7bn. Annual profit is currently projected at just under DM1bn by 2010. Opponents say that is still pie in the sky, but the government commitment seems to ensure that the project will be realised. "I feel more optimistic than ever in saying that Transrapid will come," Mr Wissmann said yesterday.

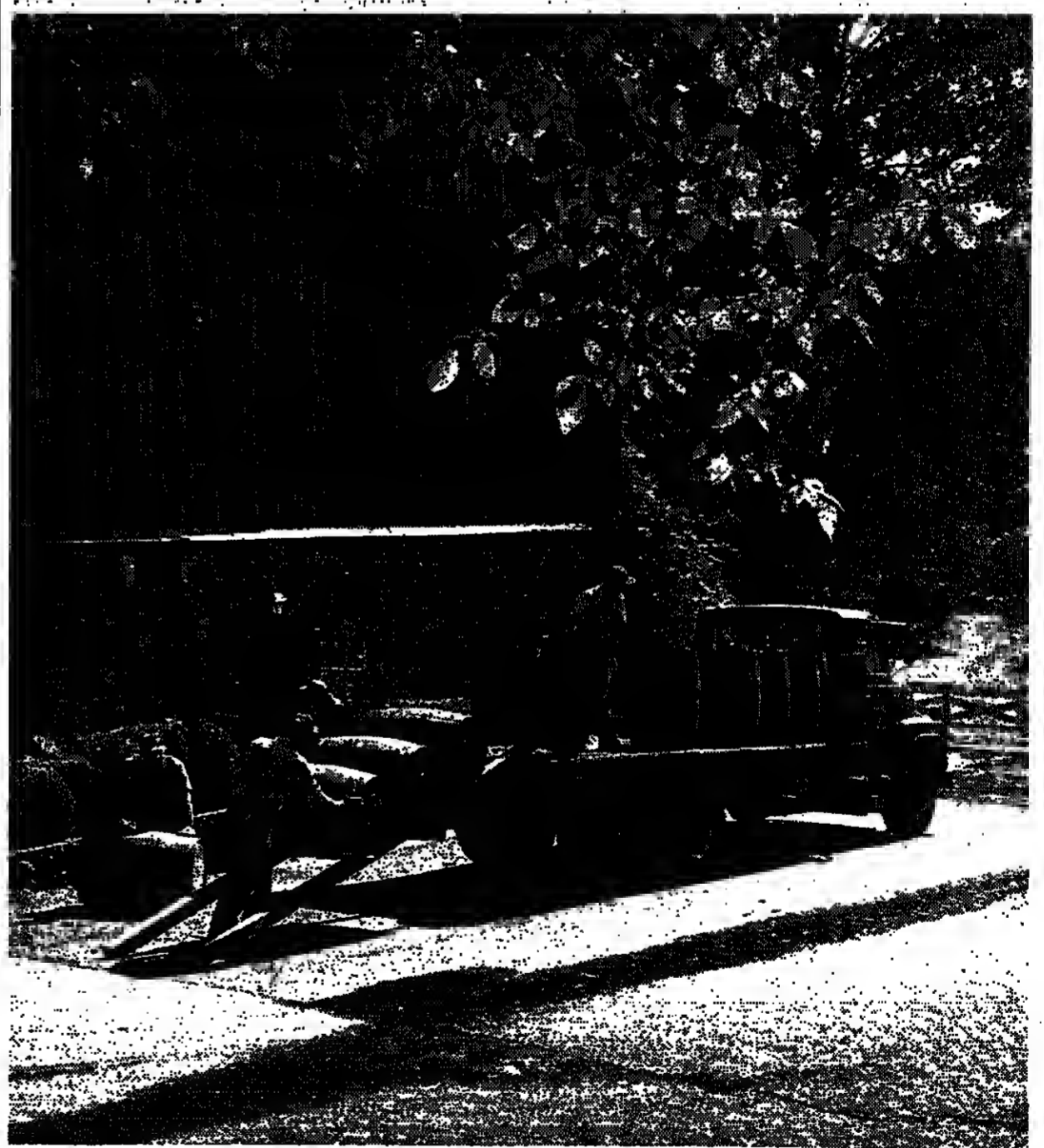
Money apart, Transrapid still faces opposition on other fronts. The Greens deplore the elevated track's impact on the landscape, and its higher energy use than traditional trains. Resistance is strongest in Schleswig-Holstein, the *Land* along a section of the track, whose government of Social Democrats and Greens is still

fighting a rearguard battle, and can delay the planning stages. Villages along the way have found a powerful ally in the Bismarck family, whose wooded estate lies in the path of progress.

Their power of obstruction is more than balanced, however, by the Transrapid lobby. The state railway company, and the private concerns Thyssen, Siemens and Adtranz have a vested interest in milking their investment. Chancellor Helmut Kohl and even the Finance Minister, Theo Waigel, are Maglev enthusiasts, and all but one of the regions affected support the line.

All arguments have, in any case, been outweighed by considerations of prestige. Germany was a late entrant to the high-speed rail race, and fell humiliated when France's TGV conquered rich foreign markets, rendering the rival German technology obsolete. Transrapid is meant to be the revenge, and something more. It is set to become a national symbol, the crowning glory of Germany's new capital, its space-age terminus for the Reichstag, the most important hub in Europe.

There are plans to take the line further east, to Warsaw and beyond. That may seem an implausible dream now, but that's what they used to say about the futuristic blueprints of the Hamburg-Berlin shuttle.



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من الأصل



## news

## Noddy comes to play for his creator's centenary



Noddy's new friend: Four-year-old Jake Birch plays with some of the Noddy goods on show at the London Toy and Model Museum. An exhibition of works by Enid Blyton - to mark the centenary of the author's birth - runs from today until 21 September at the Paddington gallery. Photograph: Nicola Firtz

## Director denies mistreatment at care home

Louise Jury

A director of homes for mentally disabled people accused of ill-treating residents told yesterday how she left the homes and never went back after the allegations were made.

Angela Rowe was now being treated for depression and anorexia. Kingston Crown Court, Surrey, was told. Jonathan Caplan, QC, for the prosecution, said the homes, Stoke Place Mansion House and Stoke Green House in Stoke Poges, Buckinghamshire, were more like an army camp than residential centres.

Mrs Rowe, with former members of staff Desmond Tully and Lorraine Field, denies claims by other former workers and relatives that residents were ill-treated.

The jury was directed by Mr Justice Baker not to be further concerned with four of the 16



Angela Rowe: Accused of making resident eat outside

charges. They were two charges of ill-treating residents made against Mrs Rowe and one charge of ill-treatment by Mr Tully and a similar charge against Mrs Field.

This leaves Mrs Rowe, 39, whose last given address was in Windsor, Berkshire, facing two counts of ill-treating residents at the homes run by her and her late husband, Gordon, between 1983 and 1993. She is also accused of two counts of wilfully neglecting residents.

Mr Tully, 33, of Exeter, Devon, and Ms Field, 42, of Stoke Poges, each now face four counts of ill-treating residents at the homes.

The court has heard that if Gordon Rowe had not committed suicide last year, he would have faced charges as being "principally responsible" for what allegedly happened in the homes. Opening the case for the defence, Stephen Kramer, QC, for Mrs Rowe, said they

were "fencing at shadows, because what is alleged is alleged over such a long period and so long ago."

He said Mrs Rowe denied allegations of ill-treating a resident, who had Down's Syndrome, by forcing her to eat outside, even in the cold, and of pulling the hair of another resident. She also denied there were inadequate toiletries and toilet paper for the residents.

The court heard that Mrs Rowe, one of a family of 16, first met Rowe when she was 10 and he was mental-welfare officer for her father. When Rowe set up a home for the mentally disabled in Somerset in 1979, he phoned Mrs Rowe, then 22, and asked her to join him as house-keeper. In 1983 she moved with him to Buckinghamshire, where they ran Stoke Place Mansion House and then later Stoke Green House. They married in 1989.

Mrs Rowe was a director of the management company, Longcare, with 40 per cent of the shares, and was on the certificate of registration with Buckinghamshire County Council for Stoke Green House. But, questioned by Mr Kramer, Mrs Rowe said she knew nothing about what being a director meant and had not even known until coming to court that she was named in the registration. She had had nothing to do with the business of the homes or with the education and training programmes but was, as in Somerset, a "glorified house-keeper."

## Haughey pressured to help cash inquiry

Alan Murdoch  
Dublin

The former taoiseach, Charles Haughey, is being invited to attend the payments-to-politicians tribunal or have legal representation when it resumes on Monday to argue whether conversations he had with a lawyer for supermarket magnate Ben Dunne should be made public. The tribunal heard earlier this week that Mr Haughey secretly received £1.3m from Mr Dunne while he was taoiseach between 1987 and 1991.

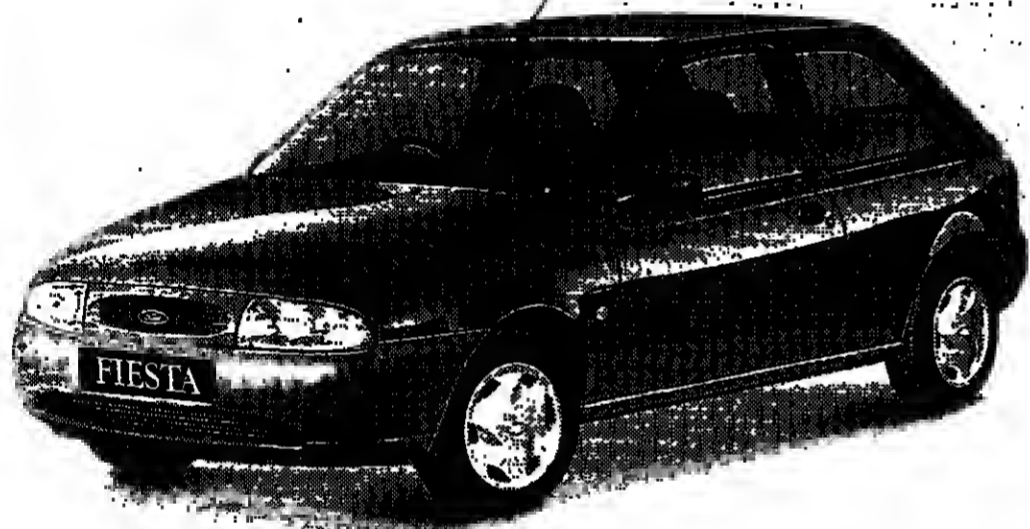
Proceedings at the Dublin Castle tribunal were suspended in some confusion yesterday when Noel Smyth, solicitor for Mr Dunne, revealed that he had had discussions with the politi-

cian at his Kinsealy mansion which he had withheld from his earlier statement of evidence.

He said he had not disclosed them because he had been asked as a lawyer to meet Mr Haughey privately. Mr Smyth said Mr Haughey had imparted information to him as a solicitor. "I am taking the view therefore that unless directed by this tribunal to relate that information I would not give it."

After taking advice on whether to direct Mr Smyth to answer questions on the conversations, the tribunal chairman, Mr Justice McCracken, said Mr Haughey should have the opportunity to appear and say whether he felt the facts of the talks should remain confidential. Saturday Story, page 20

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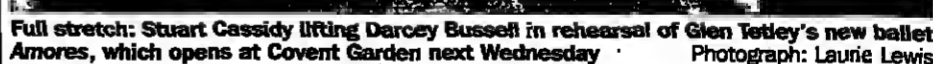
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## Kathy Marks

Mr Hargreaves said afterwards: "This action by the Attorney-General was an attempt to narrow ... the freedom that journalists have to report contentious legal matters." He said he believed that courts would have to be much clearer in future about what restrictions they intended to impose on reporting.

*Ian Hargreaves is editor of the New Statesman*

[illegible]

# Ballet's grand old man returns after 17 years

**David Lister**  
Arts News Editor

The Royal Ballet will next week stage a new work by Glen Tetley, described as the last "great old man" of international ballet. It will be the first work that the 72-year-old American choreographer, with more than 70 ballets behind him, has created in this country for 17 years.

The new abstract ballet, entitled *Amores*, will star Darcey Bussell and Stuart Cassidy. It will form part of a triple bill which will be the last full programme the Royal Ballet presents at Covent Garden in central London before the company goes on a major tour of Japan.

A Royal Ballet spokeswoman said that Tetley had "gone out to create a ballet which stretched six of the country's finest dancers to the limit".

aspect following a dispute between the Royal Ballet and the Balanchine Trust in New York. The Royal Ballet had advertised that it was staging, along with *Amores*, two ballets by Balanchine, *Apollo* and *Symphony in C*.

However, the trust that controls performances of *Apollo* has refused The Royal Ballet permission to stage the piece unless it has prior casting approval. The trust wanted to watch the dress rehearsal of *Apollo* and then make its decision, only hours before curtain up on the first night next Wednesday.

The Royal Ballet director Sir Anthony Dowell has ruled out such a last-minute arrangement and the company has cancelled its plans to stage *Apollo*, which will be replaced by one of the Royal Ballet's well known works, *The Judas Tree*, choreographed by the late Sir Kenneth Macmillan. The company is hav-

ing to contact every ticket holder to inform them of the change.

It is understood the Balanchine Trust was concerned that the Royal Ballet star Irek Mukhamedov might be "too muscu-

To add to the oddity of the situation, another Balanchine work, *Symphony in C*, will still be performed as part of the triple bill next Wednesday. That ballet is controlled by a separate trust, which has no worries about the suitability of the Royal Ballet to perform the work.

■ The Royal Ballet dancer Adam Cooper, who is leav-

the company, opened in Los Angeles last night in the all-male *Swan Lake* presented by Adventures in Motion Pictures. The radical reinterpretation of the work, which played at a theatre in the West End of London last year, received huge advance sales at the start of its United States tour.

# THE INDEPENDENT election '97

## Tory election posters leaked to Labour

Christian Wolmar

Mole sent copies of advertisements to Millbank in brown paper envelopes

In the continuing tit-for-tat war over leaks from each others' camps, Labour has admitted receiving advance copies of all Tory advertising posters in the run-up to the election.

A senior source at Millbank, Labour's campaign headquarters, said that during the year leading to the launch of the election campaign, every Tory poster had been sent to the party a few days in advance.

He said: "This has been really helpful. It has enabled us to prepare for all their attacks."

Unfortunately for Labour, the source of information from Central Office appears to have dried up just before the start of the campaign. Labour knew of the "New Labour, New Danger", the crying lion and the "Britain is Booming" campaigns, but were not alerted to the infamous little-Blair-sitting-on-daddy-Kohl's-knee advertisement.

Millbank sources say the posters turned up in brown paper envelopes. Suspicion on the

source of the leak will centre on the advertising agency used by the Conservatives, MC Saatchi, and will do nothing to improve relations between the party and its agency which have become strained because of the failure of its lion campaign and the Tories' continued failure to break through in the polls.

Claims and counter-claims about spies in each camp are now being levelled almost daily and it is clear that both parties know quite a lot about

each other's plans. The revelation about the advertising campaign follows the publication by the Tories earlier this week of Labour's "war book", a detailed outline of the party's campaign.

The Tories have also claimed that they have a mole inside Millbank who has provided Central Office with a copy of Tony Blair's election itinerary. The Tories have claimed that they have known every day where Tony Blair has been going,

but the failure of the Tory chicken to turn up to many of Mr Blair's visits suggests this may be a bit of bravado.

Despite the leaks and counter-leaks, the very tight security has managed to ensure that the real hot secrets of the campaign have remained hidden.

■ Voters in Blackpool are being offered free fish and chips at Harry Ramsden's in a campaign newspaper sent out by their Conservative candidate.

The paper, sent out by Richard Booth, the would-be MP for the highly-marginal Blackpool South, bears the words: "Vote Booth. Vote for Blackpool. Vote Conservative." next to a coupon for the famous chippy.

The ad, placed and paid for by the restaurant, says: "Bring three hungry people to Harry Ramsden's Blackpool."

"This voucher entitles you to a free haddock fillet meal when accompanied by three paying

customers." The offer says it is worth £5.35.

Last night the Liberal Democrats sent an angry solicitors' letter to Mr Booth's agent, Chris Hall, claiming that the ad constitutes "treating" and is illegal under the Representation of the People Act.

However, the Liberal Democrat peer, Lord McNally of Blackpool, did not appear to be taking the matter quite so seriously.

In a statement too full of ex-cruciating fish puns to be quoted at length, he said the Conservative Party chairman

should "reel back" his candidate.

"... but he won't. So Blackpool's battered Tories have had their chips. Next Thursday they'll be knocked off their perch and find there is no place in Government for them," he said.

Mr Hall said the attack was "absolute nonsense."

"Harry Ramsden's always does a coupon for anybody to bring friends and have a free meal. It is a standard practice in this sort of environment. You can pick them up in any free newspaper," he said.

### PENSIONS ROW

## Parties fail the funding test

Diane Coyle  
Economics Editor

Both main parties are misleading voters about their plans for pensions, according to independent analysis of one of the key proposals in the Conservative manifesto.

The Institute for Fiscal Studies, a respected think-tank, says in an analysis for the Independent that Conservative proposal for a "basic pension plus" does, as Tony Blair claims, amount to replacement of the guaranteed basic state pension by a private pension. "It is effectively a privatisation of the state pension," said Paul Johnson, deputy director of the IFS.

This would apply only to people retiring after 2040, however, and not to people who are pensioners now or retire before then. The IFS argues that this privatisation would be a radical change to basic pension provision, and

one that is not demanded by funding problems. There would be no difficulty in continuing to pay for state pensions through the tax system. But its analysis does not allow Labour to claim that pensions are safe in its hands. For it now proposes, like the Conservatives, gradually to reduce basic state provision by linking the value of the pension to prices rather than earnings. "We are effectively seeing general agreement that the basic pension will be gradually phased out," Mr Johnson says.

In yesterday's dispute both parties played down the fact that anybody who is under 20 now cannot count on receiving a state pension that provides enough to live on, no matter who wins the election. The pattern of pension provision is almost certain to involve two tiers, a basic state sum and a top-up private pension. The amount provided by the state, whether under Labour or the Conservatives, will be minimal.

## Why lies have been stuff of all elections

Anthony Bevins  
Political Editor

Banded allegations that Tony Blair and John Major are peddling bare-faced and despicable lies should come as no surprise to anyone; the history of the election hustings is littered with lies.

The first Labour government was defeated in the 1924 general election because of a forgery, the Zinoviev Letter, bought and disseminated by Conservative Central Office, which raised the spectre of British Communists being in-cited to bloody revolution.

In the 1945 election campaign, Winston Churchill said: "No Socialist system can be established without a political police... They would have to fall back on some form of Gestapo, no doubt very humanely directed, in the first instance."

Some first-time voters might not have been born in April 1979, when the Daily Mail published a front-page report headlined: "Labour's Dirty Dozen: 12 big lies they hope will save them."

One election statement that hangs round Mr Major's neck like a political albatross is his statement during the last election that, "We have no plans and no need to extend the scope of VAT."

Yesterday, at Labour's election press

Lies? The Daily Mail's front-page report in April 1979.

conference, Gordon Brown, the shadow Chancellor, said of Mr Major: "He lies when he says that the tax burden has not increased since the last election."

"Everybody who pays tax, who pays VAT, who pays National Insurance, who gets mortgage tax relief, and married couple's allowance, everybody who pays taxes knows that the tax burden has increased."

The Conservatives reply that in the financial year before the last election, 1991-92, the Treasury Red Book shows a tax burden of 36.5 per cent of national income, compared with 36 per cent in the year before this election, 1996-97. But if you take the year of the last election, 1992-93, the tax burden was 34.5 per cent, compared with 36.25 per cent this year.

In one passage of a reply to his press conference yesterday, Mr Major also suggested there should be no bust attached to the current boom - a statement that clearly defies the cyclical forces of economic gravity.



Warm welcome: A supporter braves the bad weather to cheer John Major during his walkabout in Ilford, east London, yesterday. Photograph: Tom Pison

## Chanting East-Enders make Major's day

Colin Brown  
Chief Political Correspondent

John Major was mobbed by Asian supporters yesterday when his campaign went to the East End of London.

The crush was so great that security officers protecting the Prime Minister had to take Norma Major out of the crowd for her personal safety. In a later walkabout at Ilford in east London, Mrs Major, still apparently shaken by her experience in the crowd, remained in the background while the Prime Minister did a walkabout for the first time in the campaign.

In some of the most extraordinary scenes of the five-week campaign, Mr Major surrounded by police, security men, and camera crews in Whitechapel and was nearly

crushed by the weight of chanting Asian Eastenders.

Mr Major had intended to spend some time inside the forecourt of the mosque in Whitechapel, but he found a chanting mob there shouting "long live John Major - East-End welcome."

There was a smattering of heckling, but buoyed by the reception which prevented the Prime Minister completing his programme at the mosque, Mr Major said: "This is the bit I enjoy most."

He clearly felt that if the reception at the mosque could be repeated across Britain, he would be home and dry. There was booing when he went on a walkabout later in Ilford High Street, where the Tories are fighting one of the key marginals.

There are eight Conservative seats in Lon-

don with majorities of less than 10 per cent which Labour is hoping to take with a swing of less than 2.5 per cent, including Hayes and Harlington, Croydon North, Edmonton, Brentworth, Mitcham and Morden and Ilford South, won by Labour in 1992 under the old boundaries.

The Tories have been boosted in Tower Hamlets where Labour have installed Oona King against the wishes of some local supporters. Sher Ullah, 28, a student, said as the Prime Minister did his walkabout: "There are a lot of floating voters who are planning to vote Conservative next week, because they do not like the way the candidates have been selected by their party."

The Tories are fielding Khatir Choudhury, who was born in Bangladesh.

But Mr Major, after 18 years of the Tories

in power, is finding it impossible to shake off the past.

He went by boat to London Docklands yesterday to highlight the regeneration of the city accompanied by Steven Norris, the former transport minister for London, whose other claim to fame was his widely publicised string of lovers. Also on the Thames ferry the *Beta*, was Sheila Gunn, the Prime Minister's press secretary, who was one of Mr Norris's mistresses. Mr Norris once explained the reason why people prefer to use their cars was that "you don't have to put up with dreadful human beings sitting alongside you."

They remain on friendly terms, but did not exchange so much as a glance as the campaign sailed down the Thames to Docklands.

### THE HURRIED VOTER'S GUIDE

#### THE CAMPAIGN

Pensions took over as the issue of the day, but all the parties had their own themes. Labour used its morning press conference to give more details of a Crime and Disorder Bill which it intends to introduce in its first session if it wins the election. The Bill would deal with drugs, alcohol, juvenile offenders, anti-social behaviour and a curfew for children under 10.

The Liberal Democrats dropped their theme of the day - pensioners - to release a statement from a nurse who had seen a 22-year-old man die from cancer after having an exploratory operation cancelled three times. The nurse, who had contacted the *Mirror* newspaper last week, said she would vote Liberal Democrat because the party had the best policies on health.

The Conservatives were also forced off their theme of the day, "Britain's economic miracle", to defend their plans on pensions. Labour had claimed that the Tories' "basic pension plus" scheme which would gradually replace the state pension with private provision would mean its abolition. John Major hit back, saying that he would resign if his Cabinet ever abandoned its commitment to pensions for all.

The Chancellor, Kenneth Clarke, defended the party against claims that it would put VAT on food if it won the election. Such measures would be "lunacy", he said.

#### KEY ARGUMENTS

John Major said he had never seen campaign tactics like the ones used by Labour over pensions before.

"This is just the politics of crude fantasy, scurrilous, unscrupulous campaigning in order to win votes from people who they wish to frighten."

"This sort of scare is a wholly different dimension. It really brings politics down into the gutter," the Prime Minister said.

Tony Blair warned of rises in crime under a fifth-term Conservative government. "The fear of crime hangs like a dark cloud in the air," the Labour leader said. "Two-thirds of women pensioners scared to leave their house at night. Our pensioners prisoners in their own homes who only want to live in peace. Surely the prisoners should be those who commit the crimes, not those who are the victims of crime. It cannot go on."

The Liberal Democrat leader, Paddy Ashdown, said the Conservatives' internal wars were tearing them apart.

"The Conservative Party are now at war with themselves. Whether or not in government or opposition, I think the Conservatives as a political force may well be disabled for a number of years," he said.

#### GOOD DAY



Steven Norris was in his element yesterday as he accompanied John and Norma Major on a riverboat tour along the Thames in London. The former transport minister gave a running commentary to journalists as the catamaran cruiser - nicknamed Major's battle boat - went from Charing Cross Pier to the Docklands complex, to see the sight of last year's IRA bomb at South Quay, highlighting examples of inner-city regeneration.

#### ONE TO REMEMBER

John Major said he would walk out of politics and trigger an immediate general election should a Cabinet ever attempt to push him into scrapping the state pension. His declaration came after another round of insults when Labour refused to drop its claim that the pension would be abolished by the Tories. It raises the question as to whether an isolated Prime Minister would have the power to force a general election in defiance of his Cabinet.

#### BAD DAY



Tony Blair has been strangely absent from the campaign trail recently. He reappeared yesterday as Tony and Cherie toured the Port of Dover. But it seems the poor bird has become a focus for anti-Tory feeling, and he felt the brunt of some discontent from the crowd. Worse was to come, as T.C. was detained by Port of Dover police and questioned about his accreditation. He was released, but inquiries were last night said to be ongoing.

#### HOGWASH

Labour responded to a request from *Your Garden* magazine to choose a flower that best reflected the party. It chose its own red rose, because, according to a Millbank minion, "red roses symbolise love, respect and dignity. The red rose of Labour reflects the strength of our commitment to Britain's future." Thanks are due to *Your Garden* magazine for unearthing such prize specimens.

#### THE OTHER PARTIES

The Scottish Nationalist Party said that an independent Scotland would give £288 million a year in overseas aid, equivalent to 0.7 per cent of GDP. Dr Alan Macartney, the party's external affairs spokesman, said the main thrust of a Scottish aid programme would be to assist long-term development.

Sir James Goldsmith addressed Asian voters at a visit to the London mosque with his daughter Jemima. He said a federal Europe would leave the Asian community "small" in a "vast, amorphous, soulless state." "Children will have to find an alternative to their families," he added. "They will go into gangs."

#### MEDIA STAR



Norma Major had to be rescued by security guards from a crowd of chanting John Major fans at the Whitechapel mosque in London's East End. The Prime Minister and his wife had intended to spend some time at the mosque, but were confronted with a large crowd shouting "Long live John Major - East-End welcome". Mrs Major later appeared in the centre of Ilford in east London, but seemed somewhat shaken by her ordeal. From that point onwards she remained in the background, as Mr Major went on his first walkabout in the campaign.

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## election '97



by Anonymous

The Candidate stood on the observation platform at the top of the Customs tower overlooking Dover harbour, and waved at the cameramen. Next to him Mrs Candidate leaned against the railing and waved as well. Below him, on one side he looked down upon a long pier, where 60 snappers and piranhas gazed up at him and his wife. On the other side was the English Channel. Nowhere within five miles was there a voter. After three minutes he would gently usher Mrs Candidate back into the building and return to ground level.

You had to do it. If you wanted to lead a nation, do your bit, exercise power over real and tangible things – then you had to accept the absurdities. The Iron Lady herself had once been photographed in her best suit holding a baby

and whose life story would make gossip on the battlebus, simply because she had featured in a five-minute election stop.

It was the way things were. In '92 the Grey Man had raised a scare by making absurd claims about the Welshman's tax plans. How unfair! How untrue! And yet how well it had worked. So this election the compliment had been returned; the Grey Man's "pension plans" were now scaring the daylight out of the electorate.

No, this was no Utopia. So he turned slightly and looked back over Dover beach, where the poet Matthew Arnold had once felt the tide of faith recede.

have been thinking about his post-election cabinet, he was forced to worry about hand-shaking techniques. The problem here was twofold. What did you say? And what did you actually do with your hands? He had ended up with "good to see you" as his standby phrase, but found it hard to get any real enthusiasm into his voice. The right arm would be extended, suggesting confidence, and the shake itself would always be firm. The left arm was, he knew, a problem. It would be un-English to deploy it – like Bill Clinton did – to grab the elbow or drape round the shoulder of unknown punters. So it ended up bent and tentative by his jacket pocket, looking as useless as Bob Dole's shattered limb.

But sorry as he felt for his left arm, he felt much sorer for Mrs Candidate. Increasingly her prominent cheekbones looked like two bruises on her delicate face, and her deep brown eyes seemed alive to the potential for humiliation that existed in so much of what she was forced to do. Yet she had not complained once.

And (when he thought about it) he felt sorer still for the pensioner whose home would be invaded by piranhas

**‘Mrs Candidate seemed alive to the potential for humiliation’**

Talking tough: Parties compete to play the law and order card

## Blair promises Bill to tackle youth crime

Fran Abrams  
Political Correspondent

A crime and disorder Bill to tackle anti-social behaviour, youth crime and drugs would be among the first measures brought in by a new Labour government, Tony Blair said yesterday.

Mr Blair used his party's morning press conference to attack Tory policies on law and order as strong on rhetoric but weak on results.

"The Conservatives were elected on a law and order platform but their record has borne no relation to their rhetoric,"

he said. "Only one crime in 50 ends in a conviction. Petty crime is tolerated, the unacceptable accepted."

Mr Blair warned that a Conservative fifth term would mean a further rise in violent crime, fewer convictions and more people living in fear.

Labour's Bill would herald the appointment of a "drug czar" to co-ordinate the fight against illegal drugs, the reform of the youth justice system to bring in fast-track punishment and a new crime of racial harassment.

It would also include new rules to prevent the intimidat-

ion of witnesses, new duties for local authorities to prevent alcohol abuse and a night-time curfew on children under 10. The Bill would also include measures to deal with anti-social behaviour and "nuisance neighbours".

Labour said violent crime had risen by 11 per cent since 1980. Then, there were two and a half million crimes and 450,000 convictions for criminal offences, but by 1995 there were five million crimes but just 300,000 convictions.

Labour's home affairs spokesman, Jack Straw, challenged Michael Howard, the

Home Secretary, to say which of Labour's anti-crime measures he would oppose if the party won the election.

Mr Howard did not answer the challenge directly, but he claimed Labour had admitted it would not be as tough on crime as the Conservatives.

Labour would not implement the Conservatives' plans for automatic life sentences for repeat rapists and armed robbers or amend the Crime (Sentences) Act to reinstate tough minimum sentences for career burglars and drug dealers.

Their proposals to tackle nuisance neighbours would

give victims less protection than provisions in the Tories' Protection from Harassment Act, he said. Under that act, he said, anyone who behaved in a way which caused someone to feel harassed would be liable in up to six months in prison.

The Conservatives would provide £75m to pay for CCTV cameras and money for 5,500 extra police.

"The truth is that Labour talk tough but act soft," he said. "If you want a party which is prepared to be tough on criminals, vote Conservative on 1 May."



Real lives: Tony Blair taking tea and hearing Folkestone residents' stories in the Eastcliffe Pavilion Cafe yesterday

Photograph: David Rose

## Tea and sympathy for victims who live in Howard's backyard

Steve Boggan

Tony Blair took the fight over crime into Michael Howard's back yard yesterday as part of Labour's attempt to highlight fears over law and order.

The Labour leader met victims of crime in the Home Secretary's Kent constituency, Folkestone and Hythe, where recorded offences have increased by 167 per cent since the Tories came to power.

During a heavily stage-managed event, Mr Blair and his wife, Cherie, took tea with eight people whose lives had been touched by threats, violence, robbery or burglary. The victims, all Labour supporters, had been lined up in advance, but no one among the party's spin doctors took pleasure in learning that one of them, who had witnessed a robbery, was on the frightening end of a second violent crime just hours before meeting Mr Blair.

Michelle Milton, 25, had been invited to tell the Labour leader about a robbery last year at the Co-op shop in Cheriton where

she works as assistant manager. However,

on Thursday night, the shop's cashier was

held up at knife point for a second time.

"I still feel a bit shaken," she said yesterday. "I've been working there since I was

16 and there never used to be any trouble. But now, there are kids stealing all the time."

They were sentiments repeated over and over again. Frank Williams, 81, and his wife, Maisie, 73, told how they were afraid to go out at night. Catherine Goodall, 82, described her two burglaries; butcher David Anderson told how youths had twice smashed his shop front; and store owner, Ejaz Mohammed, 63, described the two times he had fought off would-be robbers – one of whom was armed with a knife and a baseball bat and one who carried a gun.

It was an exercise that could have been played out in any constituency in the country and it is by no means certain that

Labour's plans to have the time taken to get young offenders in court would have prevented any of the crimes.

But one thing was undeniable: the fear of crime is high on the list of voters' concerns, particularly among the elderly. And in Mr Howard's constituency – where he sits with an unassailable majority of 8,910 over the Liberal Democrats and 21,000 over Labour – that fear is as real as anywhere else in the country.

There are threats of violence and there have been these two robberies.

"Michael Howard talks tough, but things are getting worse. He promises to put more police on the beat and then closes down our local police station after 6pm every night. What kind of policing is that?"

**‘Kids are stealing all the time, things are getting worse’**

## The clue is in the red boxes

Kim Sengupta

It is the red box surrender. The Independent can reveal that in an astonishing outbreak of defections no less than six Conservative Cabinet ministers have asked for their ministerial boxes to be packed up as souvenirs – something only done when ministers leave office.

By tradition, departing ministers are allowed to take away one of these potent symbols of power to remind them of them when they were lions of the front benches. Calling them in indicates a certain lack of confidence that John Major would form the next government.

The various government departments pass on the names to the manufacturers, Barrow and

Two of the six can pay the £50 fee and take away their boxes with their heads held high. They had both indicated they do not seek to serve in government again. One of them is Sir Patrick Mayhew.

But the other four have given no indication that they want to go. Informal sources say that all four would have had high hopes of continuing as ministers if the Tories got back in. The boxes, which cost £795 each, have to have their locks modified before the departing minister can take them.

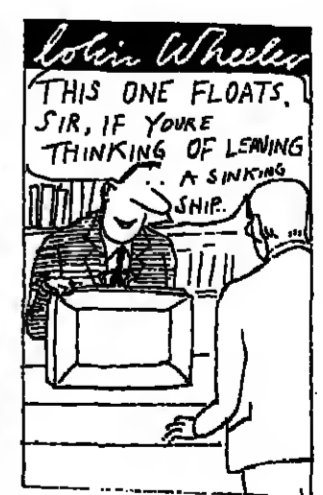
The various government departments pass on the names to the manufacturers, Barrow and

Hepburn, in preparation for the changeover.

A Whitehall source said: "The list which has arrived at the makers makes very interesting reading. Two of them make sense, because both the men said they were going."

"But others have obviously given up all hopes of office in the near future – the Tories would not win, or they would lose their seats."

Barrow and Hepburn have been making the red boxes for Whitehall since the 1920s and are known for their discretion. However, the list passes through several hands before getting to them.



## Wavering voters deserting Tories, poll says

Barrie Clement

Within the last 24 hours, reluctant Conservative voters have started to drift away from the party, according to private Liberal Democrat polls and canvassing returns.

Senior Liberal Democrats said last night that they were the beneficiaries in their key marginals, while it was understood that Labour was attracting the "switchers" in their target seats. One source said the campaign seems to have gone through three

phases. While Labour was in a commanding position four weeks before the election, later the Conservatives started to pick up votes as the European issue came to the fore.

Over the last day or so, however, concerns over Europe had abated and those who had returned to the Conservatives, are now going back once more to the opposition parties. Elsewhere sources confirmed the Liberal Democrats' impression.

An official said: "Further and deeper reflection is persuading people to return to

their original choice. Although we can't claim any scientific basis for the assertion, we believe that voters now have a settled idea that the rascals must go. This is mixed with anger over what has been going on in the Conservative party."

The sources pointed out that national polls are invariably two or three days behind what is happening on the ground. The contentions of the senior sources will be tested when surveys are published at the beginning of next week.

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for granted

Photograph: John Voos

Compiled by Sam Coates

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election '97

# Television's Boulton wanderer



Photographs: Kalpesh Lathigra

**7:00am** Boulton wakes at the Hotel in Whitehall, his home for the duration of the campaign. At 8am, after stopping in at Sky's Millbank offices, he arrives at the Liberal Democrats' "Take your daughters to work" press conference. Meets one four-year-old afterwards. "Have your picture taken with Adam," urges mummy. "Wise choice," says Boulton, as the child flees.

**8:15am** Boulton's first television appearance of the day. Returns to Sky studios. Then on to Conservative press conference at 9.30am on "Labour's Emergency Budget", where John Major, Kenneth Clarke and a grinning Brian Mawhinney issue dire warnings on Labour's planned July Budget. Unhappy with their answers to his questions, Boulton spends 10 minutes haranguing Tory strategist Danny Finkelstein before filing another live piece to camera. "Not a bad morning," he concedes, mulling over a rare (if mute) election appearance by Virginia Bottomley. "Sometimes I get woken up early to do something at 7am."

**10:00am** Boulton sets off for Labour's press conference, accompanied by Sky's election psephologist, Professor Michael Thrasher. "The last general election, we finished at about 5.30am. I went straight to bed; he went on to do interviews at Downing Street. I thought he was mad," Professor

Thrasher says. Boulton's schedule, he observes, is exhausting. "But you get pulled along. You think, 'If he can do it, then I should be able to'."

After the press conference, Boulton files an update and then finds time for a quick election analysis for a Middle Eastern television crew in a nearby park. "You have to assume you could be on camera at any moment," he says.

Returns to office for forward-planning meeting. "Everyone else does split shifts. He's the only one that goes straight through," says a producer admiringly. Meanwhile, the *Daily Telegraph's* Petronella Wyatt phones to cancel an appearance on the evening show. "Aha! Petronella's got a crush on Adam!" exclaims a colleague. For the first time that morning, Boulton is momentarily flustered.

**12:30pm** Another live link from outside the Commons, about the parties' tax "black holes", followed by a further three promotional slots for his Sunday show - all different, to account for an unfulfilled guest list. Boulton, apparently famous for his dishevelled appearance, is bullied into combing his hair. ("There's a joke in the office that Adam's the man Armani would pay not to wear his suits," says a colleague.)

A colleague says it is not unusual for Boulton to do a live interview every hour. Stops to talk to elderly couple who, despite hearing he is not from the Referendum Party, reveal their fears for post-EMU pen-

## Early rise, on to press conference, promo, back to studios, host poll special, midnight close - a day in the life of TV's busiest newsman

If you thought politicians worked long hours during this election, spare a thought for the people covering it. Adam Boulton, political editor of Sky News, is on screen more than any other television journalist during the campaign.

As well as hosting two hour-long flagship political shows daily, Boulton, 38, provides updates and analyses as often as 10 times a day, and for his trouble earns more than £150,000 a year.

On Thursday, *The Independent* spent a day - all 18 hours of it - with the man who has been tipped for the top political job in broadcasting, political editor of the BBC.

Report by Jojo Moyes

sions. He will later use these as the basis of his interview with Malcolm Bruce, the Liberal Democrat's economic spokesman.

**1:15pm** To the Ivy for lunch with Jonathan Haslam, to meet on planned documentary series, *Major in Power*. ("It will work whatever the outcome"), Boulton has been sent a free packet of Claret's minis. "Not a bad idea," he concludes. "Some politicians have breath so bad it could slay

you." *The Independent* notes these names for future reference.

**3:30pm** Into make-up in preparation for 10-minute interview with Malcolm Bruce. Large amount of concealer applied under the eyes. Emergency sponge applied to the remains of lunch on shirt. Boulton apparently does not mind if people think him slovenly. "Apparently, it makes for high viewer recognition."

**3:50pm** Interview with Malcolm Bruce, followed by stint on telephone. Then lengthy discussion with Sky colleagues on how President Clinton's style compares with British political leaders, in preparation for appearance on the 6pm show of Joe Klein, author of *Primary Colors*, the semi-fictionalised story of the Clinton campaign.

An internal memorandum reveals that Boulton is on call for 20 hours a day during the election. "I do get ribbed about the amount of time I spend on screen," he admits. "Some people are surprised to see me off it." Does he ever fluff his interviews when he gets tired? "No, but the - er, er," Boulton pauses. "The ... verbal dexterity goes a bit."

**4:30pm** Labour's heritage spokesman, Jack Cunningham, arrives for interview. He stands in the office for some minutes before anyone notices. "That's alright," he says. "I've done so many interviews today it's quite nice to be left in peace."

Boulton works on rewriting scripts for his 6pm programme. *The Independent* rejoices at his first yawn of the day.

**6:00pm** Boulton hosts his live one-hour show, including a debate with Suzanne Moore about the female vote. Afterwards, he changes into two different suits to do further promos until 7.35pm.

At this point, he says, he usually has some

"quiet time" where he telephones his family. ("I think he sends them photos too," jokes one colleague.) But does he have any interests outside politics? "My family. Plants. These are all mine," he says, gesturing towards the office foliage. But earlier in the day, a political writer revealed something of a scoop. "I saw him at the pictures on Saturday. The Screen on the Hill, in Belsize Park. He does have a social life."

At 9pm Boulton breaks off from his supper to do another live link, his fifth of the day. At 11pm, he hosts his second hour-long live show, including a satellite interview with Joe Klein, and debates the day's issues with Bea Campbell and Des Wilson. Grins all round when Klein compares Blair to Clinton thus: "We've seen these lines rehearsed by the political equivalent of Oliver. A great politician, Blair is. Oliver, he's not."

**12:10am** Boulton, removing make-up, has brief logistical discussion with remaining staff about following day's trip to Birmingham.

Returns to the hotel. He will go to sleep at about 1am, and be ready to leave for Birmingham at 7am.

How does Boulton wind down? He is teetotal for the duration. "I read tomorrow's newspapers," he says. "Oh, and I might watch Vincent Hannan's (political) programme." Your reporter, shaking her head, makes her excuses and leaves.

## Spoof paper claims election cancelled

Sam Coates and Ben Summers

Thousands of bewildered commuters were handed copies of a spoof newspaper, *Evading Standards*, a parody of the *London Evening Standard*, last night.

The paper, produced by a

**Evading Standards**  
Never Mind the Ballot

group calling itself the propaganda wing of Reclaim the Streets, announced "General Election cancelled - Election

collapses as new polls reveal massive public cynicism". However, the first issue of *Evading Standards* never made

it to the streets after all 20,000 copies were impounded by police and three distributors arrested. They were charged with incitement to cause affray and obstruction.

Yesterday, more than 20 volunteers handed out 20,000 copies of the second issue at Underground and mainline stations

throughout the capital. The eight-page special included articles purporting to expose the fallacy of the free market and the death of democracy. The detailed parody also mimicked many of the advertisements running in the original - including a twist on a Labour slogan: "Britain deserves better - than politicians."

The group producing it claims to be the propaganda wing of Reclaim the Streets, which itself claims to be more left-wing than communists. Supporters of the radical organisation were heavily involved in protests against the Newbury bypass in Berkshire and the extension to the M11.

According to a spokesman for the paper, its aim was to send up the banality of the election; and to emphasise that "the fallacy that passes for a democracy is not the only avenue for people who want to make a real difference to society". He said production of the paper had been shrouded in secrecy for fear of action, either by the police or the *Evening Standard*. The *Evening Standard* refused to comment last night.

## Cancer death revives Jennifer's ear furore

Fran Abrams  
Political Correspondent

In a move which had echoes of the "Jennifer's ear" controversy of 1992, the Liberal Democrats yesterday claimed the vote of a nurse who said she had just seen a 22-year-old patient die needlessly from cancer.

The anonymous nurse, who told her story in a newspaper interview last week, had her words read out on video by an actress at two Liberal Democrat press conferences yesterday.

The party said she had spoken at length to its leader, Paddy Ashdown, after seeing him throw away a prepared speech and read out an article based on her experiences to a gathering of health professionals.

She said he had first complained of stomach pains two-and-a-half months ago and had been referred to a consultant three weeks later. There was no bed available and he was finally admitted to hospital a week last Tuesday. By then the cancer had spread too far and he died two days later in her arms.

There had been no doctor available to notify his relatives, and she had been forced to telephone his parents to tell them. She said she did not have the heart to tell his girlfriend.

His death had upset everyone ... most of us think that if he had been admitted straight away he might have been able to have chemotherapy," she told the newspaper.

Yesterday the Liberal Democrats published a statement from the nurse saying she had "decided to do something positive about it", by switching to the party after being a long-term Labour voter.

The move backfired badly when family members criticised the party for using her case as an election issue.

During the 1992 election, Labour published details of the problems suffered by a little girl called Jennifer while she was waiting for an ear operation. The move backfired badly when family members criticised the party for using her case as an election issue.

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SATURDAY 26 APRIL 1997

# election '97

## First-time voters lean towards the devil they know

Michael Streeter finds favour for John Major among the Redditch young

Many first-time voters will support the Conservatives on 1 May because they feel Britain is "doing all right" under the current government, according to *The Independent's* young people's group in the marginal seat of Redditch.

The lack of raw ideological conflict in the election – as opposed to bitter rows over details – has left many in the group feeling there is no need for change for change's sake at a time of growing prosperity for many of their families.

None of the main political parties appears to have enthused the first-timers, though Tony Blair comes out as a better communicator with the young. As with older groups, there is concern over Europe and some support for the clear-cut policy of the Referendum Party compared with the wait-and-see approach

accepts that Tony Blair personally performs well but thinks there could be an old-new Labour split if the party were to gain power.

Michelle Oldfield, 18, a pupil of Arrow Vale High School in Redditch, which was visited by Tony Blair earlier in the campaign, said that after meeting the Labour leader she had considered voting for him, but now will vote Conservative on 1 May. "I think I will be voting in line with my family – we seem to be doing quite well as a family. The majority of my friends are voting Conservative."

The campaign has not impressed her. "It just seems as if everyone is putting everyone else's policies down."

Fellow pupil Sarah Cox, 18, finds much of the debate between the parties "silly". For her the main concern is Europe, and she will support the Referendum Party "so we can have a referendum now". "I like the pound coins, it's nice to be different."

Sales-office administrator Ian Wright, 19, may also vote for Sir James Goldsmith's party, believing the country should either be fully in or out of Europe. "I'm worried about us sitting on the edge. For me it's all or nothing. A Labour government would be a 'leap in the dark' and, though attracted by the honesty of many Liberal Democrat policies, he did not believe they could win.

However, Labour has won a number of converts among young voters. Mark Coley, 18, a pupil at Arrow Vale, thinks the country needs change and that Tony Blair speaks to the whole country. "I think John Major is only speaking to half the nation," he said.

Richard Watson, 19, a university student, said the main parties were behaving like the cartoon characters Tom and Jerry. "One party says one thing, and then one party says another, and so it goes on." He probably won't vote, because he says nothing has "grabbed" him.

Sixth-former Andrew Davies, 19, will not vote either, but not because he doesn't care. "It's not apathy, I'm making a reasoned decision not to vote. All this bickering is just childish. They don't deserve my vote."

It's like Tom and Jerry; one party says one thing, one says another – and so it goes on?

of the Conservatives and new Labour. There is also dismay in what they see as sterile and negative campaigning.

Alice Melvin, 21, who works for a bookmaker, believes the Conservatives have "put the country back on its feet" and thinks they should be allowed to continue. "The country is doing all right as it is and a change now might be quite bad." She is mostly concerned about the National Health Service and law and order – a common theme among the first-time voters – as well as the environment.

Luke Davis, 18, a student at the North East Worcester College, considered voting Labour but says both main parties have performed equally badly in the election and concludes it's "better the devil you know", the mantra of many Tory voters. He

## Cosy couples who may hold sway

Kim Sengupta

They are the stuff that advertising and marketing men's dreams are made of. And now it seems they will be deciding who governs Britain for the next five years.

The most crucial marginal constituencies will be decided on Thursday by the nation's youngest voters, according to a new survey. The study, based on the 16 most marginal seats, claims to be the first into the make-up of the voters who would hold the balance of power.

And, warns the marketing firm Claritas, aspiring MPs in these constituencies would ignore six key groups at their peril: Terraced Start-ups, Soaps and Satellites, Backyard Gossips, Cosy Couples, New Beginnings, and Upward Bound.

The most prevalent are the Terraced Start-ups – white-collar workers living in their first homes as owner-occupiers, who spend their income on foreign

travel, pubs, car-maintenance, and exercise. The majority are impressed by Tony Blair and are likely to vote for Labour.

Tony hopes lie with the Soaps and Satellites. They tend to get what oews and entertainment they want from television. They live in the suburbs, and cultural activities include computer games and watching videos.

The Upward Bound – wealthy young professionals – and the Backyard Gossips – families living in terraced homes – are almost equally split between Labour and the Conservatives.

The Cosy Couples – those in double-income households, and the New Beginnings – people on the first rung of the career ladder, who are renting while waiting to buy their first homes – are the least represented.

They may vote for the Liberal Democrats, or fringe parties, but the majority appear to be politically inactive, and thus an untapped pool of voters.

Young voters in the key marginals



Polls apart: Sue Meacham, one of the householders of the Cavendish Place, which the council forgot about

Photograph: Steve Hill

## Council slip puts estate on lunatic fringe

Kim Sengupta

Residents of a housing estate have been disenfranchised from next Thursday's poll owing to a blunder by officials.

While the rest of the electorate exercises its right to decide who governs Britain, householders at Cavendish Place, in Evesham, Worcestershire, will have the same voting status as lunatics, the Royal Family, peers and criminals in prison.

The number of people who have lost their polling right is in dispute. According to residents, most of the 50 properties in the private development have been missed out. Wychavon District Council says some of the householders can vote elsewhere.

In a mis-reading, the council apparently decided Cavendish Place Estate did not exist, so neither did the people. This did not stop them from cashing cheques for council tax of up to £1,000 per property.

The estate, with houses costing around £150,000, had been in existence since spring last year and between last September and October residents should have received forms for electoral rolls.

None of this happened at Cavendish Place. When one concerned resident telephoned the council, he was sent a form, but this did not lead to officials remembering the other 49 homes.

Graham and Sue Meacham discovered neither of them had the vote last Tuesday, barring them from taking part in both the national and local elections on the same day. Mrs Meacham, 36, said: "I called the local council straight away, but they said it was too late to do anything."

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international

# Warriors must fight the Taliban

James Fergusson tracks down one of Afghanistan's leading mujahedin

Bala Morghab, Afghanistan — At first sight the Morghab Valley in north-west Afghanistan seems a blessed place. The fields are carpeted in poppies; sheep and horses graze together in peace and men are out trapping quail with nets.

On closer inspection, however, the grazing horses turn out to be the mounts of an Uzbek cavalry unit; the quail netters are

all soldiers, seeking to supplement their meagre front-line rations; and the villages nestling idyllically on the valley floor are all empty, their Pashtun residents either having fled or been killed.

This is the western front in the fight between the Taliban, the Muslim fundamentalist militia who captured Kabul seven months ago, and a film-



sy alliance of mujahedin commanders and communists.

There has been little fighting since the winter, when the Taliban's northward advance was blocked on three fronts. But

with the melting of the snows, the two sides have been dancing around each other, testing each other's defences in expectation of the battle to come. Nowhere is it more likely to

start than in the Morghab Valley, where Ismail Khan, a legend in the struggle against the Russian invaders in the 1980s, is busy preparing a counter-attack. Khan, 49, a

man with shrewd, twinkling eyes and a snowy white beard, was ousted from the governorship of the key western province of Herat two years ago.

This week, in his first inter-

view for six months, he vowed to take it back, with or without the support of General Abdul Rashid Dostam, the former deputy defence minister who has emerged as the main player in the northern alliance.

"Internal pressure is beginning to tell on the Taliban," he said at his headquarters, a ruined farmhouse near Bala Morghab. "Heratis are enlightened, good people, different from the rest of the country. They will rise and support us as we advance. Dostam's support is not essential."

There may be another reason for his confidence, in the shape of military support from Iran, sworn enemies of the Taliban. Khan denies this support exists, even though the helicopter that ferried me to the front-line meeting was loaded with Iranian-made anti-tank and anti-personnel landmines. He is also thought to have two bases in Iran, east of Meshed, raising the prospects of a two-pronged attack on Herat.

Much of his talk is bravado, but his soldiers are evidently intensely loyal, and driven by the pain of dispossession. "Three hundred of my boys have vowed to fight the Taliban with their last drop of blood," he says, before explaining the Koranic concept of *amanat*: "Those that die here will be buried where they fall, but later we will disinter them and take them to Herat."

Dostam's troops, by contrast,

Stopped in their tracks: Taliban soldiers riding a tank captured from their communist and mujahedin foes near Kabul. There has been a lull in the fighting during the winter, but the next arena of conflict is likely to be the Morghab Valley. Photograph: AP



Survival of Okla bomb

Chemical weapons in C'lin

Tragedy on tour

## significant shorts

### 21 killed as Algerian rebels blast train

Twenty-one people were killed and 20 wounded when a homemade bomb exploded by a train passing through a station near Algiers, security forces said. The official news agency, quoting a security-forces statement, said the explosion occurred when a passenger train was passing near Oued El Kerma railway at 8am yesterday. It described the blast as "a criminal act", which usually refers to attacks by Islamist rebels. Reuters - Paris

### Vote test for Winnie Mandela

President Nelson Mandela's former wife, Winnie, faces a leadership challenge at the conference of the ANC Women's League. Known as Winnie Madikizela-Mandela since her divorce, the Women's League president was expected to seek re-election against the Health Minister, Nkosazana Zuma, and the league deputy president, Thandi Modise. AP - Rustenburg

### Suu Kyi welcomes US embargo

The Burmese opposition leader, Aung San Suu Kyi, praised the US for standing by its convictions and imposing sanctions on Burma because of Rangoon's rights record. The Nobel Peace laureate said President Bill Clinton and Congress should have a clear conscience that they made the right decision in banning new investment in the country. Reuters - Rangoon

### Gorbachev mourns old friend

A weeping Mikhail Gorbachev paid homage to his old friend Zdenek Mlynar, a former Czechoslovak hardline Communist who became a dissident after the 1968 Prague Spring. Mlynar died on 15 April of lung cancer in a Vienna hospital, aged 66. Mr Gorbachev, last president of the Soviet Union, met Mlynar while studying law in Moscow between 1951 and 1954. Reuters - Prague

### Rebels 'denied proper burial'

Relatives said the Peruvian authorities were not allowing a proper burial for the 14 hostage-takers killed in Tuesday's commando assault on the Japanese ambassador's residence and had not let kin see their dead. The claims came amid reports that some rebels were killed after surrendering. AP - Lima

### Lining up with the terrorists

Angered by Israel and the US, the Arab world's most prominent poet announced: "We are... in favour of terrorism." In a poem by that title, published by the international newspaper *al-Hayat*, Nizar Qabbani, a Syrian, echoed increasing Arab frustration at the way Israeli and American politicians deny Palestinians the right to resist occupation. Reuters - Cairo

### Grisly find at Dutch airport

Seven skulls and a baby's mummified corpse were found at Amsterdam's Schiphol airport. They were discovered during a routine drugs check. Reuters - Amsterdam

### UN condemns Har Homa drive

A special UN General Assembly session demanded an immediate halt to construction by Israel of the Har Homa settlement in east Jerusalem. Reuters - New York

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# Survivors tell of Oklahoma bomb horror

Tim Cornwell  
Denver

From the moment Cynthia Kliver got up on 19 April 1995, it was "just a regular day", the Oklahoma lawyer said yesterday. At a water board hearing that opened at 9am where a farmer was seeking rights to sell bottled water from his land, her secretary had just turned on the tape, as usual. "In regard to these proceedings," Mr Kliver, presiding, was heard saying, "there are four elements for which I have to receive information..."

Then there is a boom of noise and static. In the third-floor office across the street from the Alfred Murrah building, shouts and screams and then distant sirens are heard. "Everybody, let's get out of here," Ms Kliver calls out. "Watch the lights!"

The ceiling had fallen in, she told jurors yesterday. Cables and wires were everywhere and the electricity was still on.

The tape was played to jurors in the trial of Timothy McVeigh, accused of the Oklahoma bombing. "I thought the whole building was coming down on us," she said. "I didn't see there was any way we were going to get out."

Prosecutors used the tape to set the stage for their case, after the defence concluded its

**"I thought the whole building was coming down on us. I didn't see any way we'd get out"**

own opening statement on Thursday afternoon.

For months, Mr McVeigh's legal team has said suggestions that a wider conspiracy was involved in the bombing, from the American far-right fringe to a German neo-Nazi, with hints of bomb parts supplied by the IRA. But there was no mention of that when defence lawyer Stephen Jones stepped to the podium.

Instead, he spoke of mistaken identity and flimsy forensic evidence. He returned repeatedly to eye witnesses describing a second man, olive skinned and shorter than Mr McVeigh. It was the elusive "John Doe number two", declared non-existent by federal agents after one of the biggest manhunts in history. It was not Timothy McVeigh,

he insisted, who matched the figure who rented the Ryder truck. His fingerprints were not on the rental lease. Nor was it he who took a delivery of Chinese food at the local Dreamland motel.

The nitrates on him detected in forensic tests were found in guns and ammunition, Mr Jones said. "If Tim McVeigh built the bomb and put it in the truck, our proof would be that his fingerprints, his nostrils, his hair, his clothing, his car, his shoes, his socks would have it all over them. They don't."

After prosecutors cited letters to show Mr McVeigh believed blood should be spilt in the name of "liberty", Mr Jones described his client as a "political animal". "His politics were open and known to anyone that spent any time with him," he said. His case, he said, would establish "not a reasonable doubt, but that my client is innocent."



The higher plane: A giant cutout of the Communist figureheads Engels (left), Marx (centre) and Lenin hangs above members of Sri Lanka's leftist Janatha Vimukthi Peramuna party at their third annual convention in the country's capital, Colombo. Photograph: Reuters

## Chemical weapon vote aids Clinton

Mary Dejevsky  
Washington

President Bill Clinton was savouring his victory yesterday after the Senate, which has a Republican majority, approved ratification of a global ban on chemical weapons by an unexpectedly comfortable margin, just five days before the treaty takes effect worldwide.

The vote, which was seen as a test of the President's authority, was hailed as opening the possibility of further bipartisan co-operation in Congress.

In the week between the announcement of the Senate debate on the chemical weapons convention and the actual debate, Mr Clinton made elaborate efforts to justify US accession to the treaty and meet some objections raised by its opponents. His final gambit was to write to the wavering Senate Republican leader, Trent Lott, promising that if the treaty turned out to be contrary to US security interests, or to foster rather than stem proliferation of chemical weapons, he would withdraw the United States from the treaty.

That promise convinced Mr Lott to drop most of his objections. The vote was 74 to 26, a majority of four more than the two-thirds that was required.

Earlier, Mr Clinton had assembled senior military and political figures to defend the treaty from the security and foreign policy perspectives. On Thursday morning, half way through the debate, the Senate went into a rare closed session to hear information about intelligence considerations.

The ground had additionally been prepared by the Secretary of State, Madeleine Albright, who travelled the US, trying to win over sceptical senators and public opinion.

Republican opponents of the treaty, such as Mr Lott, praised Mr Clinton for agreeing to toughen the resolution that accompanied the text of the treaty. Afterwards, they were able to claim it was these assurances of safeguards for US security that had convinced them. Others, however, noted that the resolution was a secondary document and that if any conflict arose in future between the treaty text and the resolution, the treaty-text would be the one considered legally binding.

For both Democrats and Republicans, the Senate vote held the hope that the budget, which is the subject of much behind-the-scenes bargaining, might be agreed without the acrimony and stalemate that have marked the process in the past.

## Armageddon no pull for tourists

Patrick Cockburn  
Megiddo

Armageddon was supposed to be the death of mankind. But politics looks like being the death of Armageddon. Coachloads used to flock to visit the Israeli site of Megiddo, attracted by the whiff of biblical apocalypse. Now the real threat of a more local apocalypse is keeping them away.

"Very few visitors are coming because of the political situation," says the ticket seller at the entrance to great mound at Megiddo, made up of the ruins of 20 ancient cities which once rose above the plain of Jezreel.

Here, according to the *Book of Revelations*, is to be the site of Armageddon, the last, all-consuming battle of mankind. "And they gathered them together to the place called in Hebrew, Armageddon," says St John the Divine.

Surely tourists intending to come to northern Israel to witness the apocalypse - with the predicted earthquakes, plagues, gigantic hailstones and the sea turning into blood - should

not be put off by television pictures of stone-throwing and the occasional bomb.

Indeed, with the end of the second millennium imminent, Israeli tourist authorities were hoping for an influx of visitors wanting a ringside seat for the End of Days. The Israeli staff at Megiddo are happy to use the advertising potential of the belief in Armageddon.

If St John was right about Armageddon, Megiddo is the place from which to see it. Built 6,000 years ago, it stands at the entrance to a pass in the Carmel hills, through which once passed the ancient trade route between Egypt and Mesopotamia. In 1468BC, the Egyptian pharaoh, Tutmosis III, fought a chariot battle in the flatland around the fortress.

In fact, Megiddo may soon suffer a cruel, though less apocalyptic fate, than that mentioned in *Revelations*. Local authorities are contemplating building prayer grottoes on the mound, with visitors' stations and high-tech virtual reality facilities for those who have come to see the end of the world.

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# Spy chief falls foul of the West

Tony Barber  
Europe Editor

Romania's intelligence agency yesterday blamed domestic and foreign pressure groups for the resignation of the man who had run the service since the anti-Communist revolution of 1989. A spokesman said that Virgil Magureanu, who took part in the overthrow of the Ceausescu dictatorship, had offered his resignation to President Emil Constantinescu last Thursday in the wake of "pressure from groups in Romania and abroad".

Bucharest newspapers said that Western countries might have signalled to the Romanian government that Mr Magureanu's departure would improve Romania's chances of joining Nato in the alliance's first wave of enlargement in 1999. As a former officer in the Securitate, the Communist-era predecessor of his own Romanian Intelligence Service (SRI), Mr Magureanu, 56, might not have been an acceptable figure to Nato, the papers suggested.

When asked on Bucharest radio whether there was any truth to these reports, the spy chief's spokesman, Nicolae Uliaru, said: "Probably yes." However, he defended the SRI, which was set up in 1990 by the former president, Ion Iliescu, as an institution that respected democracy and had never broken the law.

Mr Magureanu was a member of the self-styled jury that condemned the dictators Nicolae and Elena Ceausescu to death on Christmas Day 1989. Despite coming under attack for supposedly allowing Securitate methods to persist in the SRI, he kept his job while all other leading participants in the 1989 revolution fell from grace. Before last November's elections, in which Romania's liberal opposition came to power for the first time since 1989, Mr Magureanu said that he intended to resign regardless of the vote's outcome. However, it remains possible that there is more to his announcement this week than meets the eye.

Just three days before he handed in his resignation, the SRI publicly expressed fury at a Romanian newspaper, *Jurnalul National*, for publishing an article by a former Securitate boss and defector to the West, Ion Pacepa. This article, originally published in the *Washington Times*, accused Mr Magureanu and the SRI of abusing their power and undermining democracy. The SRI rejected Mr Pacepa's accusations and pointed out that he had loyally served Ceausescu as head of Romanian foreign espionage for many years before his defection. Mr Pacepa is perhaps best known in the West for his lurid memoirs, *Red Horizons*, which portray Ceausescu's Romania as an almost surreal world of corruption, depravity and violence.

The accuracy of Pacepa's book has since come under question. However, his knowledge of security matters lends more weight to his account of what was going on in the SRI under Mr Magureanu. Before last November's elections Western governments were unhappy with the degree of democratic change in Romania. Since then, relations have warmed, but perhaps not enough to guarantee Romanian entry into Nato in the first wave - with or without Mr Magureanu's resignation.



Virgil Magureanu: Resigned 'due to outside pressures'



Inhuman shield: An anti-riot squad taking part in the last of a series of exercises designed to safeguard the main business district in Jakarta, during elections next month. Indonesian leaders called for a peaceful run-up to the polls following weeks of violence between rival political factions in the Central Java province. Photograph: AFP

# Tung learns the Chairman Mao strut

If body language tells a story, the body language of Tung Chee-hwa, who will head Hong Kong's first post-colonial government, tells a great deal.

When he was appointed at the end of last year Mr Tung was very much an avuncular uncle-figure, often dressed modestly in a cardigan and often seen listening with head bowed in humble and attentive mode.

Is this the same Mr Tung who is still smiling but, especially when attending meetings in China, is transformed into a finger-wagging and strutting official? "He even walks just like a Chinese official," said a Chinese journalist. "They all have their hands clasped behind their backs because Chairman Mao used to walk that way."

Body language aside, the millionaire former shipping magnate is beginning to sound far more like a Chinese government official than a local politician. In his earliest speeches as chief executive-designate, Mr Tung stressed that his priorities were "housing, education, welfare for the elderly, industrial development and economic vibrancy". However, he has spent the greater part of the last few months working on changes to public order and human rights laws, reflecting China's overriding concern about political control in Hong Kong.

As criticism has mounted of his plans to reintroduce old colonial public order laws, Mr Tung has become more extreme in justifying his actions. Speaking last week he said that the territory was "extremely vulnerable to external forces" and therefore needed to ensure "sufficient safeguards in our system to maintain law and order at all times".

But it has proved impossible to get Mr Tung's aides to provide instances of this supposed vulnerability or cite examples where "external forces" (a phrase frequently used by Chinese officials) have intervened to create instability in Hong Kong.

Hong Kong's boss is singing Peking's tune, writes Stephen Vines



Red star rising: Tung Chee-hwa, who many fear is a pawn of the Peking Communists. Photograph: Reuters

Mr Tung, who studied at Liverpool University and spent a decade working in the United States, appears to have been somewhat shaken by the experience. In the same speech he said: "When I was living in the West I experienced first-hand the deterioration of social order as Western society became more permissive... I do not want to see a Hong Kong which is permissive to the point where we start to surrender social order."

These dire warnings have left local people scratching their heads, trying to identify the problem which is clearly uppermost in Mr Tung's mind. They are not persuaded that their new leader's priorities are those of the Hong Kong

people. An opinion poll published a couple of weeks ago recorded 45 per cent of those questioned saying they had "less trust" in Mr Tung's determination to safeguard Hong Kong's interests. This compares with 30 per cent giving this answer when the question was asked in February.

Mr Tung has also caused dismay by insisting that political parties should not be allowed to receive foreign donations, or have contacts overseas. When he admitted that he gave £50,000 to the Conservative 1992 general election campaign fund, he provoked further confusion by saying this was why he did not want to see the same sort of thing happening in Hong Kong.

Martin Lee, leader of the Democratic Party, says that on every single issue of importance to maintaining Hong Kong's autonomy, Mr Tung has toed the Chinese line rather than reflected local views.

Alan Castro, a local columnist with a reputation for bluntly articulating a pro-Peking line, sees Mr Tung's position differently.

In his view the problem is that the Western media refuse to recognise that Mr Tung enjoys a considerable degree of public support precisely because he expresses views which reflect the prevailing Chinese culture. "The rapport Mr Tung enjoys among his people has a lot to do with the natural integrity he

projects," according to Mr Castro. "He comes across enormously well in Chinese."

Indeed one of Mr Tung's more frequently stated themes is that of pride in Chinese values. "We need," he said, "to renew our commitment to the traditional Chinese virtues of modesty, hard work, persistence, magnanimity in loss, loyalty to friends, respect for seniors, emphasis on obligations rather than individual rights, and the willingness to sacrifice one's interest for the common good."

It would be wrong to underestimate the impact of remarks such as these. As Hong Kong finally ends the era of colonial rule, there is a strong feeling that the majority Chinese population needs to reaffirm its Chinese identity. There is considerable pride in finally being led by someone who speaks the same language and looks the same as the rest of the population.

At the same time Hong Kong people have developed a sophisticated appreciation of political affairs. Michael DeGolyer, director of the Hong Kong Transition Project, which tracks views about the hand-over of power, says that, contrary to prevailing myths, he has yet to come across another society in which there is such a high degree of political participation.

This means that although Hong Kong people are proud to have a Chinese leader, they are not prepared to be uncritical. They are watching carefully to see whether he will be a leader of Hong Kong or a conduit for Peking.

It is not even clear whether Mr Tung was his own man when it came to selecting members of his cabinet. Some Chinese sources say that at least one of his choices was vetoed because of supposed British connections.

It is far too early to deliver a verdict on Mr Tung's performance but it is clear that his honeymoon has given way to critical scrutiny of every move.

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NOVARTIS

مكتبة الأمل

# Mobutu's old rival outflanked by rebels

Ed O'Loughlin  
and agencies  
Kinshasa

Time may be running out for Zaire's ailing President Mobutu Sese Seko, but it is running out faster still for his country's legal opposition movement.

As rebels close in from the east and the peace talks in South Africa are postponed once again, diplomats say the opportunities are dwindling for followers of the veteran opposition leader, Etienne Tshisekedi, to grab a meaningful stake in post-Mobutu Zaire. After two decades of sparring with Mr Mobutu, the former prime minister is losing out to the rebel leader Laurent Kabila, who has seized half the country and is promising to depose Mr Mobutu by force if needed.

Mr Tshisekedi's supporters in the Democratic Union for Social Progress (UDPS) say if Mr Kabila does take power, democracy will have been beaten by force. Some still claim, usually in private, that Mr Kabila is a foreign stooge backed by ethnic Tutsis from Rwanda and Burundi and their allies in Uganda. If he takes over, they say, Zaire will be run by another Mobutu, with a different name.

If Mr Tshisekedi does fall at the last fence, his critics will say he only has himself to blame. They claim he has never been able to see beyond the events of 1991, when a largely self-selected gathering of the people called the National Sovereign Convention elected him head of an interim government.

The Convention and its interim government were supposed to prepare the way towards democracy, a transition forced on Mr Mobutu by the West. Instead, the way President used an outbreak of mass looting

in Kinshasa as a pretext to fire Mr Tshisekedi and replace the Convention with another unelected parliament.

This quickly became a talking shop, where dozens of tiny parties were left free to squabble over the future of Zaire's democracy while Mr Mobutu and got on with plundering the country's mineral wealth.

In recent months, Mr Kabila's victories in the east appeared to weaken Mr Mobutu and strengthen parliament. Three weeks ago it nominated Mr Tshisekedi to resume his post as Prime Minister, believing he had the credibility to negotiate an end to the war. When Mr Tshisekedi announced that he was dissolving parliament and going back to the 1991 constitution, Mr Mobutu sacked him again, replacing him with military hardliner, General Lukulu Bolongo.

The stage seemed set for an upsurge in mass democratic action, but in the end, only a few thousand people, mainly students and the well-heeled political classes, demonstrated in Mr Tshisekedi's support. One diplomat said that while Mr Tshisekedi may have been imprisoned twice by Mr Mobutu, he had been a close supporter.

Meanwhile, in eastern Zaire, UN agencies mounted an aerial search for 80,000 Rwandan refugees and accused Mr Kabila's rebels of trying to achieve a "final solution" by condemning them to death.

The rebels said the former Rwandan Hutu troops and militants were evacuated from Kasese camp, 15 miles south of Kisangani. "Eighty thousand people are condemned to a slow and cruel death. The expression 'final solution' is not exaggerated," said a World Food Programme spokeswoman.



Georgian drama: The sun setting between the 13th-century Metekhi castle near Tbilisi and the monument to the city's founder, Vahang Gongsali

Photograph: Reuters

## Spirit of Woodstock distilled for theme park

David Osborne  
New York

Fancy a spin on Bob's Big Dipper? (Dylan, that is). A night at the Vanotel (Morrison), perhaps? If you want, you can get suites with authentic mud. Or how about a ride back in time on the Joni Express (Mitchell), destination 1969?

Welcome to Woodstock, the theme park. It does not exist, yet, but if businessman Alan Gerry has his way, it may be a long time coming. He promises, though, that it will not be a "honky-tonk" affair. Nor will it be too enormous - in other words out of

Disney World dimensions.

What Mr Gerry, a cable television mogul, says he has in mind is a park that will attempt to recapture the counterculture spirit of the famed Woodstock music festival, that was attended by 40,000 people on open farmland in southern New York State 28 years ago.

That Woodstock occupies a special place in the American soul is unarguable. The festival featured virtually every leading rock band of the 1960s and has since come to represent the apotheosis of everything that was liberal about the decade, from flower-power to the anti-Vietnam movement.

Even so, each August anniversary attracts scores of pilgrims, most of them one-time hippies, to Woodstock.

Three years ago, a 25th anniversary concert was staged there also. Some remember the music, some the spirit of communalism and some the conditions at the concert - mud, mud and no sanitation.

Mr Gerry, who has bought the original site and a thousand acres around it, is uncertain what the park will offer. Possibilities, however, include train rides, reenactments, concert venues, multiple-screen cinemas and theme hotels.

"I want the site to exist in perpetuity," he said, "so generations will be able to come there and stand and experience what earlier generations experienced without having to get into a honky-tonk situation".

Reactions of those who were at the original Woodstock have so far been mixed. "It sounds pretty hokey to make a theme park out of our youth," commented one original concert-goer.

Officials of the surrounding county, however, are delighted. For them, a Woodstock theme park spells plenty of dollars.



Flowers in their hair: And mud everywhere - the proposed theme park will offer a taste of the Woodstock experience

## Singer's lament for the Left Bank strikes a false note

They came to take away the corner grocer's and the intellectuals and artists said nothing. They took away the open-air market and the intellectuals said nothing. They banished the poor people and the immigrants to the suburbs and the intellectuals said little. They took away the Raoul Vidal record shop and the intellectuals grumbled slightly. Then they took away Le Divan, their favourite book shop, and the intellectuals and artists organised a protest movement. Or rather, in the finest traditions of French intellectuals, they had a split and started two protest movements.

This was the week that some of France's best-known, and best dressed, artists and intellectuals took up arms to save their ancestral home, Saint-Germain-des-Prés, from an alien invasion.

For years, designer clothes shops and exclusive boutiques, have been spreading across the river into the fashionable bohemian literary Left Bank. Juliette Greco, the singer and actress, one of the few living links with Saint-Germain's great days in the 1950s, held a press conference on Tuesday to protest that enough was enough: she was starting a pressure group to save the neighbourhood.

The next day another pressure group, rejected by Ms Greco as too political, started up with the support of Jean-Paul Belmondo, Charles Aznavour and Catherine Deneuve. If you sit outside the Café de Flore, the spiritual epicentre of Saint-Germain, and pay 25 for a glass of beer, you may wonder what the fuss is about. Or rather why it did not begin years ago.

On the other side of the



Juliette Greco: Living link with the good old days

Boulevard, you see the building site where a Giorgio Armani fashion emporium is to be; the New Man boutique, a Belgian mussels-and-chips restaurant and Barclays Bank. On the terrace of the Café, where

### PARIS DAYS

Sartre and de Beauvoir traded philosophical barbs, the dominant language is English: the main topic of intellectual conversation is shopping.

In truth, Saint-Germain-des-Prés stopped being a "fabulous literary crucible", as Ms Greco describes it, three decades ago. Sartre emigrated back to Moutparnasse in the early 1960s. Its transformation into a snob-fashionable area is symbolised as much by the presence of those star names, paying star prices for their apartments, as by the invasion of famous labels.

But I have some sympathy for Ms Greco and the others. When I lived in Paris in the late 1970s, Saint-Germain-des-Prés still had a battered charm, full of

small book and record stores and tiny antique shops.

In the late 1980s and early 1990s, the landlords, with the City of Paris one of the worst offenders, doubled and trebled the rents and drove such places away. The Divan bookshop, a rabbit-warren of all that was classical, avant-garde or obscure, moved to the bourgeois 15th arrondissement last year. Its landlord, the Paris town Hall, had demanded a rent rise.

The revolt of the rich and famous echoes, or parodies, many of the complaints of poorer or middle-income ex-Parisians, who have been pushed out into the suburbs in the last 10 or 15 years. They say Paris has become a museum for tourists and

a bazaar for the rich. They found themselves with their noses pressed to the window of their city, rarely able to join in the fun. So they moved out to the suburbs, where at least they had space and a few trees.

At the same time, Jacques Chirac, as Mayor of Paris, pursued a City of Westminster-style policy of encouraging the immigrant, the poor and trouble-some to move beyond the Boulevard Périphérique into the concrete wastelands.

All in all, there has been a sharp gentrification of Paris in the last two decades. The poorer neighbourhoods, once scattered through the city, are now concentrated to the south and east. One of my favourite places used to be the Marais, the once aristocratic area east of the centre, which was just beginning to rise to gentility after three centuries of dire unre-

spectability. In the 1970s, you could still find 17th-century town houses whose multiple courtyards had become sooty Dickensian agglomerations of tiny workshops, sewing bonnets, mending bicycles or printing leaflets. Strolling through the Marais is still fascinating; but it has now become a bastion of aggressive trendiness and the capital of Parisian gay culture.

It used to be possible to say that, unlike London, people lived right in the centre of Paris. It is still largely true. But the historic heart of the city, the first arrondissement, around the Louvre and Les Halles, has become almost as lifeless, out of working hours, as the City of London. Its population has fallen from 30,000 to 18,000 in three decades, partly because of the destruction of Les Halles (the Parisian Covent Garden),

and because of the deliberate Chiracian policy to make it a business and office ghetto.

Perhaps, one should not protest too much. Paris remains, compared to London, a walkable, livable city, a low-rise city, a city with good and cheap public transport and, in most neighbourhoods, plentiful, specialist food shops. Some parts of Paris, such as the newly re-glided dome of the Invalides, look more splendid than they have for decades. But the city has, inevitably fallen victim to the late-20th-century banalisation and standardisation of towns and cities everywhere.

In Saint-Germain's case, instead of the tyranny of Benetton and the Gap it is the tyranny of Armani and Christian Dior.

John Lichfield

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# Joe Public, the lie-detector in the street

How is it that both John Major and Tony Blair sound more convincing when accusing the other of lying than they do when saying where they themselves stand? It has not been an edifying week of the election campaign, with words like "despicable" and "bare-faced" traded, both sides shouting "Pants on fire!" in their best grown-up voices, and Paddy Ashdown, as ever, shaking his head like a pained and disapproving teacher surveying the unruly playground.

But would the Conservatives scrap the state pension? It sounds possible, when set against Peter Lilley's ambitious and complex plans for recasting the basis of pension provision by the middle of the next century. Would Labour put up taxes in an July Budget? It sounds plausible, notwithstanding Gordon Brown's patient explanation that there are no hidden spending plans to require such a thing. There is a directness and a simplicity about the charges which make them sound as if they might - express some kind of truth, even if they are not borne out by the formal policy positions of the two parties.

And it is, as Mr Major discovered yesterday, frustratingly difficult to rule out absolutely a hypothetical future decision. What if, he was asked, the Cabinet overruled him to abolish the state pension? "If anybody in my Cabinet actually prevailed in an argument, I would not only leave Downing Street, I would leave politics and I would call a general election," he

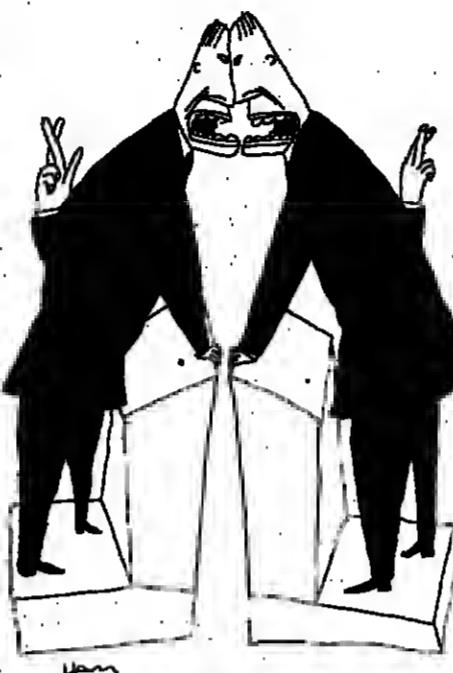
replied, finding himself perched rather awkwardly up a hypothetical gum tree.

Of course, it is grossly unfair to say that the Tories will abolish the state pension, when they want to replace it with a state guarantee of a pension of the same value. Mr Blair is playing with words. But, as our front page report confirms, he is not (quite) lying.

The Tories are scaremongering too. Mr Brown has to have a Budget in July in order to bring in his windfall tax (of as yet unknown size) on the privatised utilities, and to cut VAT on domestic gas and electricity from 8.5 to 5 per cent. To describe this as an "emergency" Budget, as Tory politicians do, is dishonest, and all Labour's pledges are indeed paid for either by the windfall tax or by clearly-labelled savings elsewhere. But to speculate that Mr Brown might make other tax changes at the same time is fair speculation and has not been denied.

The dangers of this kind of exaggeration and name-calling are obvious. The voters are already cynical and alienated. As Mr Blair often points out, negative attacks tend to induce apathy and a "plague on all their houses" mentality. But let us not become sentimental about this. After all, despite letting it be known that he had "ordered an end to negative campaigning" early on in the hustings, there is no sign of High Moral Tone now.

Anyway, election campaigns should be aggressive rather than sanctimonious affairs. Accusing the other candidate of lying is as old as democracy.



As Henry Mencken said: "Under democracy, one party always devotes its chief energies to trying to prove that the other party is unfit to rule. Both commonly succeed, and are right." He could have added, but didn't, that one is usually at least a little less unfit than the other.

No doubt Pericles had a few shocking words about his opponents' policy on the price of slaves when Athenians cast their pebbles in the earliest democracy. The founding fathers of American democracy called each other much worse than liars. John Quincy Adams called Thomas Jefferson a "slur upon the moral government of the world". Disraeli and Gladstone insulted each other with more wit and imagination, but certainly with as much contempt as Major and Blair.

Everyone knows, even if they sometimes pretend to a more elevated discourse, that politicians "go negative" because it works. American political scientists have even conducted experiments to prove that voters are more likely to remember negative information than positive virtues. That is because we voters are sceptical about politicians, and always have been. And so we should continue to be. Scepticism is part of the essential armoury we need to try to defend our interests. And we need, in the age of mass communication, to find new ways of assessing the reliability of our would-be leaders.

That is why this campaign has been so dominated by the respective struggles of Mr Major and Mr Blair to appeal directly for the trust of

the voters. All of politics nowadays is a search for sincerity, an attempt to construct authenticity in an age of mass communication. In the past 10 years, all politicians have taken to the "sincerity machine", or glass teleprompter. In this campaign they have realised that they look even more sincere if they can manage a planned ad lib, breaking off from the rostrum. Tony Blair's biopic was deliberately rough-edged, to try to convince us that it was more "real" than a glossier production. But as the politicians and their advisers construct, so their audiences deconstruct. We are communication experts, attuned to the tricks and artifices of film, just as earlier generations were familiar with the tropes of traditional oratory.

In the end, dodging through angry exchanges, and the mimicry of anger, spontaneous off-the-cuff explanations, and the mimicry of spontaneity; touching artlessness, and carefully prepared, learnt artlessness, we can only go on our guts, our instincts. We yearn to believe in character, and, despite ourselves and our long experience, we thirst for authenticity.

In the end, that is the saving grace of abusive press conferences and tetchy interviews. For as these men get angrier, they expose more of themselves. Pressed by impertinent interviewers, they sometimes forget their training and preparation. The guard slips, a flash of more than make-up can be seen glowing on the cheek. We may tut-tut, but we watch these moments avidly. For time is running out and watching is our duty.

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

### Absence of debate on how to counter potential conflict in Europe

Sir, Jacques Santer's challenge to Euro-sceptics everywhere ("Santer scores the 'prophets of doom' 22 April) has exposed an anomaly in the British election campaign which requires explaining. Namely, the total absence of serious debate on what is arguably one of the major issues of our time: Europe's common foreign and security policy.

While it is generally recognised that the failure to stop the genocidal war in Bosnia represented a massive defeat for Europe's institutions, there is in Britain scant acknowledgement of the need for a co-ordinated and consistent policy within the EU to counter further potential conflict in Europe.

Whilst Europe is divided, the lowest common denominator will continue to prevail. The result of this is already evident in Albania where the heightened political unrest is currently being met by an *ad hoc* Italian-led mission to escort aid, followed by new elections. But what happens if that is not enough, and the trouble in Albania spills over the borders into Kosovo? Or Macedonia? And what about the rising tensions

between two Nato powers, Greece and Turkey, on the Aegean?

In Bosnia, too, there is much unfinished business. Britain has nearly 6,000 troops there and, with America scheduled to pull its troops out of Bosnia next year, is it not in Britain's national interest to join its EU partners in devising a united strategy to avoid a larger conflagration on Europe's south eastern flank - and possibly the eventual Balkanisation of Europe, as new spheres of influence form in the continuing vacuum of political authority?

The EU common foreign and security policy is likely to impact on longer-term peace in Europe, and closer political and military integration is supported by the majority of EU member states. It is surely the right of the British people to know precisely where the parties stand on this important issue, and to participate in an overdue debate.

CAROLE HODGE  
Research Associate  
Institute of Russian and East European Studies  
Glasgow University

Sir, So France too is to hold parliamentary elections. In his television announcement, which amounted to a campaign manifesto, President Chirac made a ringing endorsement of the advantages for France of the European Union and the single currency, in the manner of those past British leaders of both main parties who campaigned for Britain accession to the Union in the Sixties.

It is true that [Europe] sometimes imposes constraints. But never forget, for half a century, for our old nations who have so often fought one another, Europe is peace. Today, in a world that is organised and transformed ever more rapidly, Europe brings us additional prosperity and security simply because Europe is union, and union makes for strength.

... Important decisions are to be made in the very next few months: transition to the single currency, an essential step if we want to assert ourselves as a great economic and political power, with a euro equal to the dollar and the yen; reform of the European institutions which we want to make more democratic, more balanced and more

effective; enlargement of the Union to include the young democracies which belong to the European family, and from with us, the greater Europe; reform of the Atlantic alliance, which must allow the Europeans to take better responsibility for their security, in a new sharing with the Americans; and especially, something which most concerns me, a European Union in the service of the people.

The advantages of the Union to France cannot be different from those it holds for Britain. President Chirac's objectives of building "a Europe respectful of the genius of the nations that compose it", and of enlargement to include the young democracies, are close enough to those the present British government purports to embrace.

Why cannot the British election campaign give leadership to the electorate instead of grubbing for votes in the gutter of xenophobia? Apart from Kenneth Clarke, Sir Edward Heath and the Liberal Democrats, there seem to be no statesmen left in Britain.

STUART WHYTE  
Feucherolles, France

### Pensioners' plight worsens

Sir, At last pensions have come to the forefront of the political agenda (election '97: "Blair attacks pension proposals", 25 April). It was bound to happen. There are 10.2 million very disgruntled pensioners out there and when all the sound and fury of the exchanges has subsided they will remember which political party has deprived a single pensioner of £21 a week and a married pensioner couple of £33 a week.

They will remember that 1.5 million of their contemporaries are claiming income support because their pensions are so low. That a further million are believed to be entitled to income support but not claiming it, and living in poverty. That 7 million pensioners do not receive sufficient income to pay income tax, and that year on year their plight will get worse.

They will remember whose policies over the past 18 years have brought this about. They will surely vote accordingly.

CLIFFORD FULLER  
Gloucester

## LETTER from THE EDITOR

John Major is upset with us for a mean caricature of him that we published on Thursday. It illustrated some words of his, remarkable words, that appeared to repudiate some part of his own party's reputation in favour of an eyeball-to-eyeball relationship with the voter. Here they are again: "Don't let whatever doubts you may have had about the Conservative Party in the past weigh with you, when the future of the United Kingdom may be at stake. Think about it. Think seriously. Think again. Look in my eyes and know this. I will always deal fair and true by this great nation."

Many will find the words moving. I, frankly, found them creepy. Anyway, the paper was mildly satirised by BBC's *Newsnight* programme because the words quoted were not actually spoken by the Prime Minister - he departed from his text, as he is doing increasingly often. So I owe readers an explanation. The words were in a written text released to journalists as Mr Major's. We checked with Conservative Central Office: were they happy to stand by them, to have them quoted? Yes, yes, very happy. So we went ahead. This still seems to me to be perfectly reasonable. But it raises the question, I suppose, of what words a politician owns. For television, anything that cannot be filmed does not exist. Words on paper are spectral, unreal: words spoken to camera are real. For writing journalists, words are words are words. Readers can make up their own minds.

A very strange thing happened yesterday. As I was trying to lunch, my fingertips started to fiddle with my hair. A distant thrumming, drumming sound began. Almost imperceptibly, the pavement around me began to darken. From it, there came a sharp, lemon-and-urine smell that seemed vaguely familiar. Around me, people stretched their necks backwards and held their palms out, like saints in Old Master paintings. What the hell was going on? After a few moments of intense concentration, I realised it was that almost forgotten phenomenon "rain", a form of atmospheric precipitation that has not been known in these parts for a long

time. As London villagers huddled and did their traditional rain-dance, a kind of waddle-sprint towards the nearest capricious bar, I remembered why the weather had changed: it has been brought on by the start of the cricket season, and signifies what the English call summer.

This month's edition of the *Literary Review* features a review of a new biography of Cyril Connolly, who was everything that the finest cultured 20th-century Englishman aspired to be - in other words, a captivating, brilliant, self-pitying failure. He would lie for days on end in bed sucking a pencil and muttering, "Poor Cyril, poor Cyril." Auberon Waugh's review describes

As Londoners did their traditional rain-dance, I realised why the weather had changed - it is the start of the cricket season

Andrew Marr

### QUOTE UNQUOTE

A long debilitating haul, beginning in the sticks and ending up in the shadow of Big Ben. Thousands competing, some for money, some for charity, and the usual selection of fruit-cakes, chickens, cross-dressers and familiar faces - Rory Bremner, comedian, comparing the general election to the London Marathon.

MPs get far too much and they line their own pockets as well - Alan Clark, Conservative candidate for Kensington and Chelsea, to a pensioner in the constituency.

Speaking on a public platform comes not from liking the sound of your own voice but from seeking the sound of your own heart - Anita Roddick, founder of the Body Shop.

No one can be a leader of men, can sway with lofty oratory or electrify his troops while his tubes are rumbling with eruptions - Ray Forster, Professor of the History of Medicine at the Wellcome Institute, on indignation.

The first thing that came into my head was, 'Now my life will end' - Morihisa Aoki, Japanese ambassador to Peru, on hearing the first explosions that led to the end of the embassy siege in Lima.

Why would I talk about the men in my life? For me, life is not about men - Catherine Deneuve, actress, who is writing her autobiography.

When your name ends in a vowel, you end up carrying a gun: lot - Anthony LaPaglia, actor, describing his gangster roles.

### Green Party offers long-term solutions

Sir, Sara Parkin ("Support goes to greenest candidate", 23 April) gave her reason for withdrawing from the Green Party as its failure to think strategically about how to work in the British electoral system.

On the contrary, the Green Party has a very clear vision of how to work in that system, and is doing so with growing success at local level. That vision just doesn't happen to be the particular approach that Ms Parkin sought to impose.

The Green Party is building its support through local work and campaigning. There are hundreds of Green candidates in the English county council elections which coincide with the general election on 1 May. Greens are standing in selected parliamentary constituencies across the UK, to give the opportunity to put the green arguments in the general election, on key issues such as the economy, education, the environment and health.

The Green Party remains the only party committed to the ecological perspective, seeking a future for all of us which will last. This requires fundamental change in economic, social and environmental policies. Candidates of other parties may offer palliatives, but not the long-term solutions that are needed.

JOHN NORRIS  
Richmond upon Thames, Surrey

### Making the most of our libraries

Sir, In his piece on public libraries, Thomas Sutcliffe has again hit the spot (Tabloid, 24 April). As an academic librarian and husband of a thriller novelist (Lindsay Townsend) I may be a touch biased, but isn't it a little strange that a nationwide system of information and entertainment with 30 million registered users should be made to feel unwanted?

The ability to try out a wide range of books without having to pay cash up front is far more than half the population a major contribution to education and leisure. What is more, the tastes formed by borrowing from libraries frequently develop into cash sales at bookshops. Public libraries are a national asset and a cultural stimulus, so let's start treating them - and funding them - as such.

ALAN QUICKE  
Huddersfield, West Yorkshire



Stonehenge: worshipped by our pagan ancestors

### Pagan faiths excluded from the Sacred Land project

Sir, While it was good to read Paul Valley's article which publicises the work of the Sacred Land project ("The sacred sites of Britain", 22 April), it is hard to express the dismay which I and other pagan women must feel on reading his article.

We are fortunate in Britain to be the inheritors of many places made sacred by the worship of our ancestors - our pagan ancestors. These include some of our best-known tourist spots, such as Stonehenge, Avebury and Silbury Hill, as well as lesser-known spots such as the well of St Mary's

Willesden, whose patron pagan goddesses were later incorporated into masculine-dominated Christianity in the form of black virgins and saints.

For decades before the creation of the Sacred Land project, pagans in Britain have been campaigning for both the protection of these sacred sites and for respect for them as places of peace, meditation and veneration. Why is it then that pagan religion, which is goddess-venerating and the religious faith of many thousands of people in Britain - women and men - has no representation on the Sacred Land

project, and that no representative of the pagan faiths has been invited to attend the ceremony today led by the Archbishop of Canterbury?

For centuries women and the goddesses have been excluded from any voice in mainstream religion. It seems that the Sacred Land project intends to perpetuate this. How strange when for so many people the Earth and its sacred sites are so strongly associated with the Divine as goddess and not god.

Dr VIVIANNE CROWLEY  
Interfaith Committee  
The Pagan Federation  
London WC1

### Noisy music is dangerous to aural health

Sir, Further to Lilian Simlett-Moss's letter (24 April), may I echo her question, why do we permit dangerous levels of sound in public entertainment? I write as one who listened to the Rolling Stones' Cardiff Arms Park concert from the steps outside the stadium, having been forced to leave my husband, friends and (expensive) seat because of my discomfort.

But another aspect of this "noisy music" phenomenon causes disagreements in our house. I

maintain that, both on the radio and television, the sound level increases for musical bits of otherwise non-musical programmes. My husband and son say it's just my paranoia about noise. Does anyone agree with me?

MAIRA GAUNT  
Cardiff

Sir, The health risks in loud discos and concerts are even worse than generally realised (letter, 24 April). Many people, usually the young, suffer life-long incurable tinnitus

after being exposed to 120 decibels or more.

The fragile human ear is not built for such aural assaults, yet pop music promoters remain outside the sound safety laws which govern places of work. The constant roar of tinnitus is invisible and therefore ignored by governments, with no money being spent on research and treatment ignored in most NHS hospitals.

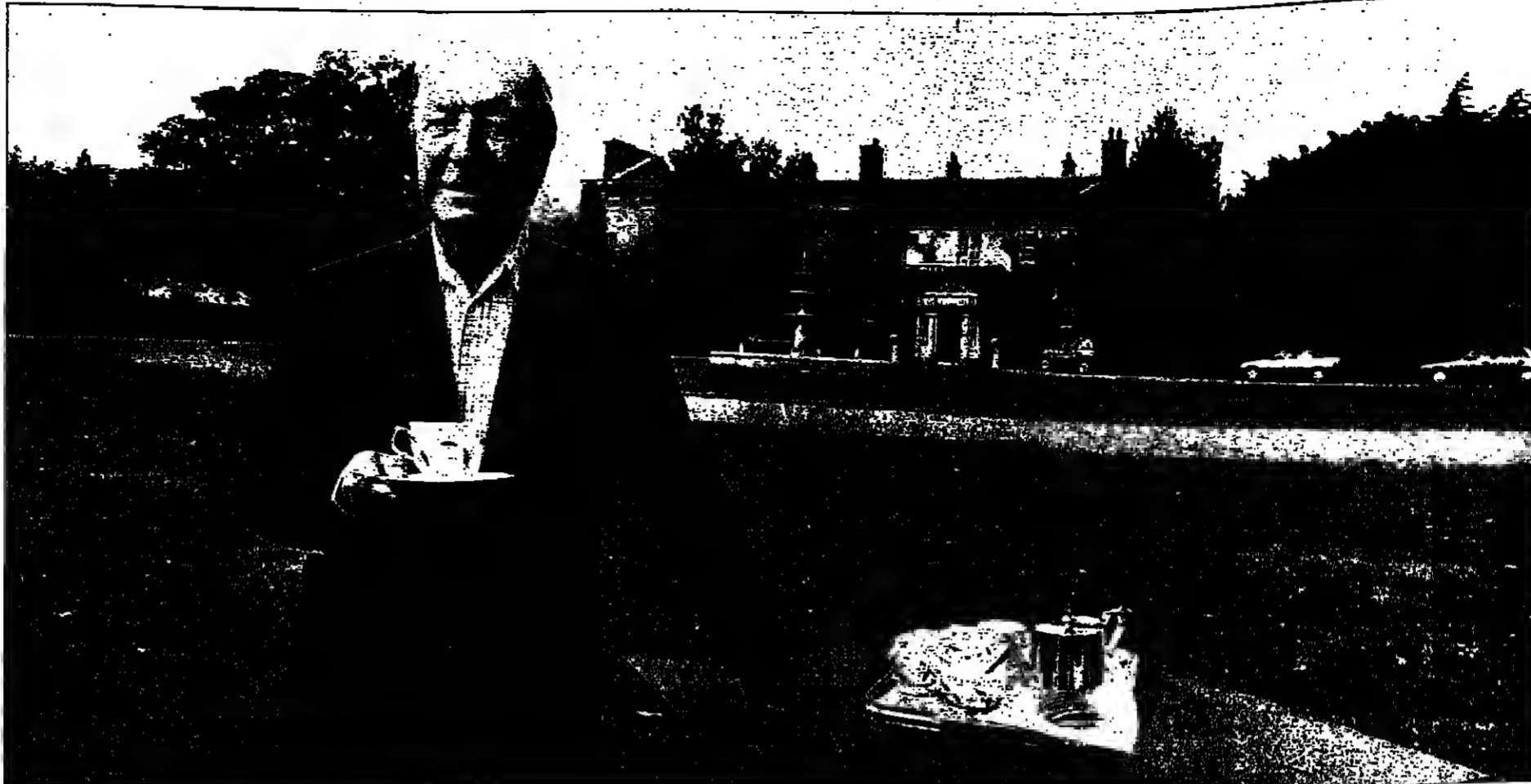
MICHAEL O'TOOLE  
Director, Tinnitus Action  
London SE18

Letters should be addressed to Letters to the Editor, The Independent, One Canada Square, Canary Wharf, London E14 5DL. (Fax: 0171-293 2435; e-mail: letters@independent.co.uk) and include a daytime telephone number. Letters may be edited for length and clarity. We regret we are unable to acknowledge unpublished letters.

# The politician who lives like a prince



Haughey meets the stores magnate Ben Dunne, 'a walking Santa Claus', in 1986, and (right) the former Taoiseach at his country mansion. Photographs: Eamon Farrell/Photocall



Charles Haughey has a legendary ability to survive. But five years after leaving power he has been implicated in a Dublin payments scandal that threatens his political legacy, says Alan Murdoch

**A**n American commentator once described a US politician, Edward Livingston, as "a man of splendid abilities but utterly corrupt. Like rotten mackerel by moonlight, he shines and stinks."

Generations of Irish have grown up simultaneously loving and loathing Charlie Haughey, a political colossus whose career has dominated modern Irish history. His cabinet role spanned 30 years in a career extending from the Fifties to the Nineties. Macmillan was in Downing Street when he entered office. John Major when he left.

Yet despite cleverly steering Ireland, often against considerable conservative obstacles, towards European modernity, events this week mean his name is now more likely to be remembered for scandal and crisis than statecraft. As a series of extraordinary revelations laid bare the furtive financial arrangements that permitted him to live more as a prince than politician, the mysterious aura that for 30 years surrounded his regal style slid was replaced by humiliation and farce.

That this is happening now, almost five years after his exit from power, quoting Shakespeare's *Othello* to the Dail ("I have done the state some service; they know't. No more of that") is the supreme irony. On countless occasions in government or when leading his Fianna Fail party in opposition, Haughey's cunning and brazen bard

neck saw him tough it out when his political obituaries were already written, and, more than once, actually printed.

From the start he behaved as if hovering above mere mortals, secure on an imperious cloud of invulnerability. He astutely married the prime minister's daughter, Maureen Lemass. He bought and sold north Dublin land for lucrative housing estates.

His brash coterie turned the austere nationalist Fianna Fail, founded in 1927 by Eamon De Valera, initially a small farmers and urban masses movement, into a party leaning more towards property speculators and developers, while also advancing welcome social reforms, notably for women.

There were regular lunches for the "Taca" club of business benefactors, who not-so-mysteriously won favour on government work. Donogh O'Malley, the education minister who brought in free secondary education, was ever candid: "When all other things are equal, we give it to our people."

Haughey's young Fianna Fail party cohorts were known as the "men in mohair suits". With the late Brian Lenihan and Donogh O'Malley, Haughey regularly drank late at the old Hibernian Hotel in Dawson Street, chased women and became legends of indulgence. The devil-may-care O'Malley, after driving the wrong way down a one-way street, was stopped by a garda. Asked "Did you not see the arrows?" He replied, "To tell the truth

guard, I didn't even see the feckin' Indians."

Haughey himself liked showing female visitors the hull sculpture on his office window sill and explaining its virile significance.

In 1970, after a Dublin cabinet sub-committee's plan to assist beleaguered northern Catholics collapsed in bitter acrimony, he was sacked as finance minister and charged, in the infamous Arms Trial, with gun-running. Many felt Taoiseach Jack Lynch had simply bottled out and deserted his own ministers. Lynch himself had publicly made plain that Dublin could not "stand by" while attacks were made on Catholic areas in Northern Ireland. The importation of arms from Europe into Dublin followed pleas from democratic nationalist politicians in Northern Ireland, and was intended to help Catholics defend themselves from attack. When the plan was leaked in suspicious circumstances, a disapproving Dublin Department of Justice official intervened, leading to Haughey's arrest.

**H**aughey, who could have defended his involvement and won, denied the charges and was acquitted. Thereafter, there hung around him what one observer neatly dubbed "the whiff of cordite". Cast into the political wilderness until 1977, he toured the country acquiring a republican halo in the eyes of a fanatical following, matched only by a total mistrust from vehement opponents. "I wouldn't give him the itch if I thought he'd get warm on a cold day scratching himself," declared one voter in a 1982 election canvass.

After unseating Lynch as Fianna Fail leader in 1979, vain attempts followed to achieve a Northern Ireland settlement. Haughey wooed Margaret Thatcher with a Georgian silver teapot and talk of major "institutional" or

"constitutional" change. The 1981 hunger strikes saw Haughey's own sons physically attacked by militant H-block campaigners furious at his refusal to take their side.

Never secure as party leader, discontent grew over some dubious front-bench appointments and the bizarre 1982 discovery of a murderer in his attorney general's flat. A split came in 1986 when Haughey sided with Catholic conservatives against freely-available contraception, and after he acceded to a "pro-life" anti-abortion line and, initially, opposed parts of the Anglo-Irish Agreement. Coalition in 1989 with former enemies now in the new Progressive Democrats alienated more party veterans, culminating in the ruthless sacrifice of Lenihan, his oldest friend, at the behest of that party.

But there were plusses. One-sided professional Haughey-haters ignore the fact that his 1987-92 governments were visionary architects of today's "Celtic Tiger" revival. Far-sighted development policies then re-directed a low-margin, food-based economy towards new hi-tech activities - from computers to film, financial services to entertainment, international telesales to tourism.

This encouraged ambivalence. People with no illusions about Haughey's opportunist nature still believed he was good for the country and felt uplifted by his staunch patriotism. They set his Mitterrand-inspired grand projects against the dreary jobless austerity and hyper-taxation through which Garret Fitzgerald all but bankrupted Ireland in the mid-Eighties.

They also chuckled at the unashamed grandeur of Haughey's home life. Perennial gossip about his enjoyment of female company (he once confided, *sotto voce* "I love sex") and his slightly absurd apeing of gentry by his riding stables, 280-acre estate, Georgian man-

sion, and yacht, topped off with the purchase of a private Atlantic island, Inishvickillane, in the Baskets off Kerry. One of his three sons also acquired a busy helicopter firm.

A recent 70th anniversary history of Fianna Fail considers how wealth might have come his way. After highlighting the accountancy firm Haughey set up after graduating, it adds: "An old house, which needed a lot of upkeep and refurbishment, like Abbeville (Haughey's mansion) could be picked up at a relatively modest cost in the Sixties, as few people wanted such properties. (His) success was largely achieved by his own efforts, as opposed to that achieved with the assistance of the comfortable connections that tend to come with inherited wealth or position."

**A** rather different account of how Haughey sustained this life began emerging this week at the Dublin Castle tribunal that has been investigating payments to politicians by Ben Dunne, when head of his family's Irish and British chain of 95 supermarkets and clothing stores.

Haughey's accountancy firm has featured in the inquiry. A former colleague there, the late banker Des Traynor, was named by Dunne as the "bagman" who in 1988 approached Dunne's accountant seeking help in defraying Haughey's then £700,000 debts. By 1991, Dunne, a walking Santa Claus worth £150m, had hailed his free-spending prime minister out to the tune of £1.3m. Witnesses to the tribunal said that the initial payment of £500,000 in July 1988 was followed by £150,000 and £200,000 in 1989 and 1990. Dunne agreed that Haughey never intervened on his or his firm's behalf, and himself never sought political favours.

Haughey, now 71, has declined to be legally represented at the tribunal. In correspondence with lawyers acting for

Dunne's Stores' new management, seeking repayment of the allegedly improper payments, he flatly denied receiving funds from Dunne's or an associate company.

Most memorably, Dunne, who quit the firm four years ago (documents aired in his acrimonious departure led to the payments scandal becoming public last November) revealed that in 1991 he dropped in for a cup of tea with the former Taoiseach at Abbeville after a game of golf and, seeing a "broken-looking" Haughey, spontaneously gave him three unsolicited bank drafts worth £210,000 made out in fictitious names, saying, "Here's something for yourself." Haughey had replied "Thanks, big fella," the businessman told the stunned tribunal which, packed by an eager public, seemed more shocked that someone would suggest dropping in on the fiercely intimidating presence for tea than at his receipt of funds beyond his salary.

Given Haughey's lifestyle, many now wonder if Dunne was unique as a large-scale personal benefactor. They recall his close alliances with a series of business figures.

The volatile Dunne's generous side meant that if you met him on a good day you might come home loaded. He gave £2m to charities and helped several parties. Dunne confirmed that the present Taoiseach, John Bruton, visited him for tea and received a £100,000 donation for his Fine Gael party.

The Irish government coalition of Fine Gael, Labour and Democratic Left hope Fianna Fail will be seriously damaged by the affair. Fine Gael has itself suffered collateral damage, seeing its transport minister resign last November. Seasoned observers expect that a general election will be called when maximum damage has been done to Fianna Fail's electability. Haughey's gilt-edged living may cost his party dearly in votes for years to come.

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## jo brand's week

Make

Graham Greene, the writer, was one famous person who had a *doppelgänger* who popped up all over the world for years, saying he was the author and reaping benefits as he went. The reason this sort of thing happens, I think, is because people are so gullible. Most of us tend, for no other reason than assuming most people tell the truth, to believe what we hear.

I'm afraid I have to include myself in the ranks of the gullible, as I fell into the trap many have, when I was quite happy to believe a bloke who introduced himself to me at The Comedy Store as the keyboard player from the band, Dodgy.

Coincidentally, my tour manager John has worked quite a lot with Dodgy, driving the tour bus and doing security, and so it seemed reasonable to ask this bloke if he knew John.

"Never heard of him," said our friend cheerfully, and went on to demonstrate that he also had a very poor knowledge of the band and what they had been up to. For example, the lead singer ("he's called Graham really but he never uses it") is in fact called Nigel. I'm afraid

we soon tired of our drunken friend and packed him off to the pub with some of the other performers from the show, where he continued to irritate them until closing time. When they could stand it no longer, they all sneaked out while he was in the toilet. Rules of impersonation: 1) learn your stuff; 2) don't be so irritating that people can't wait to escape from you.

Selina Scott got a bit of a roasting in the press this week because she earns so much money. Her situation demonstrates in many ways that the shortcomings and hypocrisies of the media are. First of all, if these people at Sky are prepared to pay her that much, more fool them. Secondly, Ms Scott's argument that she is a working mother with no security, so we should sympathise with her mega pay packet, doesn't wash. She's probably got enough in the bank as we speak to keep her very comfortable for the rest of her days. Thirdly, the argument that only high ratings deserve big bucks is sending us down that road of attempting to appeal only to the *bring-back-hanging, Sun*-reading brigade that has

quite enough influence already, thank you very much. There are many superb programmes on telly that don't necessarily get huge ratings. Hope someone powerful from Channel 4 is reading this.

I have always thought that the phrase "champagne socialists" says far more about the people who use it than those at whom it is directed. I imagine the term was coined by people who simply cannot believe that those who have got their hands on the god that is money don't just want to make more and more and turn their luxurious lives inward, ignoring the plight of others. I also think that the users of the term resent the fact that some rich people are not all bastards, as they are.

Edwina Currie aligned herself with the ranks of the *Daily Mail* harridans this week when she remarked that she was "thinner and prettier" than Emma Nicholson. This sort of behaviour only goes to confirm that some women in politics are quite happy to take on the playground mentality of the blokes. This election campaign is fast turning into *Grange Hill*, and there's not a damn thing any of us can do about it. If thin and pretty has anything whatsoever to do with one's political ideology, let's get the supermodels into politics and see what they make of the convergence criteria for Europe.

I see that a teenage magazine was censured this

week for including an article along the lines of "I slept with loads of blokes" - I think the figure was 40 in three months. The critics of the magazine were worried that the way in which the article was written and presented would make it look as though this sort of behaviour was a good thing to do.

Oh, don't make me laugh. If teenage girls know one thing, it is that a girl who sleeps with lots of boys is "a slag". (This is made perfectly clear to us at a very young age.) So the thought that any teenage girl will read this article with anything other a wry smile, is silly.

If grown-ups want to know what it is that influences the young ones, they need look no further than the trusty peer group. I saw a piece on telly this week about schoolkids who carry rucksacks full of books over one shoulder because it is "cool", despite the fact that it is ruining their backs. One girl was quoted as saying, "If everyone else started using both straps, I would too." So glad I'm not a teenager any more. See you all in 10 years' time, you poor little hunchbacked sheep.

تحتفظ من الأصل



Business news desk: tel 0171-293 2636 fax 0171-293 2098  
BUSINESS & CITY EDITOR: JEREMY WARNER

July 10, 1950.



JEREMY WARNER

## New Labour's principal problem over Europe

For business, there really is only one issue in this election – Europe. Pensions, education and the future of the national health service – all vitally important national questions but ones which nonetheless shrink to insignificance alongside the momentous decisions which approach on Europe.

Unfortunately, it is also the issue our leading politicians least like to talk about. So I went along to a press awards ceremony earlier this week at which Tony Blair was speaking hoping to put to him this question. Did he really believe all that Eurosceptic, jingoistic claptrap he had written in the Sun that morning, where he had talked of “slaying the dragon” of a European superstate? Or was his position more accurately reflected in what he says privately to the pro-Europe business lobby – that he is broadly in favour of monetary union and wants Britain to be a part of it?

I never got any chance, for after a few publicity shots with an eight pint glass of Guinness, which was sponsoring the event, he was monopolised for the rest of lunch by Sir David English, former editor of the *Daily Mail* and now chief executive of Associated Newspapers. The two seemed to be getting on like a house on fire. But if Mr Blair was hoping to persuade Sir David that the *Mail* too should back New Labour, he had another think coming.

By the end of the week the *Mail* had rounded up a group of business leaders to fire

off the customary “reds under the bed” pre-polling day letter. This set-piece of Conservative Party election strategy normally adorns the letters page of the *Times*. Whether it was Rupert Murdoch's support for Mr Blair or something else, this time round the letter has been placed with the *Mail*.

They were the usual suspects: Lord Hanson (Hanson plc), John Neill (Unipart), Sir Stanley Kalms (Disons), Sir Graham Kirkham (DFS Furniture), Christopher Miller (Wassall), etc. etc. But their message was a slightly different one. Both parties claim to advocate an enterprise economy, they rightly point out. So which party should people trust best to pursue enterprise policies? Clearly not Labour, they say, because though it claims to be a convert to the cause of free market economics, it supports the EU Social Chapter and the minimum wage. You just cannot trust Labour, was their message.

This was also Mr Blair's theme at the press lunch – not Europe itself, you understand (far too sensitive a subject, they one), but New Labour's Achilles' heel, the idea that it is unprincipled and would do and say almost anything to achieve power. As you might expect, Mr Blair was articulate and compelling in challenging the charge.

All the same, the evidence rather points the other way. I come at the perception not from the anti-European stance of the *Mail*'s business leaders, but from a pro-European stance.

Mr Blair's position on Europe, as aired in this election campaign at least, is just one of the manifestations of this tendency.

Publicly Mr Blair says what he thinks the electorate wants to hear; privately he says something different. I was chatting to one leading City supporter of the single currency recently (yes, there are a few) who was so incensed by Mr Blair's public position on Europe that he accused the Labour leader of “betrayal”. Intemperate language like this is rare among such people. But he was right. It is not just old Labour that feels betrayed by the New. Judged by Mr Blair's public comments, there may now be as little to choose between the two main parties on Europe, other than the social policies complained of by the *Mail*'s businessmen, as everything else.

We must continue to presume that this is not the case, that Mr Blair is only saying what he thinks necessary to win. But if he is, then he can hardly complain about being thought unprincipled. It is vitally important for the future prosperity of this country and the enterprises that make it up, that Britain continues to play a full role in Europe including, if necessary, committing at the earliest possible date to the single European currency.

The business community is a many-headed beast which rarely speaks with one voice. But talk to Britain's leading multinationals, its world class companies, and they will generally agree with this view. Andrew

Buxton, chairman of Barclays, is surely right to imply as he did this week that it would be lunacy to enter the single currency while the pound is so high. What he seems not to appreciate, however, is that if the markets thought the pound would definitely be in, then sterling would weaken and the problem would evaporate.

The future is not in “slaying” Europe, but in taming the dragon and making it dance to our own tune.

Nobody who reads these columns could have been left in much doubt about our position on Andrew Regan's bid for the Co-operative Wholesale Society. Not to put too fine a point on it, we have believed and said right from the start that the whole thing stinks. Only our lawyers have prevented us from using the word “dishonest” to describe it before. Thanks to Mr Justice Lightman we are now freed from any such constraint.

None of this has stopped Mr Regan and those associated with him from trying to persuade us otherwise. Of all the calls I've received in this hopeless endeavour, the most astonishing came yesterday from the public relations company representing Travers Smith Braithwaite. This was the City law firm which advised Hambros on a bid which involved documents plundered from the CWS and subsequently “cascaded”

through the City to just about everyone who cared to take a peep.

Now look here, I was told. You must understand that all this stuff put out by Melmoth and Keelan is just a distraction, a sideshow from the major issue. Which is what, I asked? The appalling underperformance of the CWS, the desperate need to do something about it.

Excuse me, but who, apart from those who hoped to profit from it, could give a damn about the underperformance of the Co-op? The CWS is a mutually owned institution not answerable to shareholders or their disciplines. The attempt to make it so was not undertaken out of any great sense of public interest or purpose, but merely for the sake of a fast buck at someone else's expense.

The main issue here is nothing to do with the underperformance of the Co-op, which is completely irrelevant. It is to do with the fact that in the search for new sources of income and profit, scant regard was paid to normally accepted commercial rules and practices. Just who was to blame and to what extent will have to await the judgement of regulators. But no amount of complaining about the Co-op's performance can distract from the fact that Hambros and a large number of other top drawer City firms failed to ask the right questions either of themselves or their clients.

## Boom fuels demands for tax or rate rises

Diane Coyle  
Economics Editor

Britain is booming as the Conservatives claim, the latest figures for national output suggested yesterday. But the rapid growth recorded by the last official statistics due before the general election led to calls for an immediate rise in taxes or interest rates.

City economists were highly sceptical about John Major's claim yesterday that his Government had broken the cycle of boom followed by bust. “The failure to raise either taxes or interest rates is the political business cycle gone mad,” said David Bloom at James Capel.

A growing number of analysts favour tax increases in a post-election Budget because an increase in basic rates might drive the strong pound even higher. The 17 per cent exchange rate rise since last autumn has tilted the balance of growth towards consumer spending and away from exports. The boom is also centred on the South-east and industries like financial services.

“For the first time in 20 years some good old-fashioned Labour policies are exactly what the economy needs. A few extra pounds on the mortgage don't stop highly paid people buying dinner at Quaglinos,” said Simon Briscoe, an economist at investment bank Nikko.

“If there were ever a good economic case for redistributing income through tax, it is now.” While business organisations have also started to demand tax increases as opposed to higher interest rates, some economists still think higher borrowing costs are needed to cool the boom.

“You can't tinker with taxes to fine tune the business cycle, and it is the easiest thing in the world to reverse an interest rate increase if exports slow too sharply,” said Kevin Gardiner at Morgan Stanley.

All the experts agree that whoever is chancellor after the election will need to tighten the reins of policy swiftly.

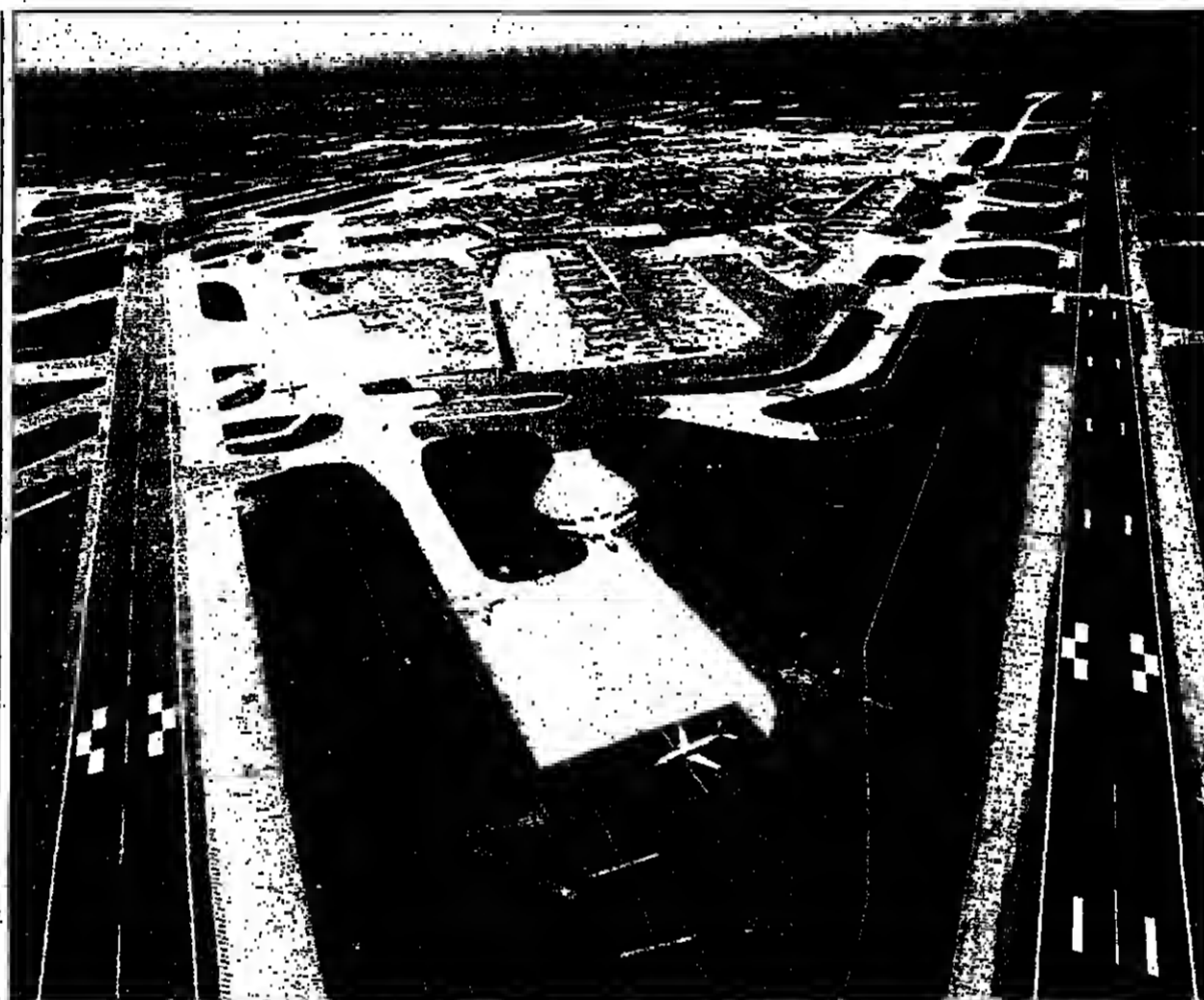
Philip Shaw, chief economist at Unipart, predicted that any improvement in the “fiscus” standing in the polls this week would unnerve the markets. “That would make it more likely that we would get a hung parliament, with a government that could not take unpopular decisions.”

Yesterday's figures for gross domestic product, the broadest measure of economic activity, showed a 1 per cent increase in the first quarter of this year. It reached a level 3 per cent higher than a year earlier. This was the fastest growth for two years.

Service sector output increased by 1.2 per cent during the quarter, and 3.9 per cent year on year. Business services, including accountancy and consultancy, continued to show the highest growth according to the Office for National Statistics (ONS). Finance, communications and catering also grew strongly.

But the ONS also indicated that industrial production grew at broadly the same rate as the previous quarter, which implies that its biggest component, manufacturing output, picked up despite the strong pound.

With earnings growing faster, tax cuts this month and building society share handouts starting, GDP growth is likely to accelerate. Sterling's impact on exports is not expected to become severe until next year.



Not grounded: Despite allowing for a £53m hit on profits this year BAA is confident Heathrow's Terminal 5 will be approved

## BAA accounts for T5 delays

Michael Harrison

The airports operator BAA yesterday denied that it was concerned about Terminal 5 being blocked after it announced changes in accounting policy in connection with the £1.5bn project.

The company said it had decided to stop capitalising interest on the project in light of delays in gaining approval for T5. The move will result in a £40m exceptional charge for the year just ended. Together with the £13m interest charges incurred on the project this year, the total hit on BAA profits will be £53m.

However, BAA's finance director, Russell Walls, rejected

suggestions that the change in policy reflected worries that the marathon planning inquiry into T5 might come down against BAA.

“It's not a lack of confidence on our part. It's just that with the delay the capitalised interest is becoming 30 per cent of the total amount spent and it is compounding all the time.”

The inquiry began in 1995 and BAA had originally expected a government decision to have been reached by now. However, the inquiry is not now expected to end until mid-1998 because of the level of opposition voiced by environmentalists and local residents. This means that a final decision is unlikely to be

reached before 2000. The inspector is expected to take a year to write his report and then it will be studied for at least six months by the Departments of Transport and the Environment before a decision is made.

Up to the end of last year BAA had spent £178m on preparatory work on T5 of which £49m was capitalised interest. Although interest will no longer be capitalised, the ongoing development costs, running at £30m a year, will continue to be capitalised. BAA said it would resume capitalisation of interest if and when planning permission was granted.

BAA announced earlier this

week that British Airways and its alliance partners would, subject to planning approval, become the new occupants of T5. BAA says that without the new terminal it will not be able to cope with the increase in demand for air travel in the South-east. It claims that traffic levels at the three London airports will double between now and 2013. Although Gatwick and Stansted will continue to grow, BAA says it will only be able to meet demand if it gets the go-ahead for T5, which will have a capacity of 30 million passengers.

Last year the three London airports handled 85.6 million passengers, of whom 56 million went through Heathrow.

### IN BRIEF

#### Japan shuts Nissan Mutual Life

Nissan Mutual Life Insurance, Japan's 16th-largest life insurer, has been shut down by the regulatory authorities. The company was ordered to stop selling new policies immediately, making it the first insurer closed by the government in more than a half century. Its 1.2 million policies will be managed by a custodial institution, with Nissan Mutual paying benefits on them to the extent it can. The shutdown is another example of the Ministry of Finance moving decisively to clean up problems throughout the country's financial system, including regional banks, credit co-operatives, insurers, large banks, and so-called non-bank finance companies. A weak link in one of Japan's most troubled industries, the closure of Nissan Mutual is similar to that of Hanwa Bank. The troubled regional bank was ordered closed last November by the Ministry in the first shutdown of a bank in more than 50 years. Nissan Mutual, with more than 4,000 employees in 82 offices, closed its doors with liabilities outstripping assets by about 10 per cent.

#### David Abell's reputation under attack

Thomas Jourdan, the Corby trouser press consumer products group, launched a broadside against the reputation of David Abell, the controversial former chairman of the Suter multi-conglomerate, as it attempted to enlist the support of shareholders to defeat his motion to unseat most of the existing board. Since December Mr Abell has built a stake of 25 per cent in the company and it has emerged that the Takeover Panel now seems him to be acting in concert with holders of a further 11 per cent. He has requisitioned an extraordinary general meeting for next month to have the current non-executive directors and the chairman, Keith Whitten, replaced by himself and his business colleague, Jon Pither.

But in a letter to shareholders, the company draws attention to the highly critical 1993 Department of Trade and Industry inquiry into some of Mr Abell's previous share buying activities. The inspectors' report excoriated him of any wrongdoing but criticised his “misleading and inconsistent statements and evidence”. Jourdan claims: “Mr Abell's past record is controversial and unimpressive. He should not be allowed to take over your company.” Mr Abell refused to make any comment on the allegations levelled at him yesterday. He denied any immediate intention to launch a takeover, but implied that he had the financial backing if he wanted to do so.

#### Regal booking at Country Club

Regal Hotels announced its third big acquisition in two years with a £64.5m deal to acquire 13 hotels under the Country Club brand name from Whitbread. The latest move brings to £211m the amount Regal has spent on large acquisitions since April 1995. It is being part-financed through a £36.6m placing and one-fifth open offer at 54p, taking the amount raised from shareholders to £122m over the past two years. Whitbread gave Regal exclusive negotiating rights on the latest deal, which executive chairman Charles Vere Nicoll said was being done on a similar earnings multiple of under 9 to last year's acquisition of 60 hotels from Forte. The new outlets, independently valued at £64.7m, will take Regal's total chain of provincial three-star hotels to 95.

#### Harrison departs from Alpha Airports

Paul Harrison is leaving Alpha Airports, the in-flight caterer and airport retailer he has been chief executive of since the group was spun out of Forte and subsequently floated on the stock market in 1994, to join the board of Standard Chartered Bank. At the age of 50, after six years with Alpha, he will resume his long-term involvement with information technology and operating systems, leaving Rodney Galpin, the chairman and a former executive director of the Bank of England and chairman of Standard Chartered Bank, to take a more hands-on role until a successor is appointed. The Standard Chartered connection was pure coincidence, a spokesman said. Paul Ashworth, the new managing director of the catering division, joins the board. Alpha, in which Mohamed al-Fayed is now a 25 per cent shareholder, also published results showing a drop in annual pre-tax profits from £20.6m to £7.8m.

#### Capital goes on £147m shopping spree

Capital & Regional Properties is buying a portfolio of five in-town shopping centres from clients of Grosvenor Asset Management for a total of £147m. The company said the deal would increase the value of its gross property assets by almost 60 per cent from £248m to £395m. The shopping centres being acquired are Liberty 11 Shopping Centre, Romford; Selborne Walk, Walthamstow; London Alhambra Centre, Barnsey; Howgate Centre, Falkirk; and Sauchiehall Centre, Glasgow. Following the acquisition, retail properties will account for around 84 per cent of the company's enlarged portfolio. Capital & Regional plans to finance the acquisition by a placing and open offer of 28.16 million shares at 21.5p each, raising around £60.5m, and by £94m of banking facilities.

#### Euromoney raises stake in newsletter

Euromoney Publications has bought back a 15 per cent stake in the *Petroleum Economist* from its publisher, Nigel Bance, for £1.09m in cash. Euromoney now holds 95 per cent of the business and has the right to acquire the remaining 5 per cent from Mr Bance on an agreed profit-related formula at a maximum price of £2m. Euromoney originally acquired the *Petroleum Economist* newsletter and installed Mr Bance to run it. He has successfully diversified it into a leading supplier of specialist maps, books and training courses related to the energy industry. It made £1.15m before tax in the year to last September.

#### Martin Currie's new trust raises £45m

Investment managers Martin Currie have raised £45m for a new split-capital investment trust, the Martin Currie Income & Growth, with 45 per cent in income shares, 15 per cent invested for capital growth and 40 per cent in zero dividend preference shares. Income shares will receive all the income with an initial yield of 9.25 per cent at the placing price of 100p. Zero dividend shares will generate capital growth of 8.25 per cent a year compound over the 10-year planned life of the fund. Up to 40 per cent will be invested overseas.

## Tobacco giants hit as FDA wins court fight

David Osborne  
New York

Tobacco stocks were being battered once again last night, after a US federal judge upheld the right of the government to regulate the sale of cigarettes. While the ruling was mixed in its content, it was mostly a disappointment for the tobacco companies. The companies had been suing the Clinton administration over its approval of new rules drawn up by the Food and Drug Administration to constrain the marketing of cigarettes.

But not everything in the judgment went the government's way. The court said that while the FDA was entitled to regulate the selling of cigarettes, it did not have the power to control industry advertising.

The ruling had been extremely keenly awaited and is likely to play directly into closed-door negotiations now under way between the industry and its various adversaries on a possible \$300bn (£185bn) long-term settlement. Within minutes of the 60-page ruling's appearance, the industry and the Clinton administration vowed to

appeal against those parts that each side disliked.

In a pugnacious statement, President Clinton said: “This is a fight for the health and the lives of our children.” While conceding that a government appeal was being launched, the President added: “With this ruling, we can regulate tobacco products and protect our children from a lifetime of addiction and the prospect of having their lives cut short by the diseases that come with this addiction.”

Issued in 1995, the FDA rules seek to impose various constraints on the industry, for example by banning vending-machine sales, outlawing billboard advertising near schools and requiring shop owners to obtain proof of age (above 18 years) before selling cigarettes to young people.

Behind these rules, however, is the key principle that the FDA is trying to establish: that cigarettes are a system for drug delivery and therefore must be subject to regulation. That is the principle the industry so dislikes and which the judge yesterday failed fully to knock down.

“It is a partial victory for the

industry and a partial defeat,” commented Roy Burry, a tobacco sector analyst with Oppenheimer in New York. “But I think it's more negative than positive for them.”

This seemed to be reflected in the market, where within minutes of the ruling's release, shares in Philip Morris dipped by \$2 to \$39.625, while RJR Nabisco lost \$1.50 to \$30.125.

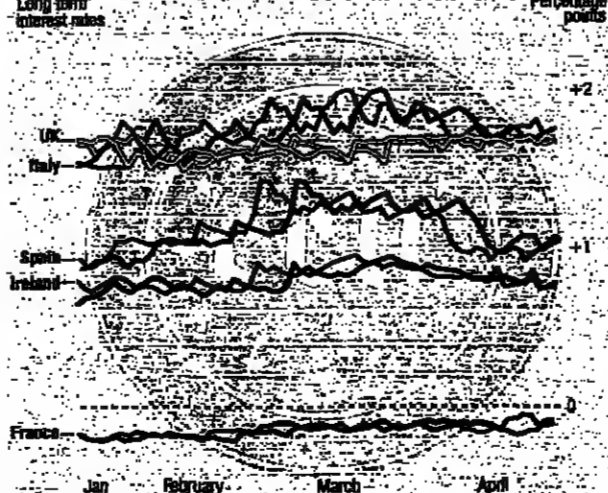
The search for a truce between the US tobacco industry and its adversaries that could lead to the creation of a \$300bn smokers' compensation fund is meanwhile being snarled by arguments over legal immunity.

Several leading US health organisations as well as members of the US Congress have begun to voice alarm about what may emerge from secret talks begun three weeks ago between America's two biggest cigarette makers and representatives of the 23 US states suing the industry.

At the heart of the talks is a formula whereby the tobacco industry would agree to pay as much as \$300bn over 25 years into the smokers' fund and comply in future with new federal oversight of tobacco sales and harsh curbs on advertising.

### Who will be in EMU? The financial markets' view

The closer other countries get to the black dotted baseline, the more likely they are to join EMU.



TOWARDS EMU: If the line moves towards the German bank line it means investors no longer expect such a high premium for holding that country's bonds compared to Germany's, because they are confident that the country won't default against the bank. In other words, they think that country will be included in a single currency unit.

AWAY FROM EMU: However, if they think the country won't be in EMU, that it will have higher inflation, and that there is a risk of a future devaluation against the Mark, then they will demand a high premium for holding that country's bonds, so the line will move away from the base.

### When will EMU start? The City Analysts' View

The independent analyst group from: Citibank, Deutsche Bank, HSBC, J.P. Morgan, Paribas, Salomon Brothers, Societe Generale, Swiss Bank, UBS, and others.

|                             |     |                 |
|-----------------------------|-----|-----------------|
| Probably EMU starts on time | 68% | (67% last week) |
| Probably EMU is delayed     | 23% | (23% last week) |
| Probably EMU never happens  | 9%  | (10% last week) |

## Election triggers delay fears

The uncertainty over whether EMU would go ahead on time in 1999 caused by Monday's snap-election announcement in France, was counter-balanced later in the week by the European Commission's favourable report on the economic prospects of the candidates for the single currency, writes Chris Hughes.

The Commission said 13 of the 15 candidates would qualify in 1999. It sent a clear signal that Italy would be excluded, saying its budget deficit would increase in 1998.

“The Commission's optimism stretches credulity. The point is it would rather dilute the criteria and have a broad EMU go ahead on time than delay it,” said Eric Fishwick, international economist at Nikko Europe.

Polls suggesting party support in France was narrowing unsettled analysts. The opposition socialists, although they support EMU, want to ease the criteria for membership.

“If the new government opposes Germany on entry conditions, EMU will be delayed since EMU without France is inconceivable,” said Alison Cottrell of Paine Webber.









sport

# Wasps no longer the fall guys

Chris Hewett gets the inside track from coach Nigel Melville, whose side could clinch the Courage League today

I would occur twice a season, regular as clockwork. Gareth Chilcott, the hired hitman of Bath's front-row union, would stretch out in the corner of the training ground dressing-room, crack his knuckles one by one with a sharp, staccato snap and lick his lips at the thought of the forthcoming crunch match with Wasps. "I love swatting Wasps," he would growl, his West Country burr darkening with each syllable. "Wasps were put on this earth to be swatted."

Along with the rest of the English rugby fraternity, Chilcott must now be acutely and uncomfortably aware that Wasps are no longer a swatworthy commodity: indeed, were the mighty Cooch to swing a hairy forearm at any of the 1997 vintage, he would connect with nothing more substantial than thin air. Quick-witted, elusive and engagingly idiosyncratic, Lawrence Dallaglio's north London outfit are on the verge of completing the sting of the decade.

If they top and tail their championship bid by avoiding defeat at Northampton this afternoon, Wasps will ram a thousand different mocking punches straight back down the throats from which they issued forth. Cast your minds back to last September and you will recall the cacophony of contempt surrounding the new

**'They're not good enough to win the title,' said Richard Hill memorably'**

outfit, capable of huffing the best with the most spectacular variety show in town. As recently as a fortnight ago, sound judges were unwilling to accept the evidence before their eyes. "They're not good enough to win the title, simple as that," said Richard Hill of Gloucester memorably - but by four this afternoon, opinion may well have been rendered obsolete by hard, indisputable fact.

Melville won 13 caps (an appropriate number, given his many and varied injury misfortunes) as a Wasps between 1984 and 1988 before taking the Pennine Way to Odey as player-coach. He did not pitch up

on, as the Kiwi campaign subsequently demonstrated - and signed off for good four years later by giving Louis Luyt, the Springbok rugby autocrat, a very public dressing-down. Brewer replaces Mark King, with whom West parted company on Tuesday night following a depressing descent into the black hole of relegation. "There's a lot of work to do," he admitted yesterday, fully aware of his new club's lamentable record of three victories in 38 starts over the last two seasons. "My objective is to develop the team and individuals who can make decisions and if that requires me to play in certain matches next season, I will."

The demands of the rugby directorship means Brewer must



Nigel Melville, at Wasps' Sudbury ground this week, has matched shrewd recruitment to even shrewder tactics

again at Sudbury until Christmas 1995, by which time his old club had lost the Andrew-Ryan-Bates triumvirate to Newcastle and were struggling to pick a route through the internal chaos that broke out as a consequence. Half a season, and a tough job interview later, he was installed as director of rugby.

"After the business with Rob and the rest, the priority was to hang on to the talent left to us, get some signatures on contracts and build from there. I'm not sure we could have stood another rash of defections but, ironically enough, all the departures in the autumn of 1995 seemed to persuade the predators that there was no more flesh to strip away, that the meat had gone from the bones."

"So we were able to fall back on familiar faces, the Matt

Greenwoods and Buster Whites. We knew we had good youngsters on their way through - Darren Molloy and Will Green, for instance - and when it came to recruitment, we had very clear ideas on who and what was needed. And you have to say that Rees, King, Sheasby and the rest have punched their weight."

"People criticised our recruitment in the front-five area but you have to remember that right forwards of the very first rank - the Martin Johnsons of this world - simply weren't available. They were either contracted up to the eyeballs here or playing Super 12 down south and I wasn't prepared to pay daft money for second best. The men we did pull in, like Reed and Simon Mitchell, have played some of their best rugby for us. You can't ask much more of anyone."

Quite rightly, Melville regards the decision to shift all but the lowest of home games to Chris Wright's Loftus Road as a step of enormous significance. The quality of the Queen's Park Rangers playing surface has not only helped the multi-like Rees kick goals from every conceivable angle and distance, but has also encouraged the high-octane running game instigated by the visionary King at stand-off.

Yet the hard work continues to be undertaken at bumpy, down-at-heel Sudbury, where Melville and his lieutenants spend countless hours rehearsing and refining an ingenious game plan that enables Wasps to both live on the edge and live within their means at one and the same time. Rob Smith, the coach,

and Pat Fox, a fitness consultant from New Zealand who, impressively enough, cut his teeth with the great Auckland side of the late Eighties, are members of the inner sanctum along with the ubiquitous Dallaglio.

"Rob and I have similar views on how the game should be played, of the possibilities that present themselves to a young, fit and ambitious side," says Melville. "He really is an exceptional coach and his recent involvement with the England Under-21s squad suggests that he is starting to receive the recognition he deserves. It seems to me that in the new commercial age, we need to develop a style of rugby that is both watchable and successful. Rob has been at the very heart of our move towards achieving that balance."

"And Lawrence? He's been enormous. It's easy to forget that he is still only 24, but his youth is a huge asset because instead of being seen as an elder statesman, he commands the respect of his peer group. The most striking aspect of this team is the wonderful atmosphere generated in the dressing-room and when you boil everything down to its component parts, that atmosphere has carried us through some pretty tight contests."

"Both Rob and I believe we can take this side further. We are one third of the way through a three-year development plan in terms of fitness and skill levels and if we can recruit carefully once again to bolster areas of questionable strength, there is no earthly reason why we shouldn't continue to set new standards of attacking rugby."

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## Moya moulds clay into victory

### Tennis

Carlos Moya led the Spanish charge at the Monte Carlo Open yesterday, beating the Wimbledon champion, Richard Krajicek, in three sets to force his way into the semi-finals.

The Spaniard, seeded sixth, changed pace early in the second set of his quarter-final tie with the Dutchman to win 1-6, 6-2, 6-4 and qualify for his second consecutive semi-final on clay after Barcelona last week.

Moya will be one of two Spaniards in the last four. Alex Corretja, seeded 12th, humbled the Norwegian qualifier, Christian Ruud, 6-2, 6-0.

Moya said: "I slowed my serve a little bit at the start of the second set, because trying to hit too hard in the first set I realised I was giving him chances to go to the net. It's useless on clay. You just need a different mentality."

Moya, the sixth seed, has achieved his best results on hard courts despite being bred on slow clay like most Spaniards.

Krajicek is not a clay-court specialist, despite reaching the French Open semi-finals in 1993, and it showed yesterday as he relied too heavily on his serve and volley game and was far too impatient.

"I'm not afraid of anybody on clay," he said. "But physically I was not in good shape. I felt a little bit sleepy. I was just tired and I was rushing too much to finish points. It's just tough to play on clay. It takes a little bit of time to move the right way."

Not in Monte Carlo, but on his way to recovery is Tim Henman. The British No 1 is back in training after a lengthy injury lay-off and looking forward to Wimbledon. Henman underwent an operation on his elbow shortly before Britain's Davis Cup defeat by Zimbabwe earlier this month and has been forced to miss several tournaments.

Now Henman, ranked No 15 in the world, is looking forward with confidence to his comeback, starting at the Italian Open on 12 May. That event will form part of his preparations for the French Open along with an event at St Paulin in Austria, before he moves on to Wimbledon.

Yesterday Henman was keen to get back on court and test the elbow under match conditions. He said: "I am happy to say that I am back practising and have been since Monday without any pain."

## League aspirants on song

### Hockey

BILL COLLWILL

Hampstead & Westminster and Chelmsford started their challenge to regain their National League status with powerful performances on the first day of the Inter League Tournament at Milton Keynes yesterday.

Mike Cullen, Chelmsford's South African international, opened the scoring in the second minute in their 4-1 win against Loughborough Students. Although Graham Butler equalised for the students within two minutes, further goals from Darren Whitford (2) and Alan Thoroughgood saw Chelmsford home.

Rob Thompson, Hampstead's player-coach, scored twice in his side's 3-0 defeat of Norton but it was the midfield play of the Dutchman Jan Job van Dijk and the captain, Dan Williams, which dominated the game.

Reading, the FA Cup holders, will be without two key players for their semi-final tomorrow against St Albans at Sporting Lane. Great Britain goalkeeper Simon Mason is recovering after surgery to his back and England Under-21 midfielder Manpreet Kochhar is suffering from a stress fracture in his leg.

Should Reading win tomorrow, as is likely, both are expected to miss the final at Milton Keynes on 11 May. Richard Hargreaves will take over from Mason. The good news for Reading is the return of under-18 international Jimmy Looose and the New Zealand Karl Sanderson, who has been nursing a hamstring injury.

Teddington could be without Peter Wiles for their visit to Surbiton in which case Jamie McBride comes in. Teddington will recall their 4-3 defeat by the Surrey club at the beginning of the season, but it is difficult to see anything other than a Reading-Teddington final with Reading wanting to add the cup to their league title.

### CHRIS HEWETT

High-flown ambition or pure, undiluted masochism? Mike Brewer, the former All Black loose forward who agreed yesterday to take over the reins at West Hartlepool, has embarked on such a mountainous task that he would be well advised to pull in Chris Donnington as his No 2.

But then, Brewer is not exactly renowned for shirking a challenge. A prodigiously gifted and strikingly intelligent back-row operator for Otago, Canterbury and New Zealand, he was bold enough to turn his back on his country's World Cup bid in 1991 after telling the "Auckland mafia" a few home truths - his opinions were spot

on, as the Kiwi campaign subsequently demonstrated - and signed off for good four years later by giving Louis Luyt, the Springbok rugby autocrat, a very public dressing-down.

Brewer replaces Mark King, with whom West parted company on Tuesday night following a depressing descent into the black hole of relegation. "There's a lot of work to do," he admitted yesterday, fully aware of his new club's lamentable record of three victories in 38 starts over the last two seasons. "My objective is to develop the team and individuals who can make decisions and if that requires me to play in certain matches next season, I will."

The demands of the rugby directorship means Brewer must

sever his ties with the Irish national side and end his association with Blackrock where he has been a player-coach. Brewer plans to watch West's penultimate league fixture with London Irish this afternoon in the company of the caretaker coach, Dave Stubbs, before assuming command early in the close season.

Although most eyes will be on Wasps' championship tussle at Northampton, both Sale and Harlequins face testing examinations as they continue a nip-and-tuck battle for the fourth Heineken Cup qualifying place. The Cheshire club visit Bath, who could slip their title if Wasps slide up at Franklin's Gardens, while Quins lock horns with Leicester at Welford Road.

Cocksure as they come, Lee Jarvis will today endeavour to reassure his Welsh countrymen of the continued existence of that legendary outside-half factory buried deep in the valleys of the principality, writes Chris Hewett.

Given that the emergence of a new challenger for the national No 10 jersey would provide do more for Ffaiid Cymru's vote next Thursday than any number of party political broadcasts, the 20-year-old rookie carries a heavy burden into this afternoon's Swale Cup final.

Having consigned Jonathan Davies to the replacements' bench, the goal-kicker will be very much on trial as Cardiff take on Swansea in a classic east-west confrontation amid the ruins of a half-demolished Arms Park. If

his confidence levels are anything to go by, he has little to fear.

Alec Evans, the successful Australian coach who has just returned to Britain for a second stint at Cardiff, believes Jarvis possesses the strut and swagger to spark a dangerous-looking back division into meaningful action. With Rob Howley running hot at scrum-half - his three-year performance against Llanelli in the semi-final has already passed into rugby folklore - the "home" side go in with a definite edge.

Especially as Arwel Thomas, the current first-choice stand-off at Test level, will be conspicuous by his absence because of injury. Swansea will find it difficult to paper over that particular crack, although Mark Taylor, their centre, will yesterday: "What we

have shown this season is a tremendous spirit that has helped us overcome appalling injury problems."

The way Jarvis has kicked this term, Swansea may end up wishing the Arms Park posts had been sold off early, along with an endless tonnage of other sentimental artefacts. His early penalties against Llanelli were instrumental to the outcome, as were his extraordinary long-range efforts against Bath in last autumn's epic Heineken Cup quarter-final.

Certainly, Davies has no axe to grind over the Cardiff selection. "Lee performed particularly well in the semi-final while I'm a little rusty, having not played much over the last month," he said. "I'm disappointed, obviously, but it's common sense that Lee should play today."

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### American football

The Washington Redskins re-signed Dan Fouts yesterday, ensuring that the team's Pro Bowl corner will play the rest of his National Football League career with Washington, although the terms of the new contract were not disclosed.

### Athletics

**QUARTERFINALS (Doha, Thursday)**  
100m: 1.10.11 (1.10.11) 2.10.11 (1.10.11) 3.10.11 (1.10.11) 4.10.11 (1.10.11)  
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## sport

# Since nursery or feeder clubs are prohibited under FA rules, the practice has been restricted, albeit informally, to Merseyside

The bizarre thought occurred to me, after watching Manchester United and Liverpool lose to Borussia Dortmund and Paris Saint-Germain respectively, that Oxford United remain as our sole representative in Europe – if, that is, one takes the alleged association between the First Division club and the Italian giants Juventus seriously.

In fact, it should be taken with a liberal pinch of salt. The notion of Oxford operating as a so-called nursery club to the team that will probably retain the European Cup is described by the Oxford chairman, Robin Herd, as "very exciting", yet dismissed by the Italians as nothing but "wild imagination" – which suggests there must have been crossed wires somewhere between Turin and Oxfordshire.

So, no Del Piero and Co on show at the Manor Ground, then. However, Juve are no strangers to

the concept of nursery clubs. The lack of reserve team football in Italy means the game there supports a system whereby the big clubs regularly "park" young or fringe players at the smaller clubs to *fare le orse* (literally, make their bones); and Juve and Avellino have traditionally enjoyed that kind of loose relationship.

In England, however, reserve team football serves that purpose (don't let anyone persuade you otherwise, that reserve team results actually matter), and since nursery or "feeder" clubs are prohibited anyway under FA and Football League rules, the practice has been restricted, albeit informally, to Merseyside. Everton have for a while enjoyed an association with Home Farm which has led to the Irish side changing their name to Home Farm Everton and playing in Everton blue (quite what Everton have got out of it is questionable

since Home Farm's most famous export, Ronnie Whelan, ended up at Liverpool); while Liverpool themselves recently announced "an alliance" with Crewe aimed primarily at bringing about "closer liaison between the training and coaching staffs of both clubs with regard to the development of young players", and which in no way threatens the smaller club's autonomy. Apparently.

The trust began sweetly on Valentine's Day, but is anything but romantic. While it obviously suits Liverpool to have first option on young players of the calibre of Fran Turner, Gareth Whalley and Danny Murphy, football has always prided itself on its championing of the underdog, on nurturing the dream that David will one day overcome Goliath; and with memories of the cup exploits of Chesterfield and Stockport still fresh in the

Olivia Blair



ON SATURDAY

of football idealists, you can understand those who believe such alliances will end up stripping smaller clubs of their identities.

"It could be a visionary move which we know makes sense," admits Jules Hornbrook of the Crewe fanzine *Super Dario Land*. "But football isn't about sense. Too much

passion has already been stripped from the game and this is another step towards a nondescript system where results are insignificant and razzmatazz is all."

Unhappily, it might become the only option open to smaller clubs who, without a sugar daddy on the horizon, find their existence threatened by a severe lack of cash in these post-Bosman times. Give any beleaguered club chairman the choice between becoming bankrupt or becoming a nursery club, and I think I know which option he'd choose. Hull City, for example, currently under threat from a winding up order, wouldn't have had to undersell their 19-year-old goalkeeper extraordinaire, Roy Carroll, to Wigan for £300,000 had they been a feeder club for, says Leeds United.

OK, so they'd have to accept that Carroll – and their best players – would eventually move on, but

that's already reality for all but the top clubs; at least the nursery club system would guarantee them survival.

Of course were the practice ever to become commonplace, Leeds might be more likely to seek an alliance with Hull than they would do with their traditional rivals, Bradford. Perhaps I'm preoccupied by the idea of all things nursery since I recently took a short sabbatical from this column for the arrival of baby Blair (she arrived, incidentally, with timing reminiscent of Gary Lineker at his peak, between *Final Score* and *Match of the Day*).

But Bill Hunter, chairman of Scottish Second Division side Livingston, has a more worthy reason for his preoccupation; namely, that an alliance between an English and a Scottish club would avoid the kind of conflict of interests that might arise between clubs operating in the

same League. And while his suggestion that, say Newcastle, would benefit from linking up with a Scottish Second Division side, albeit one he describes as having "a vast, untapped potential", might sound fairly ludicrous, Hunter is adamant that Livingston are going places, and that the alliance would be mutually beneficial.

Hunter's view has not always been appreciated by his more traditional contemporaries. "I'm perceived as something of a radical," he admits. "But in football you have to have vision, and I honestly believe that Livingston will be in the Premier Division within the next seven years." Unless there are enough chairmen out there who genuinely share Hunter's optimism, then the idea of nursery clubs could mature very quickly in the seasons to come. Whether we like it or not.

## Adams revels in power of positive thinking

So how are you feeling? "I'm feeling really good... Oh, you mean physically. Well, my ankle's still a problem."

Thus did Tony Adams reply to the first question put to him at England's Bisham Abbey HQ yesterday. Mental fitness, rather than bodily fitness, is the first thing on his mind these days.

It would be wrong to cast Adams as a man haunted by his past, though when *The Independent's* photographer asked him to pose behind a door he replied, "No thanks, it'll look as if I'm back in prison." He is just understandably aware of it when confronted by the media.

These days Adams is more interested in looking forward. When asked if he could have been a Matthias Sammer if his development had not been shackled by George Graham he replied: "I'm a better defender than he is, let's be positive."

He is, but it is Adams' liberation, as a player under Arsene Wenger, and a man under Alcoholics Anonymous (something of a misnomer in his case), that has caught the eye. Adams used to be defensive in interviews. Now he is almost irritatingly clever, talking around the most banal of questions like a politician on the stump – perhaps his new stay-at-home persona has led to watching too many election specials.

There are a couple of significant differences however. Unlike the politicians he is at pains to answer questions with self-searching honesty and produces more than just sound-

Glenn Moore meets the England defender who has put his problems behind him and is enjoying his new-found freedom and maturity

hites. But back to that injured ankle. Bearing in mind the mess Italy made of an Adams-less defence in the last World Cup tie, will it keep him out of England's Wembley date with Georgia on Wednesday?

That rather depends on Glenn Hoddle, explained Adams who sat out training because of the problem. "In the past I would simply have

### Kipiani the optimist

Georgia arrived in England yesterday intent on inflicting further damage upon Glenn Hoddle's World Cup hopes at Wembley next week.

England, beaten by Italy in their last qualifier, will be firm favourites to overcome the Georgians, but their coach, David Kipiani, refuses to write off his team's chances.

"Football is a game in which every team, no matter how small, has a chance. You can never tell beforehand what might happen," Kipiani said. "We are a small nation but we have some talented young players and we are lifted by the prospect of playing at Wembley, because it is the mother of football. It is every player's dream to play at the stadium."

Kipiani was there to see England's last qualifier and he went away impressed despite the

1-0 loss to Italy. "England were unlucky and created the better chances," he said. "I don't think England have any bad players in their squad. I particularly like Shearer and Le Sauc."

Georgi Kinkladze and his Manchester City colleague, Mikhail Kavelashvili, were due to drive to Georgia's base in St Albans after last night's Nationwide League match at Norwich. "They are due here at about midnight, so I shall be waiting up to see that they arrive safely," Kipiani said.

Adams' World Cup questers: England, Wednesday; Georgia, Tuesday; Italy, Monday; France, Sunday. Defenders: Manchester United, Tuesday; Sheffield Wednesday, Monday; Tottenham, Sunday; Arsenal, Saturday; Liverpool, Friday; Chelsea, Thursday; Newcastle, Wednesday; Everton, Tuesday; Blackburn, Monday; Aston Villa, Sunday; Middlesbrough, Saturday; Nottingham Forest, Friday; Derby County, Thursday; Leeds United, Wednesday; Birmingham City, Tuesday; Ipswich Town, Monday; Luton Town, Sunday; Watford, Saturday; Preston North End, Friday; Millwall, Thursday; Southend United, Wednesday; Grimsby Town, Tuesday; Barnet, Monday; Boreham Wood, Sunday; Hemel Hempstead, Saturday; Slough, Friday; Dagenham & Redbridge, Thursday; Ebbsfleet United, Wednesday; Maidstone United, Tuesday; Dover Athletic, Monday; Margate, Sunday; Wealdstone, Saturday; Wokingham, Friday; Eastleigh, Thursday; Havant & Waterlooville, Wednesday; Basingstoke Town, Tuesday; Farnham Town, Monday; Woking, Sunday; Epsom & Ewell, Saturday; Reigate & Banstead, Friday; Dorking & Wokingham, Thursday; Guildford City, Wednesday; Egham Town, Tuesday; 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# Why Barnsley is obsessed by one subject

Guy Hodgson finds a town where the general election comes a poor second to the unlikely prospect of the Yorkshire club reaching the top division for the first time

Even those for whom the next seven days offer disappointment as well as pleasure are paying attention to the proper priorities in Barnsley this week. Simon Gutteridge, for example, can tell you the year the town's football team last nearly made it to England's top division, not to mention when they won the FA Cup. Which is not bad for an outsider from "down south" who has a few things on his mind at the moment like standing as a Conservative Party candidate in a Labour stronghold so mighty it could be a fortress, and the little matter of overturning a 19,000 majority in Barnsley Central.

Yet, fact perfect, he rattled off statistics like a Tye. 1922: missed out on the First Division by a fraction of goal average; 1915: finished third in the Second Division, a place below the promotion teams; 1912: winners of the FA Cup. The litany of near misses and one direct hit is repeated like a prayer.

Barnsley is about as obsessed on one subject as it could be. A local brewery, Elsecar's, is preparing a special ale, Barnsley's Glory Bitter, while in the Albion Shopping Centre people talk of little else. A general election may be in process but the ups and downs of the parties mean little when promotion is the topic on everyone's lips. After 109 years of waiting, the team are past the

knocking-on-the-door stage and are about to cross the threshold into the big time.

A win today over Bradford City in front of a 19,500-capacity crowd at Oakwell and that will be it - Barnsley will be rubbing shoulders with Manchester United, Arsenal and Liverpool and taking part in a league that was designed for city slickers rather than small-town clubs.

"I've been living on my nerves for weeks now," Paul Gurnill, a 37-year-old lifelong supporter, said yesterday. "Twenty-six hours before the match starts and I'm finding it hard to concentrate on anything else."

Gurnill is typical of the line that runs through the club's fans as his family have supported Barnsley since the Twenties at least. "Promotion would mean a lot to me on many levels," he said. "I will be celebrating for my grandfather who is now dead, my father who is blind and can't go to matches any more, and my son, Edmund, who has caught the disease of supporting the club through me."

Better known Barnsley supporters include Michael Parkinson, Charlie Williams, Stan Richards (Seth Armstrong from the television soap *Emmerdale*) and Dickie Bird, the former Test umpire, who signed amateur forms for the club at 15, only for a knee injury to wreck his chances of a career in the game.

"Today's Barnsley team is the best I have seen since 1948 and the days of Danny Blanchflower," Bird said. "There are some fabulous youngsters coming through the club's youth policy and they play real football, beautiful football, not just kick-it-into-the-stand stuff."

If Barnsley succeed the achievement will be enormous. This is a club whose record transfer fee, £310,000, would pay Fabrizio Ravanelli's wages for only eight weeks and who have got to the precipice of promotion while playing with two veteran strikers who were surplus to Middlesbrough's requirements. The fact Barnsley might swap places with Middlesbrough at the end of the year is a delicious thought for those who bemoan that money shouts in football.

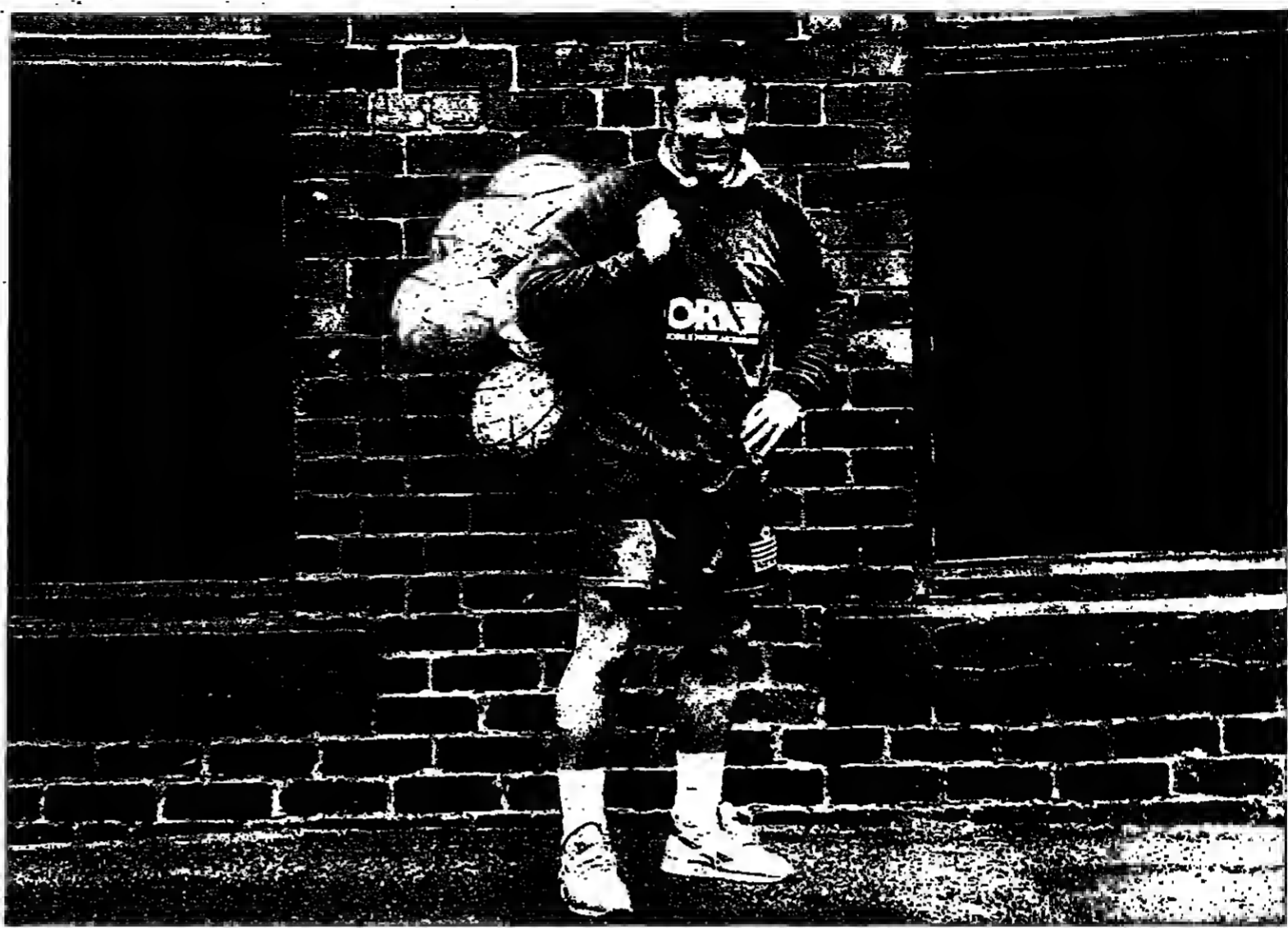
"To be honest I could have stayed at Middlesbrough and spent the season sat on the bench," said John Hendrie, who has been promoted four times before with Boro, Leeds and Bradford. "But Danny Wilson [the manager] was very persuasive. He said: 'Listen John, you're not coming to a dead-end club. We play good football and we have a good chance of going up.'"

Paul Wilkinson, the other Boro reject, told him much the same. "I never expected to be playing with Wilko again but he was very enthusiastic. He told me: 'Don't think you're dropping down in standard, John. Barnsley are a good team.'"

At 34, and costing £250,000, he was about to become the First Division's bargain buy of the season.

Ask him why Barnsley have defied expectation and he admits his answer is predictable. "There's a wonderful team spirit," he said. "I know everyone says that if they have a bit of success but the players are prepared to work hard for each other here."

The standard of play is very good too and we pass the ball about a bit. I'm proud that we have played our way to the verge of promotion and not just kicked our way there.



Danny Wilson, the Barnsley manager, preparing yesterday for today's crucial promotion match against Bradford City

The people round here always thought we'd be there or thereabouts. Maybe not automatic promotion but the playoffs certainly. There's been no pressure, they've left us to get on with it, but I think they've all fancied our chances. It's just the rest of the nation that's taken until the last few weeks to cotton on."

Hendrie will not talk about promotion until the mathematics have been fully satisfied. "Football has this nasty habit of kicking you in the teeth—until we get into the Premiership I don't want to talk about it"—but others will face the question that hovers over Barnsley's success: can they survive in the top division?

John Dennis, who owns a wholesale fresh food business, is the club chairman. "We've been the bookies' favourite for relegation for 12 years out of the last 15," he said. "We are on the brink of history, but it would be foolish to minimise the problems we'll have next year if we go up."

Deoniss, who has masterminded the redevelopment of Oakwell with two new all-seater stands and an excellent playing surface, says he has endured "the mood swings of a junkie" during the promotion run-in. "I'm 46 and look 90 at the moment," he said.

Paul Gurnill believes "the achievement is in getting promotion to the Premiership, not playing in it." He added: "Personally I find the emphasis on money in the top division a big turn-off. I want them to do ourselves justice but if things do turn out badly I hope the board will not panic. If we struggle next season it won't make Danny Wilson any less of a good manager."

Meanwhile, Simon Gutteridge was still knocking on doors attempting to persuade people to vote Tory when the Labour party could put up a sheep and win an endorsement of the electorate. A likely loser in a town about to embrace a great sporting victory, he was defiant. "You can't concede defeat," he said. "although I accept it will take a lot of luck on a very good day for me to succeed. I remain hopeful. I like a challenge."

Barnsley, whose odds of gaining promotion at the start of the season were only slightly better than Gutteridge's becoming an MP on Thursday, are having their lucky day. The challenges will come next year.

## Bjornebye is relieved despite European exit

Stig Inge Bjornebye yesterday revealed that Liverpool's desire to prove the doubters wrong provoked the performance that almost realised a European Cup Winners' Cup miracle against Paris St-Germain on Thursday, and which he believes will bring the reward of a European Cup place.

Liverpool came close to overturning a three-goal deficit for the first time since entering Continental competition 32 years ago in their semi-final, second leg at Anfield but fell a goal short.

After goals from Robbie Fowler and Mark Wright had given the holders the fright of their lives, Bjornebye dedicated Liverpool's show of defiance to those who have branded them a bunch of fancy darts lacking the heart to match the best whenever the going gets tough.

"We are very disappointed to have gone out because we feel that over the two games we were good enough to go to Rotterdam to play Barcelona in the final," he said. "But there's also a sense of relief as well because we got some pride back after that performance."

"We've had some disappointing results lately, losing to Coventry, getting beat in Paris and then playing poorly against Manchester United but we showed that the criticism we've had for a lack of pride or a lack of heart or whatever people want to call it is rubbish."

"We showed those people that we are prepared to die for the club and in the end we are very unlikely to be going out of the competition."

When Fowler scored his 31st goal of the campaign, and his seventh in Europe, in what was his last club game of the season with a three-match ban about to start, Liverpool were rampant and looking well capable of avenging their 3-0 surrender in the Parc des Princes two weeks ago.

However, despite battering Paris they had to wait until 11 minutes from time before Wright headed the second goal from Bjornebye's corner.

"We needed an early goal and we got it," the Norwegian said. "When we got the second one with 10 or so minutes left I thought we were going to do it and if we had managed to take

## Rudge rallies his Vale troops

John Rudge will take Port Vale into their First Division game against their Midlands rivals, Wolves, tomorrow by telling his team: "This is our Cup final."

Vale have never been so close to the top flight but their play-off hopes will be under threat if they fail to beat Wolves at Vale Park. "I doubt if the club has ever had a more important game," said Rudge, who saw Vale's promotion hopes dented by last Sunday's 2-0 defeat in the Potteries derby at Stoke. "We know we have to take all three points and we'll have to go for it from the off," he added.

Wolves' chances of claiming the second automatic promotion place suffered a setback on Wednesday when they were held to a 1-1 draw by Grimsby. But their manager, Mark McGhee, aware that the sides could meet again in the play-offs, is determined to prevent Vale gaining a psychological advantage.

"We don't want to lose and give them a confidence booster ahead of a possible play-off meeting," he said. McGhee is hoping either Stephen Foggitt or Michael Gilles will be passed fit to play.

The Northern Ireland manager, Bryan Hamilton, has allowed the winger Jon McCarthy to report late for a World Cup qualifier in Armenia, freeing him to face Wolves, who will be without Don Goodman, who has a hamstring problem.

Crystal Palace welcome Dougie Freedman back for their visit to struggling Swindon and will be looking for a win to boost their play-off hopes while Queens Park Rangers and Tranmere, who could both still make the top six, meet at Loftus Road.

The Second Division leaders, Bury, need a point at Watford to seal a second successive promotion under Stan Ternent.

Bury were languishing near the foot of the Third Division and in danger of dropping out of the Football League when Ternent took over 18 months ago - but he steered them to promotion last season and is poised to do so again despite only a modest outlay on players.

The Third Division spotlight will be on the bottom club, Brighton, who must beat Doncaster in their final game at the Goldstone Ground if they are to have any chance of preserving their League status. Second-from-bottom Hereford, who are three points above Brighton, travel to Leyton Orient today and face the Seagulls at Edgway Street in a week's time.

## Middlesbrough players rue missed chance

Robbie Mustoe launched the hard-hitting dressing-room inquest into Middlesbrough's latest defeat, at Spurs on Thursday, which left the Teessiders still five points adrift of the safety mark with only four games in the space of nine frenetic days next month to avoid the nightmare double of two Wembley cup finals and relegation.

But Mustoe made it clear there was no time for any of the Boro players to feel sorry for themselves and suggested they had all let themselves down. "We should have given a stronger performance than we did. Too many of us were on cruise control," Mustoe said. "I thought we'd prepared for the game properly, even though we've played so many games, and the sharpness shouldn't have been a problem."

"But as a team we didn't give everything we could have. Mentally we could have been different and the fans deserve better than that."

The self-criticism seemed harsh as it needed an outstanding display by goalkeeper Ian Walker to keep Spurs in the game before Andy Spink stole in to grab all the points.

But Mustoe's words showed the scale of the problems now facing Bryan Robson's side, who meet Aston Villa at the Riverside Stadium before ending their campaign with trips to

## Di Canio reveals financial rift with Celtic

Celtic's Italian inspiration, Paolo Di Canio, has a financial problem with the Glasgow club, according to reports yesterday morning.

The former Milan player was quoted as saying that the "problem" has developed in the past month. His revelation will merely add to Parkhead uncertainty in the wake of Celtic's Tennesse Scottish Cup semi-final exit at the hands of First Division Falkirk on Wednesday.

Pierre Van Hooijdonk left the Glasgow club for Nottingham Forest earlier this year after a lengthy contract dispute with the Celtic chairman, Fergus McCann, and the Portuguese striker, who will have his season cut short.

"I don't have the same problems as in the past with Pierre and Jorge, but they are similar," Di Canio was quoted as saying. "My problem started one month ago, but you know when you see me on the pitch that I give all my body and energy and I don't speak about these things before the semi-final because I think I have a bigger respect for it."

"I go on the pitch because it is my work. I'm a lucky boy. I play football and have a lot of money from this. I have some problems, not the same, but similar, and in the future you will know."

Di Canio has backed the under-fire Celtic manager, Tommy Burns, saying he should receive support from McCann.

Di Canio, who has deputised as captain for Celtic in the absence of Paul McGey in recent weeks, will have his season cut short.

The Italian is available for Celtic's visit to Hibernian on Sunday 4 May, but will serve a two-match Scottish Football Association suspension following a controversial booking from the referee Willie Young against Falkirk.

He will be banned for the 7 May game against Kilmarnock at Parkhead and the final match of the season against Dundee United on 10 May. Dundee in Glasgow. Di Canio collected three points for the yellow card issued by Young for an alleged diving offence after a challenge by Falkirk's David Hagen.

The SFA confirmed yesterday that there was no mention in the report from referee Young of any further trouble for Di Canio, who conducted a verbal exchange with the official after his booking.

However, Celtic yesterday moved quickly to issue a statement from Di Canio in which he reassured supporters of his future at Parkhead, although there was no denial that there is a problem.

Di Canio said: "I am very happy at Celtic. I have a great

passion for the club and supporters. I have over three years of my contract to run and I am happy to honour my commitment. People should not doubt my commitment."

"I hope this will end any rumours that I am anything less than happy at Celtic and in Scotland. The Celtic supporters and Scottish people could not be kinder to me and my family."

Di Canio yesterday paid tribute to the achievement of his former club, Falkirk, in reaching the Tennesse Scottish Cup final under the guidance of one of his former team-mates, Alex Totten. "Alex was a team-mate of mine both at Falkirk and Dunfermline," Fergus said. "It was an incredible result to beat Celtic. The final will be a great occasion for them and I think something like that can give them once in a while."

There'll be no more: "Walking down the Marny Road to see the Burden acres." That 102-year tradition came to an end for fans of Bolton Wanderers last night when Charlton Athletic became the final visitors to Burden Park for a professional football match.

The bulldozers will move in along Manchester Road, where the ground, is sold to carve up this famous site, where the ups and downs, triumphs and tragedies would have provided gripping television drama material.

Who can forget Nat Lofthouse, the teenager plucked from the nearby mines to become the epitome of post-war English centre-forwards and lion-hearted hero of the Burden terraces?

We will remember the tragedy of the 1946 FA Cup sixth-round tie with Stoke City, when 33 people died following the collapse of crush barriers on the steep Embankment terrace. The lesson that too many people were being squeezed into football grounds clearly went unheeded, given the disasters at Ibrox in 1971 and Hillsborough eight years ago.

And what about the club's roller-coaster ride in the last 10 years, down to the depths of the Fourth Division in 1987 and up to the Premier League in 1995, only to be relegated last season?

Now they are back in the top flight as the most convincing of First Division champions since

the Red Enemy, a dozen miles up the road at Old Trafford, ran away with the old Second Division in the mid-70s. But Burden Park - whose terracing has hung on to the hither end, accompanied by the delightfully dated wooden stands - will not witness the Trotters' triumphant return.

No longer will the fat cats come to conquer in the cup competitions only to be treated like dogs - the Wanderers have seen off Arsenal, Aston Villa, Chelsea, Everton, Liverpool and Tottenham in the last four years while still a Nationwide League outfit.

No more will Alan Green be able to say: "Welcome, folks, to Burden Park. And there really is no better place to be on a Tuesday or Wednesday night than this atmospheric old ground, when the crowd screams the possibility of another famous cup upset." And for the last time, cup upset.

For the last time, Radio Five we've heard Greentop Arfield, Live colleague Jimmy Armfield, a Bolton manager in the 70s, say at his old stamping ground: "What happened there was..."

But at least we are rid of The Superstore. You know, the one we all thought was going to be built on the back of the ground

but which now occupies half of the Embankment. And what are we getting instead? The Reebok Stadium. Catchy name, huh? They are promised an all-seater venue fit for the 21st century and, from what I've seen, this out-of-town arena does indeed look mighty impressive: sprouting up in a spacey kind of a way by some fields close to the motorway.

The attendant entertainment village - comprising a multiplex cinema, US-style restaurants, bowling alley, shopping complex, motel, gym and other leisure facilities - could not be further removed from the aged feel of the terraced houses that are crammed up close to one side of Burden.

But, I ask you, couldn't a club with the proud tradition of Bolton Wanderers have come up with something more original than naming their new ground solely after the club's sponsors. What happens when Reebok end their sponsorship?

Even Middlesbrough, the embodiment of big bucks and commercialism, managed to retain some dignity when naming their new home the Celtic Riverside Stadium.

Surely, even the Brand Spanking New Fit For The Millennium Close To The Fields Just Off The M61 Stadium has more of a ring to it than the Reebok Stadium?

But whatever its name, it will never be Burden Park...

| MAJOR WEEKEND FIXTURES & POOLS CHECK |                              |                           |                      |                             |                     |                            |                         |                           |                        |
|--------------------------------------|------------------------------|---------------------------|----------------------|-----------------------------|---------------------|----------------------------|-------------------------|---------------------------|------------------------|
| TODAY                                |                              |                           |                      |                             |                     |                            |                         |                           |                        |
| 1. Barnsley v Bradford City          | 2. Bolton v Watford          | 3. Bury v Watford         | 4. Charlton v Luton  | 5. Colchester v Northampton | 6. Crewe v Chester  | 7. Exeter v Plymouth       | 8. Grimsby v Gillingham | 9. Huddersfield v Burnley | 10. Ipswich v Reading  |
| 11. Leyton Orient v Hereford         | 12. Macclesfield v Stockport | 13. Mansfield v Doncaster | 14. Millwall v Luton | 15. Notts County v Barnsley | 16. Oldham v Luton  | 17. Peterborough v Lincoln | 18. Rotherham v York    | 19. Shrewsbury v Wrexham  | 20. Southend v Walsley |
| 21. Swindon v Wigan                  | 22. Torquay v Wigan          | 23. Tranmere v Wigan      | 24. Walsley v Wigan  | 25. Walsley v Wigan         | 26. Walsley v Wigan | 27. Walsley v Wigan        | 28. Walsley v Wigan     | 29. Walsley v Wigan       | 30. Walsley v Wigan    |
| 31. Walsley v Wigan                  | 32. Walsley v Wigan          | 33. Walsley v Wigan       | 34. Walsley v Wigan  | 35. Walsley v Wigan         | 36. Walsley v Wigan | 37. Walsley v Wigan        | 38. Walsley v Wigan     | 39. Walsley v Wigan       | 40. Walsley v Wigan    |
| 41. Walsley v Wigan                  | 42. Walsley v Wigan          | 43. Walsley v Wigan       | 44. Walsley v Wigan  | 45. Walsley v Wigan         | 46. Walsley v Wigan | 47. Walsley v Wigan        | 48. Walsley v Wigan     | 49. Walsley v Wigan       | 50. Walsley v Wigan    |
| 51. Walsley v Wigan                  | 52. Walsley v Wigan          | 53. Walsley v Wigan       | 54. Walsley v Wigan  | 55. Walsley v Wigan         | 56. Walsley v Wigan | 57. Walsley v Wigan        | 58. Walsley v Wigan     | 59. Walsley v Wigan       | 60. Walsley v Wigan    |
| 61. Walsley v Wigan                  | 62. Walsley v Wigan          | 63. Walsley v Wigan       | 64. Walsley v Wigan  | 65. Walsley v Wigan         | 66. Walsley v Wigan | 67. Walsley v Wigan        | 68. Walsley v Wigan     | 69. Walsley v Wigan       | 70. Walsley v Wigan    |
| 71. Walsley v Wigan                  | 72. Walsley v Wigan          | 73. Walsley v Wigan       | 74. Walsley v Wigan  | 75. Walsley v Wigan         | 76. Walsley v Wigan | 77. Walsley v Wigan        | 78. Walsley v Wigan     | 79. Walsley v Wigan       | 80. Walsley v Wigan    |
| 81. Walsley v Wigan                  | 82. Walsley v Wigan          | 83. Walsley v Wigan       | 84. Walsley v Wigan  | 85. Walsley v Wigan         | 86. Walsley v Wigan | 87. Walsley v Wigan        | 88. Walsley v Wigan     | 89. Walsley v Wigan       | 90. Walsley v Wigan    |
| 91. Walsley v Wigan                  | 92. Walsley v Wigan          | 93. Walsley v Wigan       | 94. Walsley v Wigan  | 95. Walsley v Wigan         | 96. Walsley v Wigan | 97. Walsley v Wigan        | 98. Walsley v Wigan     | 99. Walsley v Wigan       | 100. Walsley v Wigan   |

| Gaelic Football Conference  |                             |                             |                             |                             |                             |                             |                             |                             |                              |
|-----------------------------|-----------------------------|-----------------------------|-----------------------------|-----------------------------|-----------------------------|-----------------------------|-----------------------------|-----------------------------|------------------------------|
| 1. Antrim v Tyrone          | 2. Carrick v Derry          | 3. Donegal v Fermanagh      | 4. Down v Londonderry       | 5. Fermanagh v Londonderry  | 6. Fermanagh v Londonderry  | 7. Fermanagh v Londonderry  | 8. Fermanagh v Londonderry  | 9. Fermanagh v Londonderry  | 10. Fermanagh v Londonderry  |
| 11. Fermanagh v Londonderry | 12. Fermanagh v Londonderry | 13. Fermanagh v Londonderry | 14. Fermanagh v Londonderry | 15. Fermanagh v Londonderry | 16. Fermanagh v Londonderry | 17. Fermanagh v Londonderry | 18. Fermanagh v Londonderry | 19. Fermanagh v Londonderry | 20. Fermanagh v Londonderry  |
| 21. Fermanagh v Londonderry | 22. Fermanagh v Londonderry | 23. Fermanagh v Londonderry | 24. Fermanagh v Londonderry | 25. Fermanagh v Londonderry | 26. Fermanagh v Londonderry | 27. Fermanagh v Londonderry | 28. Fermanagh v Londonderry | 29. Fermanagh v Londonderry | 30. Fermanagh v Londonderry  |
| 31. Fermanagh v Londonderry | 32. Fermanagh v Londonderry | 33. Fermanagh v Londonderry | 34. Fermanagh v Londonderry | 35. Fermanagh v Londonderry | 36. Fermanagh v Londonderry | 37. Fermanagh v Londonderry | 38. Fermanagh v Londonderry | 39. Fermanagh v Londonderry | 40. Fermanagh v Londonderry  |
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| 61. Fermanagh v Londonderry | 62. Fermanagh v Londonderry | 63. Fermanagh v Londonderry | 64. Fermanagh v Londonderry | 65. Fermanagh v Londonderry | 66. Fermanagh v Londonderry | 67. Fermanagh v Londonderry | 68. Fermanagh v Londonderry | 69. Fermanagh v Londonderry | 70. Fermanagh v Londonderry  |
| 71. Fermanagh v Londonderry | 72. Fermanagh v Londonderry | 73. Fermanagh v Londonderry | 74. Fermanagh v Londonderry | 75. Fermanagh v Londonderry | 76. Fermanagh v Londonderry | 77. Fermanagh v Londonderry | 78. Fermanagh v Londonderry | 79. Fermanagh v Londonderry | 80. Fermanagh v Londonderry  |
| 81. Fermanagh v Londonderry | 82. Fermanagh v Londonderry | 83. Fermanagh v Londonderry | 84. Fermanagh v Londonderry | 85. Fermanagh v Londonderry | 86. Fermanagh v Londonderry | 87. Fermanagh v Londonderry | 88. Fermanagh v Londonderry | 89. Fermanagh v Londonderry | 90. Fermanagh v Londonderry  |
| 91. Fermanagh v Londonderry | 92. Fermanagh v Londonderry | 93. Fermanagh v Londonderry | 94. Fermanagh v Londonderry | 95. Fermanagh v Londonderry | 96. Fermanagh v Londonderry | 97. Fermanagh v Londonderry | 98. Fermanagh v Londonderry | 99. Fermanagh v Londonderry | 100. Fermanagh v Londonderry |

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED

**Wasps on the verge**  
The Courage League title may be settled today, page 28

**sport**

**Incredible journey**  
Barnsley are on their way to the Premiership, page 31

# Hoddle sets target for Gascoigne

**United's summer ruling on Cantona**

## Football

MIKE ROWBOTTOM

England's coach, Glenn Hoddle, yesterday outlined the challenge that lies ahead for Paul Gascoigne if he is ever to re-establish himself in the national side.

While Hoddle, who played himself until he was 38, held out hope for the Rangers player, he overthrews made it clear that much work was still to be done before the possibility of so England return could be entertained. "I have spoken to Paul and his manager Walter

Smith at length," Hoddle said. "Unfortunately, Paul hasn't had a year free from injury for several years and his first port of call now is to sort that out."

Hoddle made clear that if Gascoigne was to return to his best after his latest ankle injury, it would require "a lot of prevention work". He added: "There are some things he needs to change in his life. It is partly to do with the mental side of things. He has to realise that you can't do at 30 the things you used to get away with when you were 21."

Asked if he felt that Gascoigne ever would play again for England, Hoddle responded: "I can't give you that answer. That

is something that needs to be addressed to Paul."

But Hoddle made it clear that Gascoigne would not be ruled out on the grounds of age alone. "There have been some very fine players at 35 years of age. Franco Baresi, for example. Nowadays if you keep control of things I think there is a future for players of 34, 35. And it will be no different for Paul if he can achieve that."

Hoddle played down the perennial newspaper reports cataloguing Gascoigne's misdemeanours, without completely denying them. "Probably 75 per cent of what you hear happening to Paul in his life is fiction."

But, yeah, there are facts there that need to be dealt with."

Asked whether he would prefer Gascoigne to move to an English club if - as has been rumoured - he left Rangers this summer, Hoddle replied that it would make little difference to his ability to help. "When players go back to their clubs after England matches it is a delicate situation. They are working for their managers then."

England's training was put back yesterday to enable players from Liverpool and Spurs who had played the previous night to join up with the squad. Hoddle acknowledged that there had been some work to do

with both Liverpool and Manchester United players after their European defeats this week. "Obviously they are a little bit down, and you would expect that," he said. "But now they have to pick themselves up and we have got a good spirit in the squad. Already there are a few jokes going round."

Hoddle accepted that only one result was acceptable against Georgia in Wednesday's World Cup qualifier. "We have to win because this group is so tight," he said. "The word is 'vitality' for this. Georgia have got immense talent in midfield. We shacked that and passed the ball well over there. But I think in many ways

Wembley might suit them more than their own pitch."

While the squad is carrying fewer injuries than it was in the last three or four get-togethers, Hoddle reported that there were doubts over Stuart Pearce, Ian Walker and Robbie Fowler. Pearce is suffering from a calf injury while Walker, one of four goalkeepers in the squad, has an Achilles tendon problem. Fowler's problems appeared to be less serious - he received a knock in the match against Paris St Germain. There was some good news, too, as Hoddle was able to announce that his centre-half Toby Adams would resume training today.

The Rangers chairman David Murray yesterday backed his manager Walter Smith who criticised Paul Gascoigne in Monday's *Independent*. However Murray also suggested that Gascoigne would be offered a new contract. "He's under contract for 15 months and although Walter has made his thoughts public I think it was the appropriate time to make it," said Murray.

"Walter said it when there was a gap period and I agree with his comments. But Rangers is bigger than Paul Gascoigne. We will sit down and hopefully extend his contract and that is all I have to say about it at the moment."

NICK HARRIS

Manchester United yesterday sought to play down reports that Eric Cantona's future at the club is under threat.

Martin Edwards, the chief executive and chairman at Old Trafford, said: "No discussions have taken place [with Eric] because these matters are always reviewed in the close season. Eric Cantona is under contract to us for another year, and there is no issue, no justification for this kind of speculation."

However, Cantona, 31 next month, has received no firm commitment about his future since his below-par performance in Wednesday's European Champions League exit against Borussia Dortmund, and there have been suggestions that for financial reasons, he will not get any such commitment.

Decisions about the trading of players, and negotiations surrounding players' contracts, are handled by two boards at Manchester United. The public limited company board are ultimately responsible to shareholders for all financial dealings, and the club board are responsible for the day-to-day running of the football team. The boards act in consultation with each other, but the final decision on Cantona's future lies with Martin Edwards and one non-executive director of the plc board.

Cantona is thought to earn around £750,000 a year and, should United decide not to offer him a new contract they may be willing to sell him this summer rather than let his contract run out - which would allow him to leave on a free transfer.

The Israeli international midfielder and captain Tal Ben Haim, 28, is expected to train with Liverpool next week with a view to joining the club next season. Ben Haim is out of contract and would not command a transfer fee.

The Newcastle manager Kenny Dalglish is expected to complete the signing of the Georgian midfielder Temur Ketsbaia today. Ketsbaia's contract with AEK Athens expires at the end of the season.

Steve Stone, the Nottingham Forest midfielder player who ruptured his knee in September, will not be able to play again until October.

## In Monday's 20-page sports section

THE MONDAY INTERVIEW



I'm interested in putting together sides capable of performing the whole range of techniques and skills, teams that can chew gum and walk simultaneously. The one thing rugby union has over every other game you care to mention is its multi-dimensional aspect - by comparison, rugby league is terribly one-dimensional - and if the only way you can win is by banging the ball in the air, you've achieved nothing. In my book, it's not just what you do, but how you do it."

Bob Dwyer, Leicester's Australian coach, talks to Chris Hewett about his first year in English rugby

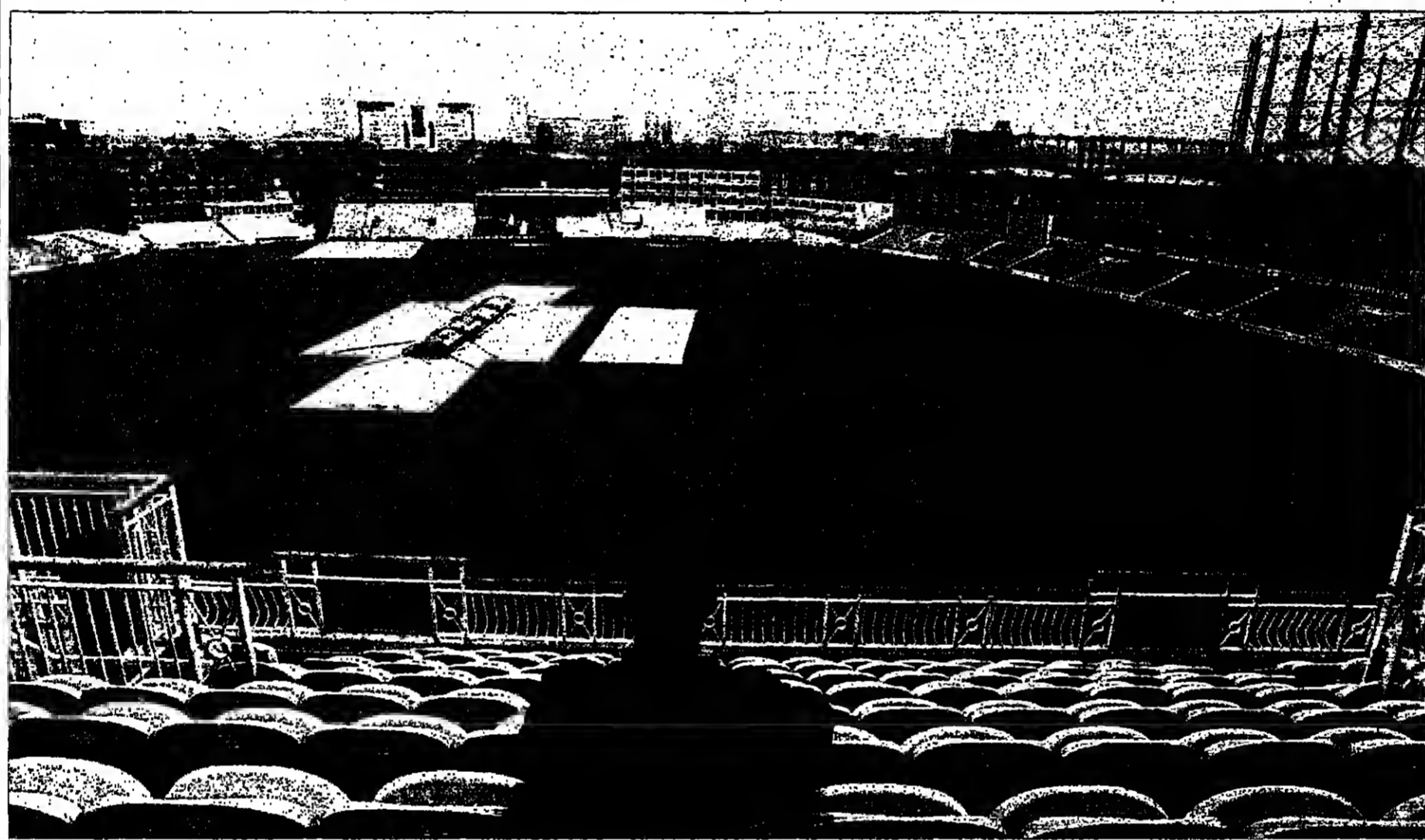
Plus Glenn Moore and Phil Shaw on football

That Was The Weekend That Was, our alternative football guide

Ken Jones bids farewell to Cardiff Arms Park

Derick Allsop at the San Marino Grand Prix

## What's the best way to end a nationwide water shortage? Start the cricket season...



Rain stops play between Surrey and Somerset at The Oval yesterday. It was the first prolonged rain in London for 33 days. Match reports, page 29; Photograph: Peter Jay

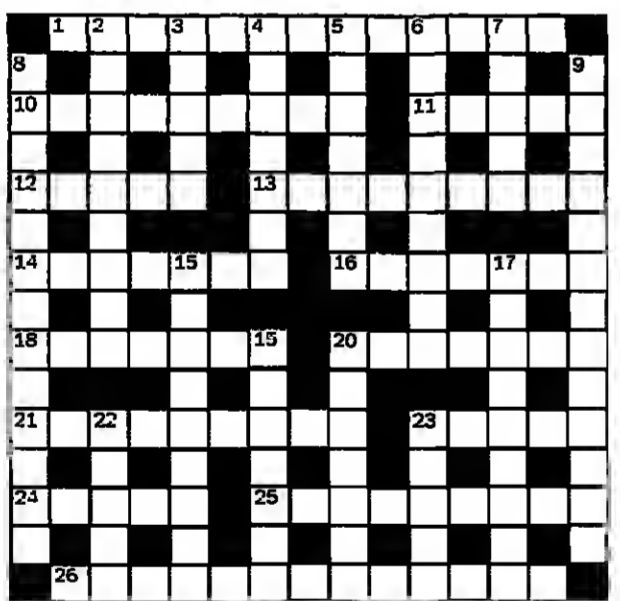
## THE INDEPENDENT CROSSWORD

No. 3283, Saturday 26 April

By Mass

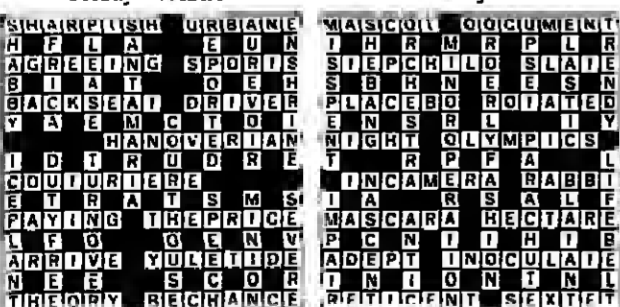
ACROSS

DOWN



Friday's solution

Last Saturday's solution



- 1 It may well light up one's face! (5,2,3,3)
- 10 Train for English trip round North, on time (9)
- 11 Slur makes the European carp (5)
- 12 Figure crack goes with drink? (5)
- 13 Supplement upset Tories packing bar (9)
- 14 Never mind starter, cooker's working to produce a roast (7)
- 16 Ask about mission, plot backing reckless fire (7)
- 18 Finishes up the fruits (7)
- 20 Comparatively low bird sounds? (7)
- 21 English church tune, say, oddly included as part of suite (4-5)
- 23 One praised first-class accommodation, looking back (5)
- 24 Tipped second in race - fast on the outside (5)
- 25 Measures restricting free and easy school (9)
- 26 Piano lesson? (5,8)
- 2 Those in suits of satin interwoven with gilt (9)
- 3 Arrest in the act (5)
- 4 Attach a note written up for the European (7)
- 5 Locked the fool up? (7)
- 6 Filthy river, river choked with lead (9)
- 7 Excuse one after a party (5)
- 8 Man with Henry's quaffing a port with fish, madly (4,4,5)
- 9 Vehicle for girl travelling about Thursday (5-8)
- 15 Is he apt to ask brief questions? (9)
- 17 Tactless outburst, clot twice berated (9)
- 19 Disturb fish in the drink (5,2)
- 20 Nick, cut around yellow floral feature (7)
- 22 Show's dispensed with piano score (5)
- 23 Gangster's feeling of guilt (5)

The first five correct solutions to this week's puzzle opened next Thursday receive hardbacked copies of the new Oxford Dictionary of Quotations. Answers and winners' names will be published next Saturday. Send solutions to Saturday Crossword, P.O. Box 4018, The Independent, 1 Canada Square, Canary Wharf, London E14 5DL. Please use the box number and postcode and give your own postcode. Last week's winners: M. Rushbrook, Wolverhampton; L. London, Shipley; M. Jeffries, Lowestoft; M. Watson, Luton; S. Pettman, Woodbridge.

## Irvine earns Italian respect

### Motor racing

DERICK ALLSOP reports from Imola

The promoters and the punters had what they wanted, and although customary Friday caution balanced the euphoria down in the Ferrari compound, they were content to claim the emergence of "the real Eddie Irvine". Buoyed by his second place in Argentina a fortnight ago, Irvine edged out his illustrious teammate, Michael Schumacher, to head the standings in unofficial practice for tomorrow's San Marino Grand Prix here.

It may, and probably will, be very different in today's qualifying session, both Schumacher and Irvine expecting Williams-Renault to assume their familiar positions at the front of the grid. Ferrari do, however, believe they are closing on the champions and Irvine is encouraged to feel he is no longer the distant partner to the imperious German.

Schumacher sought a final flourish yesterday, smoking his tyres and jumping the kerbs to a spectacular show that had the tifosi roaring their approval, and yet he failed to dislodge the Irishman by 0.016sec, barely the head of a pint of the black stuff.

Irvine, not so long ago reviled and slammed by the Italian media as unworthy of a ride on the revered Prancing Horse, is suddenly being welcomed into the embrace of this country. He may be renowned as a playboy, but he is not seduced this time. "One day you are a god, the next

a waste of space," he says.

There again, he does concede his result in Buenos Aires has had a positive effect. "It was bound to do something," he said. "The important thing is to keep the momentum going. One race won't convince anyone you are the reincarnation of Ayrton Senna."

"Getting the fastest time today is certainly better than crawling out of the back of the garage with 15th place. A win is not out of the question on Sunday, because we are in better

away from here with three points from a solid fourth place than throw it off going for a second that isn't really on."

Irvine is still yearning for more testing to achieve his potential at Ferrari. "I should be doing more than I'm doing now," he said. "It's not that Michael is doing more than he should, but that I'm not doing enough."

If he does enough to earn another appearance on the podium here he will stand beneath the Union Jack, on the orders of Max

It is the influence of an Englishman, Ross Brawn, that has reinforced Schumacher's faith in the Ferrari cause. Fresh speculation that Schumacher is destined for McLaren-Mercedes next season has been dismissed by the driver's aides as "garbage".

They say Brawn, the technical director recruited from Benetton-Renault where Schumacher twice won the championship, has already instilled his order and direction within a team notorious for acting before thinking.

Doubts about Benetton's sense of direction post-Schumacher have fed speculation that their managing director, Flavio Briatore, is bound for a new career move. But Gerhard Berger and Jean Alesi steered a steady course to third and fourth places yesterday. Berger would doubtless settle for such a result to celebrate his 200th Grand Prix on a circuit that provides a poignant setting for the occasion.

The Austrian said: "I saw my first grand prix at Imola and I had my first Formula One podium finish here. I also had my worst accident here [in 1989] and this was where we had the tragedy of Roland Ratzenberger and Ayrton's deaths in 1994. So it is emotional for me and special for me to have my 200th grand prix here."

Johnny Herbert, the British Sauber-Petronas driver, reaches his first century here. He flexed his competitive muscles with 11th position in practice. Jacques Villeneuve, the championship leader, was fifth. David Coulthard sixth and Damon Hill 13th.



Snakebite: A new look for Ralf Schumacher's Jordan

shape than a lot of others.

"If Williams had problems with their brakes in Melbourne then they will here. They should be better in qualifying but we appear to be pushing them in the race and if we push them here we may force them into errors."

Irvine, accused by certain fellow drivers as well as some pundits of erratic and even dangerous behaviour on the track, maintains he will be circumspect in tomorrow's race. He said: "I'd rather walk

Mosley, the president of FIA, motor sport's governing body. Irvine, who was accompanied by the tricolour of the Irish Republic in Argentina, said: "I wanted a neutral flag and a company has offered me one with a shamrock, but the matter has been taken out of my hands and I've been told it's got to be the Union Jack."

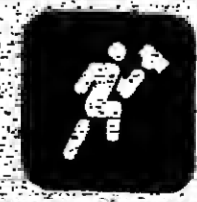
Schumacher says Irvine's elevation from mediocrity has come as no surprise to him. He said: "Eddie did a super job today, but we knew he was quick."

**Neil, Leon & Co. To catch the polling station, catch the Eurostar from Brussels Station.**

Don't get caught out on the big day - Eurostar will whip you into Waterloo in time for you to meet the polling station deadline. As you know, it goes directly from city centre to city centre (so no nasty swings either way). And it moves as fast as a candidate spying a photo opportunity. (well, almost - it only takes just over three hours). So whether you're in Brussels or Paris on election day, don't let John, Tony or Paddy down. Take the Eurostar. Unless of course you're voting Monster Raving Loony, in which case flying is a viable option.

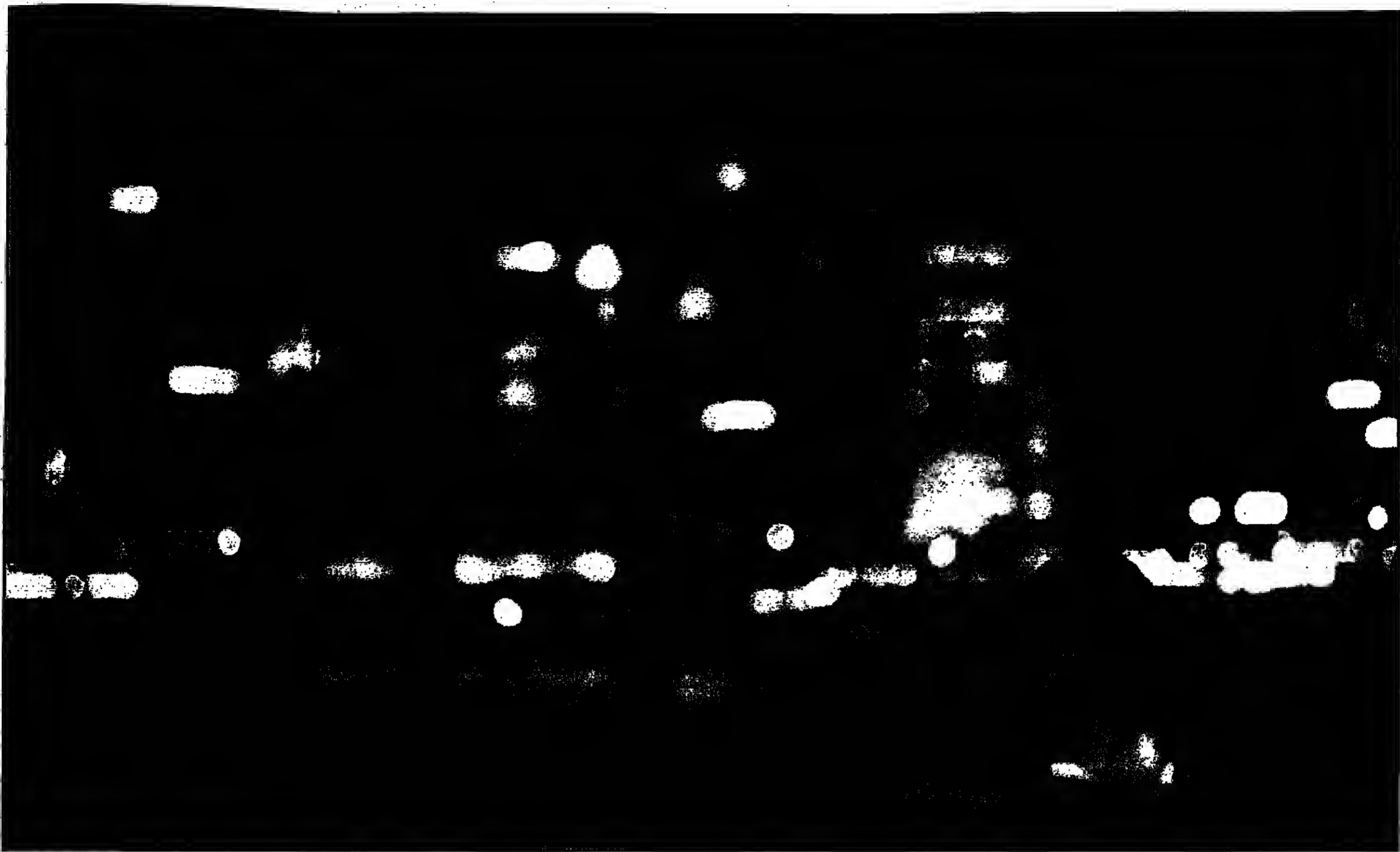
0345 303030

or see an appointed travel agent or railway station



Calls charged at local rate. All calls are monitored for quality.

0345 303030



**IMAGE OF THE WEEK** A last embrace, a fond farewell? Two lovers stand out in sharp relief against the Hong Kong skyline. In just over one month the colony will be handed over to Chinese rule and the lives of millions – including, no doubt, this young couple – will be changed for ever. Photograph by Tom Pijston with Fuji 800 colour negative film, 2 seconds at f2, 85mm lens. To order a print of this picture – for £14 – phone 0171-293 2534

# the long weekend

THE INDEPENDENT • SATURDAY 26 APRIL 1997

**S**imon Geller, *Maxim*: *Maxim* is three years old. It's a men's glossy, monthly lifestyle, general-interest mag with a circulation of around 400,000. I don't know what else. The ad lady said, "You must mention the A.B.s". So, we've got a lot of A.B.s. If someone can tell me what an A.B. is, I'd be very grateful. They've got a lot of money? Oh, right. Anyway, it's got some fashion, a lot of health...

**Institute of Public Relations (IPR) chairwoman:** A bit of sex? Geller: Yes, a bit of sex. And it's also got general interest reading.

**Adam Black, *Loaded*:** *Loaded* wasn't founded on any particular marketing concept. This, er, "lad" category is something which has been picked up on by others.

**Peter Howarth, *Esquire*:** We are founded on a, if you will, "great literary tradition". So, really, we'll settle for a lower circulation with the so-called "quality vote".

**Andy Clarkson, *Stuff*:** The idea came together early last year to produce a hybrid mag of general interest and lifestyle. We thought there was space for a general interest mag, geared towards products – anything men might buy, whether it's a car or, erm, a sex aid.

**Adam Black:** Or using a car as a sex aid? Clarkson: We wanted to lend authority to the magazine 'cos we were afraid that, because a lot of men's mags are sort of entertainment-based, people wouldn't believe us. So we bring in a lot of experts to talk about what they know about the latest hi-fi or whatever. In fact, we added up the value of all the products we had in one issue and it came to £28,000. So you need the so-called "aspiration to buy" to buy *Stuff*.

**IPR chairwoman:** Do you think men have moved away from looking at pictures, towards wanting to read? Adam Black: I think it's lucky that *Loaded* came along when it did. 'Cos before that, in the Eighties, there was a real marketing emphasis on sort of demographics and target audiences, very much the commercial imperatives. The idea for *Loaded* came about at a Leeds vs Barcelona match, which Leeds surprisingly won. These two guys saw the match and when they came out onto the street afterwards, they thought: "We should make a magazine to replicate this feeling of euphoria." Those two guys were James

## WORDS OF THE WEEK

**PRs tell us: 'We're the *Loaded* of alcopops and we want to be in your magazine because we're really funky'**

The editors of the new wave lads' mags were the guests at a seminar with leading PR luminaries



Brown and Tim Southwell, the co-founders of *Loaded*. It is supposed to be a magazine with an honest appreciation of women. [The mainly female audience erupts into laughter at this.] Well, you know, a lot of people who don't read *Loaded* think it's just about naked women and getting pissed. But, the thing is, *FHM* broke through selling 350,000 copies by putting Jennifer Aniston, one of the most famous women in the world, on the cover. *Loaded* sold 330,000 with that guy from *Father Ted* on the cover. *FHM* is now outselling *Loaded* mainly because it's a "one-idea magazine", namely, to put famous

women on the cover. *Loaded* has a broader agenda. Before *Loaded*, magazines were sort of seen by men as a bit poncey.

**Peter Howarth:** Is "poncey" a technical term? Black: *Loaded* is not trying to tell you what clothes to wear or how to live your life; it's about being more down-to-earth. And the funny thing is, loads of people from the marketing world thought *Loaded* was going to fail. But it's ahead in the publishing world.

**IPR:** Do you regret the springing up of laddish mags? Black: Well, we appreciate that the market is

## The stuff of laddism

**ESQUIRE**  
Launched: March 1991  
Circulation: 111,007

In this issue: "He takes my five iron in his hands, a sight so thrilling it knocks the breath out of me" (on the sexiness of golf)

**LOADED**  
Launched: May 1994  
Circulation: 400,000

In this issue: "Helen Mirren, Britain's greatest actress. Still fit as f\*ck no matter what bloody age she is."

**MAXIM**  
Launched: April 1995  
Circulation: 150,261

In this issue: "If a mate tells you that sex is as good as it gets, you can draw a conclusion – the

guy has never ridden a motorbike."

**STUFF**  
Launched: November 1996  
Circulation: 60,592

In this issue: "If size doesn't matter, why are we obsessed with making everything electronic smaller?"

RESEARCH: BEN WESTWOOD

very wide. People still talk about the men's magazine market as one market. But the market is growing to the point where it's starting to replicate the women's magazine market. It's becoming quite, if you like, promiscuous. I think the key is editorial integrity. There are always going to be people who like you and people who hate you. So, no, I don't feel threatened by the success of *Loaded*.

**IPR:** Are there many opportunities for PR presented by the rise of men's magazines?

**Adam Black:** I find that in PR, bosses are always trying to create a spin around products. This has been going too far with *Loaded* sometimes. We get so many people contacting us saying things like, "We are the *Loaded* of alcopops and we want to be in your magazine because we're really funky". But all this jumping on the handwagon is just not going to wash with people. Sometimes you just have to tell the client that he's not going to get it. Clients are f\*cking mental sometimes. At *Loaded* we do not do grooming.

**Simon Geller:** We do do grooming – we are the *Loaded* of conditioners.

**Black:** We will use product placement in a more subtle way. For example, Virgin actually helped to finance a fashion shoot because we showed the model drinking a bottle of Virgin vodka. But it didn't look too obvious.

**Simon Geller:** We've had phone calls asking to put something in the gardening section. I tell them that we've never had a gardening section. End of conversation. They hadn't even checked that before calling.

**IPR:** Are there likely to be many new releases of men's magazines?

**Simon Geller:** Well, if I win the lottery on Saturday, I will certainly not use the money to launch another magazine, because it's such a high-risk business.

**Adam Black:** There will be loads of new mags out soon. Now that creative drive has set the agenda, the money men are going to be after more and more launches. The market will keep growing, then flatten out after a couple of years, and then it'll become boring – rather like the success of *Woman's Own*.

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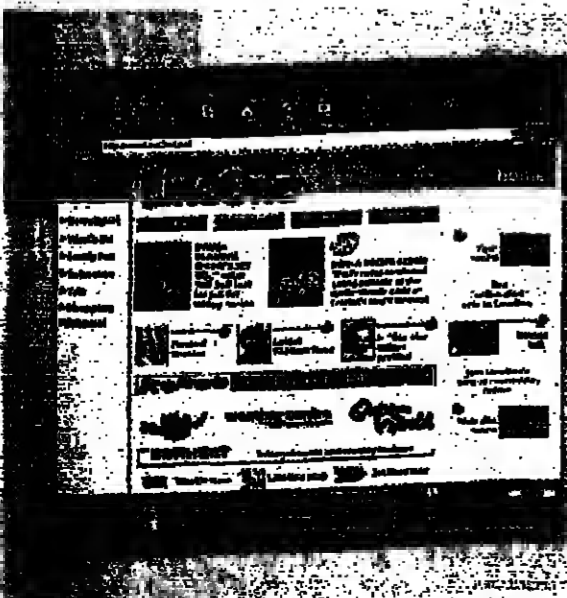
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# Emergency relief for May Day

William Hartston reviews alternative approaches to the general election

An overall majority of more than 300 for the Liberal Democrats is hardly in line with opinion poll forecasts, yet the achievements of constituency workers cannot be denied. When Vellow Games and Books produced the Hustings "The Parliamentary Election Board Game" their main marketing thrust was in two directions: schools, and political party offices. Since the basics of parliamentary democracy – there is even a black ballot box supplied with the equipment – many schools have been quick to seize on its educational value, but the sales figures among the main political parties have been more surprising. While the Labour and Conservative parties have sold just under 100 sets each, the Liberal Democrats have shifted more than 500. Three theories have been suggested by the makers of the game to explain this Lib-Dem landslide: 1) the Lib Dems have significantly greater need for funds; 2) they have significantly greater need for fun; 3) they realise it's the only way they're going to win anything.

Politics apart, the game is played in four stages. First, the nomination: each player throws the dice and moves a piece round the board hoping to land on "Ward" spaces, where rosettes may be collected. Three rosettes must be taken to a "Returning Officer" square to secure nomination. Stage two is a race round the board to visit all the wards and collect unallocated votes to deposit in the ballot box. Meanwhile, there are the hazards of Media cards (for example: "You are involved in a major press scandal, miss six turns") and the choices offered by Campaign cards ("Your bandwagon is gaining momentum. Either gain 500 votes or take two extra turns"). Public Meetings and Opinion Polls can also affect the play.

Stage three takes the postal votes into account (the number each player receives is decided solely on the throw of the dice), and stage four is the final count and declaration of the result. No speeches by

Two games for democrats: campaigning for votes in the Hustings constituency – or riding the tide of sleaze in Snap Election!



the winners, though you can calculate figures for turn-out, majority, and swing from the last time you played.

There is, it must be admitted, very little skill involved, but the game is attractively designed, and is a playful way to teach the elements of parliamentary democracy.

The Hustings is available from selected retailers (£19.99) or by mail order direct from Vellow (Games & Books) Limited, Willow House, Dragon Road, Winterbourne, Bristol BS17 1BJ (01454-775050 for details).

Snap Election! is designed to appeal to a rather different constituency. Rather than trying to teach the fundamentals of electoral regulations, this game can really only be played by people who are thoroughly familiar with all the squalor of our electoral system at its worst. Here's a sample paragraph from the rules:

"If you occupy the Moral High Ground (ie you have acquired no Sleaze Marks at all) you may at any time launch a Moral Crusade against any opponent who has accumulated 2 or more Sleaze Marks. In order to do this you need to land on the same square as this opponent. She must then roll the Rollercoaster Dice and follow the instructions detailed below. If you have led a somewhat sleazy campaign

and, to avoid the risk of a Moral Crusade, want to 'desleaze', you must head in good time to the Media Circus. You are required to stay there for 2 turns in order for your Charm Offensive to be successful. You may then remove one Sleaze Mark from your Ballot Box and resume the game. (You must stay there 2 turns for each Sleaze Mark you wish to 'desleaze'.")

Is that all clear? Good. Then all you have to do is familiarise yourself with the rules about Live TV Debates, Swing Votes (for which Manifesto Cards may not be traded in), Banana Skins, Opinion Poll-Booster, Electoral Pacts and Political Timebombs and you will be ready to start thinking about your Target Policy and whether your strategy should be to cultivate the votes of the Jobless, OAPs, Haves, Have-nots, or any of the other groups identified in the game as being worth pursuing.

And then you'll be ready to take your place on the extraordinary spaghetti junction of a playing area in which counters may be sent on various roundabout-infested routes (but with no No U-turns in the side roads and in the Political Minefield), trying to avoid the Political Wilderness and the Sin Bin.

The greatest fun comes from the Banana Skin cards – which may lose votes for such transgressions as promoting a grey nonentity as your successor, or misspelling "potato" – and the Sleaze cards, which offer opportunities of instant gain at the risk of incurring a later Sleaze Offensive.

This must be the perfect thing to do as you are sitting in front of your television set late into election night, waiting for the election results to come in and trying out to let Peter Snow's swingometer lull you to sleep. The game's inventor, Martin Armitage-Smith, warns, however, that "it certainly makes for a better game if somebody has the decency to take the Moral High Ground though sadly this does not always happen".

The bewildering complexity of the rules guarantees an endless supply of good-natured arguments, and the whole experience will, on doubt, enable the participants to emerge with a heightened perspective of the underlying principles behind our electoral process.

Snap Election! is available at selected stores, price £35. Further details from Prowler Productions (0171-402-8063).

## Games people play

Pandora Melly learns what Scouts do with shrapnel

Bryan Kneale RA, 66, sculptor

I don't play games. I don't have any hobbies whatsoever, but when I was little I had a wonderful book called *The Boy's Book of Hobbies*. It told you everything from "building a home museum" to "taxidermy", and it was full of misinformation. For example, under "How to skin a rabbit" it suggested that if you slit the rabbit's tummy, then slid your hand around the back, the whole animal would slip neatly out of its skin "as smoothly as a finger from a glove" – which is simply not true. Rabbits' tails are stuck on like nobody's business. There was also a section on Scouting, with a picture of a Scout looking tremendous in his hat and wiggle, and although I was underage, I managed to join the Isle of Man Scout Troop.

The Scoutmaster was a very weird gentleman called Mr. Fritchard, who had been crippled in the First World War. The two interesting things about him were

the undersides of his shoes, which had never been in contact with the ground. Also, if you were really lucky and could sing in a high treble voice, which I couldn't, he'd show you the hits of shrapnel moving round in his veins.

Instead of camping in the countryside, he made us collect jam jars, which he wanted to send to England to help the war effort. We collected and washed every jam jar on the island, but of course the Navy were not going to risk a ship to transport jam jars, so we put them into an empty shop and built an incredible glass palace with a tunnel leading through it. At one end, like an old spider, sat the dreadful Mr. Fritchard showing people his shrapnel. I've never played any game since, and I blame it all on *The Boy's Book of Hobbies*.

Jam jars may be found surrounding 340 grams of Fortnum & Mason's rose petal jelly (£5.75) – available only at certain times of year, owing to the vast quantity of petals needed.

## Don't junk it... use it

How to sell your house and store your pencils

Children, I have deduced from visits to the homes of some of my more proactive colleagues, are untidy things that tend to leave large numbers of pencils, crayons and felt-tip pens lying around tables, floors and anywhere else they are allowed to smear their grubby little hands on. Here is a neat solution to the problem.

All you need is a sharp knife or scissors, and an estate agent's sign. The latter may be procured by the simple expedient of selling your house. (If desperate, you may even forget to pack the crayons when you move, or leave the children behind without a forwarding address.) When the house is sold, you will find yourself in possession of a sturdy "For Sale" board thrown away in delight by the estate agent.



You will see that it is made like cardboard, but of cavity-insulated plastic, with channels running across the board. Cut a strip about 2cm wide, and as long as you like, down the board, with the channels running across the width. Using a thin-bladed pair of scissors or a sharp knife, cut through alternate corrugations. This makes each channel big enough to accommodate a pencil

or half-point pen. For marker pens, or your piston-filling Moomblac hand-crafted 18-carat gold nib with platinum inlay Solitaire solid gold fountain pen (large), you will need to cut through more corrugations.

Slip a piece of string – from your collection saved from the handles of upmarket shopping bags – through the top channel, and hang the pencil collection above your desk just out of the children's reach.

Note that estate agents' boards are generally supplied and owned by contractors, so you should not dismantle any that have not clearly been discarded. When you have acquired and dismantled one, however, do remember also to save the plastic outs and bolts that held it together. They are very useful in notebooks to hold punched papers, or for fast repairs to bag handles.

Bawn O'Beirne-Ranelagh

William Hartston's chess column will return next week

## The effect of sunspot activity on British general election results

In 1979, the Journal of the British Astronomical Association published a paper entitled "Sunspots and general elections", by Prof Kenneth McKinnon and Dr Sven Wincke of the Astrophysical Research Group at the University of the North-East Atlantic (or Rockall Polytechnic, as it then was). We have tracked down the authors, who have been updating their original material.

As Dr Wincke explained, the results had identified a correlation between the Conservative Party's performance in elections, and sunspot activity. The table in the next column compares the results of the Conservatives with the Wolf's sunspot numbers in the election month.

### Effects of sunspots on elections:

| Sunspot No | Year       | Tory majority |
|------------|------------|---------------|
| 6.1        | 1964       | -13           |
| 17.4       | 1967       | +147          |
| 25.3       | 1966       | -110          |
| 26.0       | 1974 (Feb) | -4            |
| 28.9       | 1955       | +67           |
| 42.6       | 1945       | -180          |
| 47.1       | 1974 (Oct) | -42           |
| 51.6       | 1951       | +26           |
| 91.1       | 1983       | +188          |
| 94.8       | 1950       | -17           |
| 99.8       | 1952       | +65           |
| 106.8      | 1970       | +43           |
| 111.4      | 1959       | +107          |
| 134.4      | 1979       | +70           |

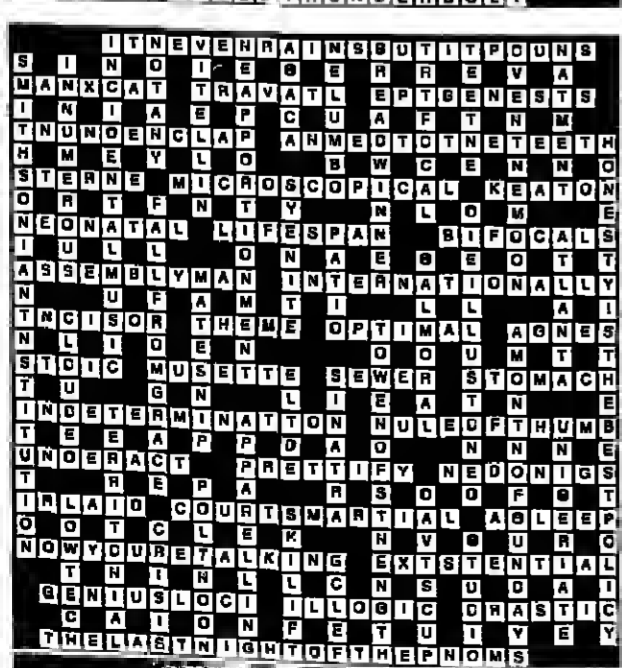
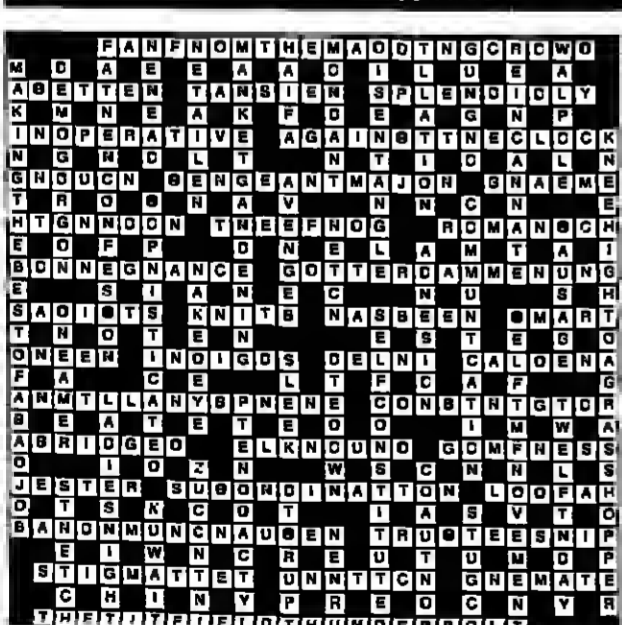
"By arranging the table in increasing order of sunspot activity," Dr Wincke explained, "the threshold effect is clear." The third column indicates the Tory majority over Labour (negative numbers for Labour victories). "When the sunspot number is below 50, we have had five Labour victories out of seven post-war elections; but when it exceeds 50, we see six Conservative wins out of seven."

He admitted, however, that he and his colleague did not agree on the causality of the observed effect. While Dr Wincke believes that people's intention to vote Conservative causes a perturbation in the sun's magnetic field, Prof McKinnon believes that sunspots release particles

called "votons" that alter the behaviour of the electorate.

On one thing, however, they are agreed. "We cannot understand," said Dr Wincke, "why you British are bothering with opinion polls, when science offers a precise alternative." Since he does not yet have the April figures for sunspots, he is unable to make a prediction for next week's election, but points out that the March figure of 8.8 looks grim for the Tories, unless there is a sudden outbreak of solar activity. In 1992, however, this method led to a prediction of a Tory majority of 23 – almost exactly right. As Dr Wincke says: "It was the sun wot won it for them."

## Jumbo crossword answers



## Concise crossword



- ACROSS
- Long and limp (4)
  - Michaelmas daisy (5)
  - Accumulate (5)
  - Lacking refinement (7)
  - Detained person (8)
  - Drink made from grapes (4)
  - Government employees (13)
  - Female horse (4)
  - Banner (8)
  - In the same proportion (3,4)
  - Live temporarily (5)
  - Loose (5)
  - Askew (4)
- DOWN
- Expect (5)
  - Bird of prey (7)
  - Fairground (9,4)
  - Mark of approval (4)
  - Get-together (7)
  - Madman (6)
  - Footwear item (4)
  - Diverse (7)
  - Flavoured (7)
  - Precipitate (6)
  - Charms (4)
  - Poisonous snake (5)
  - Volcanic flow (4)

Solution to yesterday's Concise Crossword:  
ACROSS: 1. Marsh, 5. Hare (Marine), 8. Veld, 9. Victory, 10. Emery, 11. Aisle, 12. Unborn, 14. Breeze, 17. Rival, 19. Sprong, 22. Crotch, 23. Hoped, 24. Tilt, 25. Whistle. DOWN: 1. Movie, 2. Release, 3. Hedge, 4. Bitch, 5. Hecker, 6. Ribs, 7. Symes, 12. Upright, 13. Savage, 15. Laid, 16. Esche, 18. Vault, 20. Centre, 21. Ridge.

The Cryptic winner was D. Jape of Apertown who wins Oxford Companions to the Bible, Classical Literature, English Literature, Music, Philosophy, Theatre and Wine. The Concise winner was M. Thomson, Old Meldrum who wins the Shorter Oxford Dictionary. 12 runners-up each receive a Pocket Oxford Dictionary: S. Russ, Ealing, London; B. Anderson, London; W. G. Cheshire, Hull; O. Cork, Salisbury; D. Jones, Cardiff; R. Gordon Gray, Leeds; C. Whittall, Southampton; D. M. Wolmark, Abbot Langley; H. Muller, Reamford; M. Davison, Kingston upon Thames; P. Hannan, Bristol.

## Bridge Alan Hiron

Game all; dealer South

North  
♠ 9 8 6 4  
♥ A 8 5 2  
♦ none  
♣ A 6 5 4 2

West  
♠ 2  
♥ K J 10  
♦ Q 10 8 5 3  
♣ K J 9 8

East  
♠ 10 7  
♥ 9 4  
♦ K 7 6 4 2  
♣ 10 7 3

South  
♠ A K Q J 5 3  
♥ Q 7 6 3  
♦ A J 9  
♣ none

Carried away by his distribution and controls, North did too much bidding on this deal. Fortunately his partner was more cautious and they ended in a sensible contract. Less fortunately, South missed a slight extra chance in the play that would have made all the difference.

South opened 1♦ and North responded 4♦ – a splinter purporting to show diamond shortage, spade support, and game-going values. (As the young lady said of her fiancé: "He's tall,

dark and ... oh well, two out of three can't be too bad.") South cue bid 5C and North, still not satisfied, repeated his diamond bid to show a void. South jumped to 6♦ and, believe it or not, North had the nerve to think before passing.

West led ♦ 5 and declarer saw matters in a simple light. He won, drew trumps, ruffed a diamond, then led the ace and another heart. It was all over, for West now had two heart tricks to cash.

What was the extra chance that South missed? Suppose he ruffs the opening lead on the table and trumps a low club in hand. He continues cross-ruffing in the minor suits (yes, including ruffing ♦ A for the extra entry that he needs – after all, one heart discard from dummy would not have helped) and finally draws trumps. Then he crosses to ♠ A and tries ♠ A. If the adverse clubs are 4-4, he has two heart discards from hand and can claim; and if the clubs do not behave, there is still the basic chance of finding a favourable heart position.

## Perplexity

Two weeks ago, we asked which April dates could not be turned into valid sums using specified arithmetical signs. The ones that don't work are 1.4.97, 3.4.97, 9.4.97, 10.4.97 and 30.4.97. (Of the rest, the 27th and 19th caused most problems:

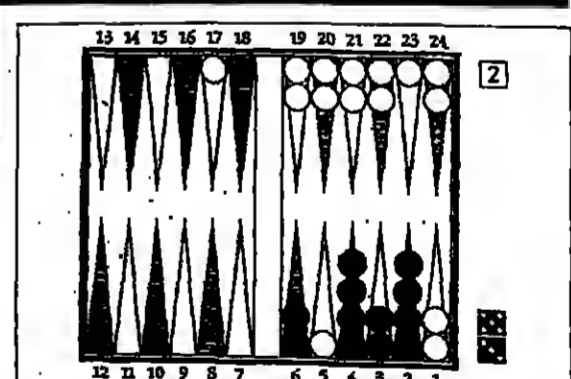
2x7x(-4)+9=-7 and (-1+9)+4=9-7. The best set of answers came from Mike Shepherd of London SE21.

Now, naturally enough, we want to know which dates in May

cannot turn into valid sums. Note a slight change in the rules: this time we allow only +, -, ×, ÷, = and as many brackets as you want. (Last time we allowed power-raising exponents too.)

A prize of the Chambers 21st Century Dictionary will be awarded to the sender of the best set of answers. Entries by 6 May to: Perplexity, The Independent, 1 Canada Square, Canary Wharf, London E14 5DL.

## Backgammon Chris Bray



Here is a more difficult example of a "Pay me now/ Pay me later" problem. In the diagram position Black has a 5-3 to play. He has already borne off 3 men. He has two choices: (a) 3/Off or (b) 6/3. In both cases he cannot play the 5. Note that the rules of backgammon state that you must play as much of your roll as possible. If you can play only one of two numbers, you must play the larger if you can. Here you cannot play the 5 whatever you do.

Play (a) leaves 11 immediate shots – all the twoes. Play (b) leaves 20 shots – all fours and ones. Normally in such a problem the correct play is the one that leaves the least shots. However, in this case it is worth looking at what happens if White misses the first shot.

With play (a) Black will leave a shot only if he rolls 6-6, 5-5, 4-4, 3-3 on his next turn – a total of four rolls. With play (b) he will leave a single shot with 6-1, 6-2, 6-4, 6-6, 5-2, 5-4, 5-5, 4-2, 4-4, 3-1, 3-3, and 2-2 (19 rolls), and a double shot with 6-5 and 5-1 (four rolls). Even if these shots are missed Black will still have a difficult position in many of the cases, and will often be hit on the third or subsequent roll.

Quite often in backgammon intuition can play a part, and to those experienced in the game the position after play (b) just looks so much better than the position after play (a).

The disjointed nature of the black position after play (a) makes play (b) the right choice in this instance. White will win 50 per cent of the time after play (a) but only 45 per cent of the time after play (b). Note, though, that this type of play, leaving a significant number of extra shots in the original position, is correct only when the alternatives leave a position which will lead to large numbers of additional shots on the very next turn.

# The Ruth and Rose experience



**John Walsh**  
has lunch at...  
**The River Café**

**G**reta Garbo ate there once, apparently. Tina Turner has a tendency to embrace the waiters. Lucien Freud is hardly ever out of the place. Martina Navratilova might as well have had a season ticket, dining there whenever she won Wimbledon. Will Self goes a lot, without having to worry about anyone examining his pupils after a trip to the gents. John Mortimer and Jeremy Paxman and the rest of the Henley-on-Thames mafia sometimes take over the whole place for fund-raising quiz evenings. Mick Jagger and David Bowie have sat quietly examining the menu, like ordinary human beings, trying to endure the creek of turning heads. And if Tony Blair makes it to Downing Street on Friday, it won't be long before he too makes the journey west, to discuss the politicalisation of the Mayorship of London with his friend, Richard (Lord) Rogers.

It is, of course, the River Café – that cynosure of gastro-erotic Nineties London chic, that glossy, metallic Hammersmith home of *cucina nistica*, that is, Italian peasant food that no Italian peasant from Turin to Palermo could ever afford. This autumn, it celebrates 10 years of *polenta and porcini*, 10 years of unfassibly thick, take-your-stomach-home-in-a-wheelbarrow bean soups and tidal waves of balsamic vinegar, 10 years of charred this and drizzled that, of *insalata and insalino*, of *bruschetta and ribotta*, *pangrattato, cannellini*.

And the women who own and run the River Café have become as famous as the place – though in a way that's significantly different from the standard-issue restaurateur. Ruth Rogers and Rose Gray do a lot of the cooking themselves, in starchily white uniforms with stray strands of sweaty hair flicked behind their ears, but they're known less as celebrity chefs hungry for Michelin rosettes than as joint hostesses of a husily arty salon. The opening of our restaurant coincided with the decline of the pompous male chef who made you feel

**Rose and I are both from large families – we wanted the place to be an extension of the way we ate**

hunk by the door is called Dante. He checks a booking in the ledger and summons a waitress of heart-breaking beauty with the words "Vashtë – would you mind?" You suspect that if somebody called Jane ever got a job here, she would be magically renamed Puschia or Neferitti by nightfall.

Rose Gray appears. The older of the partners, she is lean-faced and headmistress, but her conversation is warm and her eyes sparkle. She orders the staff around with cod-bossiness ("Out of the way, you lot. I saw you trying to sneak into the photograph..."). When the wine is poured for her inspection, she inserts her nose into the glass like a crane with a water-jug. Her expression changes. Her brows knit. Something is not right. You can almost hear the wine quaking with apprehension, nervy ripples on its oxidised surface. She packs the offending vintage off to Bottle Detention with utter confidence.

We are joined by Ruth Rogers. Looks-wise, she is frankly Gaby Roslin's elder sister, with strawberry-blonde hair and milky-blue eyes. A former Sixties radical and the wife of Richard Rogers, she is socially adroit and oceanically well-connected, from the Oval Office to the Foreign Office. They're an intriguing pair, Ruth a flatterer, Rose a straight-talker, both cautiously protective of the Café's reputation, both clearly delighted to have been so comprehensively "taken up" by the media establishment and the chef community alike.

"When we started," said Rose, "everybody said, 'Oh, the restaurant business, it's so competitive.' But we grew into the generation of Kensington Place and Bibendum and the boys at Le Caprice and the Ivy, and they've all been very generous and supportive. If we have a problem, they'll help us out. All the great chefs of the world come through the River Café now – people like Michael Chow and Alice Waters [of Chez

Panisse, the north Californian home of organic cooking and the River Café's biggest influence]. And even though we're not going in the same direction as Marco [Pierre White] and Nico [Ladénis] and creating food in complex ways, they recognise what we're trying to do." Which is? "Trying to cook Italian food to a sublime degree. Trying to do it to perfection."

"Perfectionism" is an odd word. It takes the concept of utter rightness and holds it at arm's length, as though there were something neurotic and pernicious about wanting such a thing. Ruth and Rose are perfectionists in ways that can seem both good and slightly absurd. About vegetables, for example, they are as doctrinaire as any tabloid-conceived EU commissioner laying down the law about straight bananas. In the pages of their new book, *River Café Cook Book Two*, you learn, for instance, that beetroot must be "the size of golfballs", fig salad should comprise either "purple basil and ripe black figs or green basil and ripe green figs" but never a combination of the two. They even specify the kind of salt you should use (Maldon)... Did they believe in some Platonic theory of ideal food?

"Of course, there's such a thing as a perfect zucchini," said Rose Gray. "It has to be organically grown and picked when it tastes best, which is [she extended a bony forefinger] when it's slightly longer than your first finger, and before the seeds have developed inside. Because after they've developed, the flesh gets softer and watery and you won't get the intense flavour." "Our cooking is all about flavour," interjected Ruth. "If you have an anchovy that's salted or a zucchini that's marinated, you're going to get the best out of it. I'd have thought it was a matter of taste, but only a madman would dream of contradicting Lady Rogers in full, idealistic flow. What Rose and I want is for things to be in season, to cook them as close as possible to their best. We don't want raspberries in January, don't want microwaves, don't want anything frozen. And there's a certain excitement about saying to people, it's nearly May / June and the melons are coming soon. And then they'll be gone in

a month's time and something else will be here. Right now the asparagus is at its best, and we'll cook it like mad for a while, they'll stop and you won't get it for another year."

And in case you're wondering how the River Café ladies can sit in Hammersmith, London W6 and talk about their "zucchini" rather than their "courgettes", it's because of their scrupulousness about everything being genuinely Italian. Their vegetables may be grown by English suppliers, but they're grown from seeds acquired in Italy. "We look around," said Rose, "and go to the shops that sell the seeds that produced the vegetables that appear in the market. We're terribly selective: this particular pumpkin, these particular cabbages. There's a man in Southampton who grows herbs for us – wonderful oregano, marjoram, basil, fantastic varieties of thyme and sage, and Italian flat-leaf parsley. And there's a Sicilian farmer called Mario just off the M25 who grows piles of rocket and *prezioso*, winter leaves, broad beans..."

But did it have to be Italian? Would anyone be terribly distressed if you included Thai lemongrass or Mexican beans or, I dunno, English rose petals in a dish if it made it taste more interesting. Didn't they get tired of Italian ingredients? "That's like saying, 'Do you get tired of speaking English all day and would you like to speak a bit of French,'" said Ruth severely. Surely, I said, it's more like dropping the odd italicised French word into an English sentence in the interests of a lively style. She set her jaw. "We are committed totally to this Italian food experience, which is changing all the time and we will change with it. But I don't think we'll ever plant our own corn on the cob." "And anyway," put in Rose, diplomatically, "Italian cuisine has so many surprises. It's an inspiration, to go to a part of Italy and find that they use cinnamon in tomato paste. Or going to

Capri and finding a salad of boiled lemons and artichoke. Even things that seem taboo to their cooking – like coriander, which you'd think would be strictly Oriental. It turns up in Italian food because it came up the African coast..."

How they love talking about food, even just naming the names – and with what rapt and greedy relish they taste everything on everybody's plate. My lunch with Ruth and Rose was punctuated by a kind of crockery square dance, in which I swapped plates with Ruth halfway through, so she could try my *mazzarella di bufala* with char-grilled aubergines and I could feast on Ruth's wood-roasted asparagus with gull's eggs, olives and salted anchovies; and just as I was resolving that *no-one* was gonna take this away from me, I swapped plates with Rose to try her tagliatelli with bread crumbs and marcorone and was glad I did.

It's an odd trajectory that has brought these very different women to this perfectionist haven. Ruth is from upstate New York ("Way upstate," she says. "You know Kingston? Poughkeepsie? Woodstock?") where her father was a radically-minded doctor and her mother a teacher. After school in Vermont, she discovered London in 1968, got involved in helping draft-resisting young Americans and went out with an Oxford Rhodes scholar (tantalisingly, a year after Bill Clinton was there). Like Rose, she worked as a graphic designer, at Penguin Books, and discovered the world of European cuisine by dining out every night in Paris when her architect husband was designing the Beaubourg Centre.

Rose is from Surrey. Her father was a balloon engineer who died before she was born, in a ghastly accident in the house beside the balloon shed. "I have literally only just discovered this story," said Rose. "I saw his grave for the first time three weeks ago. Nobody spoke about it, and my mother used to pretend he died in the war. Perhaps because of having a

secretive mother, I've always been very enquiring about my origins, about food and gardening." She studied fine art at Guildford, taught art at Shoreditch Comprehensive, then raised four children and learned her cooking skills at the family hob. For a time, she made crêpes in the intervals of rock concerts at the Rainbow and other venues, then left for America where a friend invited her to be head chef in a new restaurant.

The girls met in the mid-Seventies – Rose was an old friend of the first Mrs Rogers and shared a passion for Italian food, largely through the influence of Richard's Trieste-born mother, Dada. "She was the first Italian cook I met in London," says Rose. "I was 18 and we were all students, and she used to cook food one had never eaten in one's life." It all came together in 1986 when Rogers bought the Hammersmith warehouses to convert into his architecture practice and designated the site of the present restaurant as an eatery. "I looked through application from caterers, and they were just dreadful," remembers Ruth. "I thought the only thing worse than not having an eating place was having a bad one. So I called up Rose and we sat down over coffee in Drummond's in the King's Road one morning in 1986 and said 'Shall we do it?' and that was that."

Ten years later, they've done OK. Apart from the drift of international chefdom across their deep blue carpets, they were described by no less than the *New Yorker* as serving "the best Italian food in Europe" – that's including Italy – and their cook book has sat like a prize marrow in the bestseller lists since it was published. Their refusal to cook beef or veal (because they can't get convincing guarantees out of meat suppliers) has more influence on London eaters than any amount of ministerial reassurance. And to be given lunch there, between the metal curtain housing their chefs and the huge window with the view of their herb garden, is at least one guarantee of true love or serious intent in these uncertain times. Where food, power, charm and fastidiousness are the ingredients, the River Café is a dish that's perilously close to perfection itself.



Ruth Rogers (left) and Rose Gray: 10 years of polenta paradise  
Photo: Nicola Kurtz

**We don't want raspberries in January, don't want microwaves, don't want anything frozen**



David Lister  
arts notebook

**O**b to be a fly-on-the-wall at the next faculty meeting of the English department at London University's Queen Mary and Westfield College. Lisa Jardine, the college's Professor of English, argued in the *Independent's* education pages this week that "our great theatre companies have lost their nerve with Shakespeare". In contrast to the new films of *Romeo and Juliet*, our national theatre companies, she claims, offer "inert, elitist, studiously authentic pieces of literary history based on some kind of assumption that audiences 'ought' to enjoy them."

Lisa Jardine's colleague, senior English lecturer and Shakespeare

specialist Rosalind King, is on the board of the English Shakespeare Company, whose production of *A Midsummer Night's Dream* is currently touring with marked success and lack of inertia. The next meeting between Ms Jardine and Ms King should, I am informed, resemble the meeting between Helena and Hermia in *The Dream*, the one where the two have to be forcibly restrained.

All praise to the new *Romeo and Juliet* film with the Montagues and Capulets in their sonneted-up cars and beach fights. It has brought a new audience to Shakespeare, and that's marvellous. But it doesn't mean all future productions have to ape the "fresh, fast

and funky" style, as it is billed. Adrian Noble head of the Royal Shakespeare Company saw and loved the movie, but I felt he was right when he told me afterwards that if you want to see *Blur* per-

form St Matthew's Passion, it would be a great night out, but you wouldn't necessarily want to expect all future recitals to be in the same mode.

Perhaps there is a lack on stage today of the past boldness of Trevor Nunn's musical *Comedy of Errors* from the Seventies and Bill Alexander's 1990s nostalgia *Merry Wives* from the Eighties. But these, like the "Verona Beach" *Romeo and Juliet* will always be glorious alternatives. Authenticity in staging a great classical text can demand some preparation from the audience; it certainly repays study. But that does not make it elitist, any more than a classical music concert or a TV adaptation

of *Pride and Prejudice* is elitist. To call Shakespeare on stage elitist is worryingly patronising to the bulk of schoolchildren and students, especially worrying when the assertion comes from a professor of English.

To prove that nothing is elitist in this postmodern age, rock star David Bowie is to move into publishing art books. Bowie, along with gallery owner Bernard Jacobson and *Modern Painters* editor Karen Wright, will launch 21, their new art-book publishing venture with a state of the art party in May. David Bowie enthuses "21 is the future. It will revolutionise art publishing in this country." Why

21? "It's art publishing in the 21st century," Bowie explains. "It's because all three of us are well over 21," adds one of his two colleagues equally accurately.

In Tom Stoppard's play *Night and Day*, a journalist from the *Grimsby Evening Telegraph* being patronised by one from *The Sunday Globe* retorts that the *Grimsby Evening Telegraph* is more important in Grimsby any day of the week than *The Sunday Globe* is around the globe. I was reminded of this by the general laughter this week over Dudley Moore forsaking Hollywood to appear in panto at the Southampton Mayflower Theatre. To which they might well retort on

the south coast that the Southampton Mayflower is more important in Southampton any day of the week than the West End is in the west.

Actually, the plot is rather more complex. Paul Elliott, head of ENB productions, which is staging the panto, tells me he has been after Dudley Moore for five years, believing him a Buttons sent from heaven. Elliott has long wanted to convert the Americans to panto, and if Moore makes 'em laugh in Southampton, it could be next stop Broadway with a panto star the Americans have actually heard of. So Southampton could yet have a historic part to play in international theatre.

# arts & books

## Lord of the trance

Steven Berkoff, mad dog of stage and screen, is about to be unleashed on vinyl. John O'Reilly meets pop's new pin-up

What is Steven Berkoff playing at? Why is one of our greatest contemporary dramatists, the author of *Greek* and *Decadence*, hanging out with a dance band called N-Trance, a band known mainly for shifting ludicrous quantities of singles – "Set You Free" (3.4 million), the remixed "Stayin' Alive" (1.5 million) and "D.I.S.C.O." (still counting). And what, more to the point, is a dance outfit hankering after youth appeal doing putting the voice of a 60-year-old on its own album and single?

According to N-Trance's mixmasters Dale Longworth and Kevin O'Toole, the story goes like this: they were about to go into production for their new album, *The Mind of the Machine*, when they saw *Beverly Hills Cop*, in which Berkoff appears as an actor dealing with a variation on a role that has become his screen trademark, from the sci-fi corporate nasty in *Outland* to the Eastern Bloc rogue in *Octopussy*. The inspiration for the album was an article about the hugely powerful IBM computer Deep Blue. The piece summoned up a familiar futuristic nightmare of computers generating other computers and bypassing their human creators. The band wanted an actor who could imitate the voice of a machine. Berkoff's delivery and face seem to guarantee maliciously detached violence.

Longworth says: "We wanted a Richard Burton-type voice and thought of Anthony

Hopkins. Then we saw *Beverly Hills Cop* and we heard this great voice, powerful and completely scary. We looked through Steven's back-catalogue and he's got the right kind of image for it. Pure evil." So were they surprised that he agreed? "When we first got in contact with his agent, he rang our record company back and said he thought we were taking the piss. We didn't believe it either, though, when he said yes."

When I arrived at the studio, the band were listening to Berkoff doing a convincing imitation of an automaton, intoning with a rich apocalyptic weariness: "We can only hope there is compassion, understanding, even pity, inside the mind of the machine." The band were directing Berkoff to deliver the lines more slowly, and at each point Berkoff gathered himself for the performance, seemingly unaware of the function his speech would have in the music. At the end of the recording, they asked him for one more thing. Would he mind screaming "Shut Up!", which, they explained, came from *Beverly Hills Cop*? Berkoff became strangely self-conscious for someone who can ham with the best. He refused, saying he didn't want to cannibalise old stuff.

The actor-author had just flown in from Los Angeles where he is putting on his latest play, *Massage*. Its story concerns a woman, who, while working at a massage parlour, is introduced to a client who happens to be her husband. He is also bringing *Coriolanus* to Israel and Japan. Tanned, attired in leather jacket, baseball

cap and cowboy boots, he looked every inch a West Coast rocker.

Interviewing Berkoff is a bit like being at one of his one-man shows. It is, in effect, a free-wheeling monologue. Occasionally you can grab the wheels and steer. His easy conversation was variously genial, jet-lagged, vain, articulate and, above all else, communicated an endearing insecurity, masked as narcissism. Such as his claim, for example, that he has replaced William Burroughs as an icon for certain rock groups.

What attracted him to the prospect of working with N-Trance? What kind of similarities are there between dance music and the sometimes brutal theatre of Steven Berkoff? Well, for a start, his productions are often purely physical theatre without props. Empty spaces where bodies clamber over each other, which, when you think about it, is a little like dubbing. But his opening gambit was simply that he is following the money. "You have to go wherever you can to pay the mortgage."

But he was also keen to stress a history of connections with musicians, from working with Roger Daltrey in *McVicar*, to meeting Bobo in Dublin at one of his plays, to the possibility of working with Sting in the future. He is flattered by the interest that musicians have shown.

And he is clear about the relationship of rock and the kind of theatre he is interested in. "It's about an emotional, physical, psychological release and abandonment, which I think is the nature of drama. But most theatre doesn't really



Steven Berkoff, the thinking man's John Lydon: 'I'd like to tour a bit, become Number One'

Photo: Philip Meech

explore that any more. Drama is about the releasing of demons and devils out of the public psyche. The original Greek theatre was a bloody business. It was meant to be a soap, an amelioration to contend against death, violence, plague, wars. It harnesses our energies. To some extent, the only people who have replaced that primitive, vital, throbbing, dangerous theatre in the 20th century have been rock stars."

In this way, Berkoff is an enigma. He is a man who knows exactly what rock music should be about – so why is he considering working with Sting? His early theatre was punk in spirit and it comes as no surprise to hear him suggest that the sneering, Brechtian John Lydon was an early imitator. "He came to look at my style. I think he impersonated me a bit. He came to see *East* and the one-man show where I did *Dog*." (Lydon, of

course, would turn it around and brag that Berkoff copied him.) I asked him to define this style that so fascinates members of the rock world. "The candour and the very frankness of the language I use, and its physical expression on stage. I sometimes have a little bit of disdain for what I regard as the sour rise of the establishment and rock 'n' roll has some kind of finger on the pulse of what energises people." His taste for it is selective, however: while he sees this project as a natural extension of what he does, unlike Irvine Welsh, you don't see him putting his face about in clubs.

N-Trance themselves are a deeply schizophrenic band. Aside from what they see as the promo music of "D.I.S.C.O.", which is basically pop junk, "Stayin' Alive" got the imprimatur of Pete Tong's "Record of the Week" long before it reversed the

relationship with their bank manager. I asked Berkoff whether he thought he might be a new pop sensation and whether he had considered touring. He turned the thought over, partly to see how it might sound and partly as a genuine fancy, of how the idea might play out. "I think I'm going to go out with my own rock 'n' roll group. Have a new career, write my own songs, have my own backing group. I'd like to tour a bit, become Number One. Using my language, putting it to music, so it becomes more coherent, more political, more emotive, creating a more powerful, more dissentious kind of language." When it comes to pop, Berkoff is a chancer. If he learns to swear a bit more in interviews, and be a bit more surly, he might even have a career. *The Mind of the Machine* is released on All Around the World next month.

## Maternal tyranny

THEATRE Bailegangaire Royal Court, London

When the excellent Irish actress Rosaleen Linehan was last seen on the London stage, she was up to her waist and then her neck in a mound of earth, jabbering away as Beckett's Winnie in *Happy Days*. In *Bailegangaire*, the first revival in a Tom Murphy season at the Royal Court, she's only marginally more mobile and every bit as redoubtable in the loquacity department. Propped up against the pillows, she plays Mommo, a bed-ridden, senile crone who spends her waking hours obsessively repeating a long involved story from her past about the day her husband challenged a hefty Bochtan man to a laughing contest and how, as the eventual result of this, the name of that town was changed to Bailegangaire, which means "the place without laughter".

Where Beckett's Winnie clings to speech as a way of staving off boredom and terror, Mommo's elaborate outpourings are a strategy of postponement and evasion. She never reaches the tragic end of the saga because she can't face it. Her long-winded tale and its inconclusiveness would drive a saint to distraction and, even at first hearing, run the risk of having much the same effect on the audience. Imagine, then, the

trayed nerves of Mommo's middle-aged granddaughter, Mary (Brid Brennan) who, in a situation remarkably like that in Martin McDonagh's later *Beauty Queen of Leenane*, is the lonely spinster carer of a tyrannically demanding hag. With the added insult, here, that she takes Mary for an interfering servant whose puzzling presence she resents and only deigns to recognise her less dutiful, sexually more adventurous married granddaughter, Dolly (Ruth McCabe).

While the old lady rabbits on, wrapped up in the past, the two younger women try to come to terms with their lives in the present. Mommo's story seems to take you back to a medieval pagan world (the contest turns into a kind of communal defiance of the gods as the peasant people shout out all the worst misfortunes they have endured and laugh uproariously: "Nothin' was sacred and nothing a secret. [Including] the unbaptised an' stillborn in shoe-boxes planted." Her granddaughters' experience puts us in touch with a mid-eighties Ireland where, down the road from Mommo's traditional thatched cottage, there is a Japanese electronics plant which is none the less due to close, doubtly symbolising the locals' lack of control over their destiny.

Mary's convinced that the past holds the clue to the

healing of the present and if Mommo can be steered into carrying her story through to the end, then a fresh start will be possible. But the catharsis of the close struck me as unearned and unconvincing and the intimations of renewal and rebirth out of all proportion to what had been finally exorcised. Before this dramatically under-justified moment, the control of mood and the acting in James Macdonald's production are superb. Brid Brennan's grave, sensitive, Mary shows you an intelligent woman near to the end of her tether and she and Ruth McCabe's blowsy, humorous, eldritch pregnant Dolly skilfully signal the edgy intimacy of these sisters as they get at each other by individually prompting their grandmother in to fresh cascades of narration.

Ms Linehan's performance is a *tour de force*, though not one that will be necessarily all that intelligible at first to English ears. Luxuriating in the preposterously literary diction of the tale and hawking up the various types of laugh from her prodigious vocal plumbing, she lets you hear a woman whose rapt, ravingly grandiloquent manner is a shelter from the meaning. To 17 May. Booking: 0171-565 5000

Paul Taylor

## Soul confirming

MUSIC Miracles Royal Albert Hall, London

The opening section of the concert allowed groups from the boroughs involved to show off the work they'd produced. We had militaristic calisthenics and formation dancing, we had rappers and a little white rock, we even had highlights from *Bugsy Malone*, in costume. And everyone performed as if this were their only stab at fame. If it was more end-of-term talent contest than anything, what was surprising was that, despite claims of diversity, the results were so homogenised. I don't know the demographics of the boroughs involved but, on this

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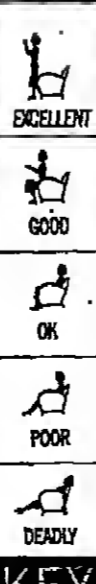
Nick Kimberley

### David Benedict WEEK IN REVIEW

overview

critical view

our view on view



#### THE DANCE

Hotel

A double-bill set in a hotel, libretto by Caryl Churchill, music by Orlando Gough and choreography by Ian Spink for dance-theatre company Second Stride. "Eight Rooms" superimposes separate couples over one night with 13 singers, piano and bass; "Two Nights" is a dance-led tale of mortality for two dancers and chorus.

Paul Taylor praised "Eight Rooms", "a densely-layered modern opera", but was slightly less sure of "Two Nights" although he pointed to its "strange, suggestive power". "The musical-verbal effect is much like one of Sondheim's more glibly cynical essays in people-watching. But repetition – always a key Second Stride device – starts to become more deeply lyrical and expressive," admired the FT. "As their voices mingle and soar, the triviality of their individual moments combine to become something tender and humane... [Two Rooms] neither specific nor compelling enough," asserted The Guardian. "Eight Rooms" is more imaginative in its form than its content... cool, casual jazz, rising to a crescendo when sex is on the agenda... "Two Nights" is more elusive, poetic, striking and substantial," nodded The Times.

At The Place, London WC1 (0171-387 0031) tonight; Manchester Dancehouse (0161-237 9753) 2-3 May.

Second Stride more than live up to the overworked term "innovative" with Spink's surreal choreography of Gough's jazz-inflected setting of Churchill's sorkingly allusive libretto.

#### THE FILM

Vertigo

A newly restored 70mm print of Hitchcock's 1958 film which was poorly received on its initial release due to the extraordinary device of revealing the plot to the audience halfway through. Vertigo sufferer and former policeman James Stewart becomes obsessed with the woman he's tailing, Kim Novak.

Adam Mars-Jones hailed an "astonishingly influential film, and its themes of repetition and compulsive romanticism, its lush bleakness or bleak lushness". "One of the most extraordinary and nerve-jangling scores ever written... Explores the dark side of men, the cruelty and manipulation that can lie behind the most loving male-female relationships," said the Mail. "No actor in the history of film has better conveyed the moral being... One of the handful of finest movies ever made," gloried The Telegraph. "A film about illusion and delusion, stamped with Stewart's perplexed eyes and the trance-like stare of Novak, ice-cold but teasing, haunted and haunting," revelled The Times. "A dream-like quality to the film that Hitchcock never matched," marvelled The Guardian. "The greatest American love story of the last 50 years," announced The Standard.

128 mins, PG, at the Lumière, London WC2 (0171-836 0691)

A magnificent restoration of a masterpiece, a truly fascinating film about fear, control, guilt, transference, necrophilia... all the things you miss in contemporary thrillers.

#### THE PLAY

Caucasian Chalk Circle

Simon McBurney directs and plays the dodgy judge in one of Brecht's most famous plays with members of Theatre de Complicite and an international cast in the new Olivier-in-the-round at the National Theatre. Juliet Stevenson plays Grusha who saves a child and is forced to pay the consequences. Music by Gerard McBurney.

Paul Taylor enjoyed Complicite again creating "theatrical magic with the simplest of means... Juliet Stevenson's staunch, moving Grusha... Let's hope that in-the-round seasons become a permanent part of Richard Eyre's legacy." "I was transported... has the magic of folk legend," applauded The Times. "A piece of epic storytelling... it asks fundamental questions... With this superbly democratic production, Complicite have staked their own claim to the transformed Olivier stage," saluted The Guardian. "McBurney's staging dissipates theatrical tension... This major play has been diminished," growled the Standard. "Horrid coarseness... the acting is almost all appalling," thundered the FT. "Boring, old Brecht... it's absolute bliss when it stops," snorted The Telegraph.

In rep at the RNT, London SE1 (0171-928 2252) until 18 June.

At 3 1/2 hours it's a long evening but after the leaden prologue, a progressively rewarding one. The simplicity and directness of the storytelling and the beautiful choral singing is engrossing.

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مكتبة من الأدب

A black and white reproduction of Pablo Picasso's 'Guernica'. The painting is a complex, cubist composition depicting the horrors of the bombing of Guernica during the Spanish Civil War. It features a central figure, a woman in a white dress, surrounded by other figures in various states of distress and suffering. The background is filled with abstract, angular shapes and patterns, creating a sense of chaos and destruction. The overall tone is somber and powerful, reflecting the artist's profound impact on the world of art.

**F**rom the length of one of Bilbao's sober rectilinear boulevards you can glimpse the Guggenheim modern art museum, its vigorous metallic swoops and twists glinting and shuddering skywards in the pale northern light. The contrast, at first sight incongruous, could not be more fitting.

The American architect Frank Gehry's futuristic fantasy, plunked in the old warehouse area of Spain's principal industrial port, has already, even before its inauguration on 3 October, won the city's heart. Dour Basque citizens, who have little of the breezy gaiety of their southern compatriots, nod and smile approvingly at this fabulous building rampages over a vast stretch of riverside that they have spurned for decades.

Bilbao was a roaring city whose manufacturing heart – ironworks, refining, shipbuilding – was laid waste by recession and changing times. Even today, the spring air is spiked with a salty, sulphurous tang of old chemistry lah. Gehry wanted his building to honour the city's tough industrial past with shapes of chimneys and ships, of curved gleaming hulls reflected in the steely estuary waters:

The 14th peseta (£70m) venture is the fruit of a deal between Bilbao's Solomon Guggenheim Foundation and the Basque regional government, together with the provincial government of Vizcaya. The Basque taxpayer financed the building and Guggenheim will supply the lion's share – 80 per cent – of the exhibits. They will be drawn, in rotating selection, from its museums in New York and Venice, home to the finest private collection of 20th-century art.

No place like home: Picasso's 'Guernica', 1937, top; the Guggenheim museum in Bilbao, under construction, vying to show the painting in its native land for the first time, above

The Basque government adopted the project to help shake the city out of its doldrums and push it towards the next century. The same impulse produced Bilbao's stylish new metro system, Sir Norman Foster's cheerful and user-friendly homage to the beauty of concrete and steel.

Guernica's director, Thomas Krens, promises Bilbao will be his foundation's flagship in Europe, a glittering star in a "constellation" of establishments from New York to Seoul. It has been controversial from the start, not just for the potentially tempestuous partnership of private American aid and public Basque funds.

But the building is an undisputed triumph – despite a worrying moment when the titanium plates that clothe the undulating walls started to discolour. Now it is the eventual context that causes rumbles of disquiet within Spain's picky art establishment:

The hottest dispute is whether the museum can borrow *Guernica*, Picasso's masterpiece on the horrors of war, from Madrid's Reina Sofia

Museum, for its inaugural exhibition. The painting was inspired by the Nazis' aerial bombardment 60 years ago today of the Basques' spiritual capital just down the coast. It has never been exhibited in Basque country.

The Reina Sofia's *Guernica*, battered by decades of toing and froing before it came to Spain in 1981, is now too fragile to move. The museum recently depised a request from Japan to borrow the painting for a commemoration of the bombing of Hiroshima, and refused an application from France to include it in a Picasso retrospective – despite a personal petition from President Mitterrand to King Juan Carlos. Given the sensitivity of Bilbao's request, the Reina Sofia has now commissioned a report on the state of the canvas, and will announce its final decision next month.

“The 60th anniversary of the destruction of Guernica offers an unrepeatable historic opportunity for Basque people to see this work, the most important painting in 20th-century art, in their own homeland for the first time,” Juan Ignacio Vidarte,

managing director of the Guggenheim Museum Bilbao, said this week. "This transcends technical considerations. To say it is so fragile is to insult our intelligence. We have made plans to transport it in its frame in a special protective vehicle. It's not a problem of cost. We've said we'll pay."

The tug-of-war has become a battle of political will, probably to be resolved by a quiet word in the ear of the Prime Minister, Jose Maria Aznar, should he judge it prudent to bow to pressures from the region's ruling Basque Nationalist Party, who are also partners in his government in Madrid.

The importance of the painting goes beyond the artistic. Locals tell you that hanging a copy of *Guernica* on their sitting room wall during 40 years of Franco's rule amounted to an act of defiance.

Some whisper that sending *Guernica* away for up to two years would strip the Reina Sofia of the jewel in its otherwise undistinguished crown: hence its foot-dragging. Braced for possible dis-

Barandano is more worried about new acquisitions, for which the Basques are contributing £30m over four years, set to form 20 per cent of the museum's collection. The first 23, bought in February, include works by De Kooning, Anselm Kiefer, Rothko and a number of young Basques. Vidarte says these works complement existing Guggenheim holdings.

Barandano regrets that the museum announced the purchases without showing them. "Rothko is one of the great painters of this century," he said

this week in Bilbao. "But I'm more interested in the quality of the work than the resonance of the name. Rothkos vary greatly in price and quality: some are very damaged and discoloured. We don't want to end up like this," he adds.

He is questioning the wisdom of acquiring works by Basque artists whose paintings are widely exhibited throughout the region. "They could have bought works of less well-known people. Especially as the Guggenheim has made no commitment to exhibit these works in New York, which would have been a generous gesture of international cultural exchange."

If Bilbao's museum is splendid from the outside, it is even more spectacular inside, prompting the thought that the vast curving galleries could outdate the works exhibited within them. Barandano says not: "A big work by Mondrian is not going to be frightened by grand surroundings."

The only doubt is whether the world's art-lovers will make the detour to Bilbao to see this new marvel.

With these words, spoken at the installation of *Guernica* at the Paris World's Fair in July 1937, Pablo Picasso made public his support for the Republican cause and confirmed the political tenor of a painting that has become an icon of 20th-century art. Yet, its title apart, there is no obvious connection between Picasso's *Guernica* and the Nazi bombardment of the ancient Basque capital 60 years ago today. It was the photo-journalists who recorded the horrors of that day; the twisted bodies of mothers and children strafed by the Luftwaffe were captured on film where they fell.

So what precisely does *Guernica* portray? The clues to its meaning are at best enigmatic: there is a speared horse in its death throes, an impassive bull, a howling woman cradling her dead child. A fallen soldier, sword in hand, lies, mouth agape, beneath the horse. Another anguished woman holds out a lamp, while an astonished female witness gazes on the mayhem. Behind these women, and unseen by them, a plummeting figure bursts into flames.

The meaning of *Guernica* has intrigued art historians for decades, all the more so given Picasso's notorious reticence about his work. Most interpreters regard *Guernica* as an anti-war protest expressed in open, universal terms. Spanish historians, for their part, maintain that *Guernica* has a concrete, if elusive, symbolism related to the Civil War, a view lent credence by Picasso's comments on joining the French Communist Party in October 1944, when he referred to *Guernica*'s "deliberate sense of propaganda" and remarked that "the bull represents

From myth to mural: the Romans break down the walls of Numancia, only to find all its inhabitants dead.

**'Guernica', No 6 (2 May 1937), showing a helmeted warrior** (see JACOBSON PICAISO / DACS 1997)

brutality, the horse the people".

I would like to propose a new reading of *Guernica* that brings to light the lost allegory behind the painting: the Siege of Numancia. This famous Spanish legend recounts how the people of Numancia, the sacred town of the Iberian Celts, committed mass suicide rather than surrender to the Roman general Scipio Aemilianus in 133 BC.

The example of Numancia stirred Spanish pride during the reign of Philip II and again during the Napoleonic invasion in 1809. The Republicans appropriated the legend as their own during the Civil War and, with Franco's Nationalist forces inexorably gaining ground, eventually saw the fate of Numancia as an analogy to their own hopeless situation. Republicans even began calling themselves "Numantines".

In *Guernica* – created for display at the 1937 Paris World's Fair, in a pavilion funded by the

Republican government as part of a desperate propaganda effort – Picaiss enlarges on the legend, weaving into the story his own esoteric symbolism.

Picaiss first accepted the commission in January 1937, six months into the war. The weeks that followed were a grim, uncertain time for him, and inspiration was slow in coming. In a poetic journal, he recorded the anguish he experienced as he searched in vain for a suitable subject for the mural, while the anxious organisers met him every night at the Café de Flore in the hope of some progress.

What finally galvanised Picaiss into action was news of the bombing of Guernica on 26 April. True to himself and to the ideologically-riven mood of the 1930s, he painted a work that reflected the moral ambiguity of the time, as well as contemporary political and philosophical issues and their bearing on representation and the artist. He

chose to work by way of allusion, because the truths he wanted to convey would have been unpalatable to many hard-line Republicans. What he alluded to, but dared not overtly express, was the inevitable victory of fascism and the overthrow of Republican values, not only in Spain but across all of Europe.

By the spring of 1937 democracy was widely believed to have failed, the French Popular Front had fallen apart, and there seemed to be no way forward for society. The bombing of Guernica on 26 April finally extinguished all hope of a positive outcome for the Republican movement and exiled to Mexico or the Soviet Union was anxiously negotiated by government leaders.

Four days before the bombing, there had opened in Paris a French version of Cervantes's 1580 play, *The Siege of Numancia*. Picaiss knew those involved with the production

including the director Jean-Louis Barrault, future star of *Les Enfants du Paradis* — and, whether or not he attended a performance, it seems more than coincidental that the programme for the play contained a reference to the Iberian town as a symbol of “the persistence of the spirit of freedom in a given place”. If, when *La Numancia* opened on 22 April, Numancia could be seen as a beacon of hope for the Republican struggle, by 28 April, when the oews of the destruction of Guernica broke on the front page of *L'Humanité*, it had turned into a symbol of the Republicans' heroic defeat.

In *Guernica*, on a canvas resembling a theatrical backdrop, Picasso alludes to the most dramatic moments in Cervantes' play, the scenes depicting the mass suicide of the Numantines. As they prepare to die, the defiant townspeople set their town alight, determined to deprive

General Scipio of trophies made at his triumph in 146 B.C. Meanwhile, despite their resolve, the women and children who are to die first, hands of their own soldiers come hysterical when the awful moment arrives, and some of the mothers try to escape their children in their arms.

In Picasso's mural, a town goes up in flames — leaps from a tower to the right-hand side; on the extreme left of the picture, a mother and child as its victims, killed, not by fire but by swords (an early sketch emphasises a sword promised from the child's gaping wound). While, to the extreme right, Picasso makes reference to the final scene of Cervantes' play, which a boy named Baria keeps the keys to the town and the last of its citizens plunges to his death from a flaming rooftop (only the portrait of this figure as fe

# Mille bombes incendiaires

lancées par les avions  
de Hitler et de Mussolini



réduisent en cendres

Note, too, that in one of the earliest sketches, dated 1 May 1937, the trampled swordsman of the finished picture wears an ancient, Roman-style helmet.

Picasso reinforces the idea of sacrifice through the centrality of the speared horse, part of a related allegory often referred to in his writings and etchings of the mid-1930s. In these works, a bull and a disembowelled horse signal the end both of classical representation and of humanism. The young female lamp-bearer, who resembles Picasso's lover Marie-Thérèse Walter, holds the torch of truth and classical values over a dark world. The erotically tinged symbolism of Picasso's personal sexual and creative allegorisation here caused dismay among certain Republican officials, some of whom attempted to have the mural replaced by a more suitable work, with a more positive tone.

After the dissolution of the

anti-fascist movement early in 1937, Picasso, like some of his avant-garde associates, followed a radical political and aesthetic agenda. A mythicised, primitive form of utopian community was projected: not a society of individuals, but a kind of leaderless socialist community in which all were equal. For Picasso, Nuncmania was the epitome of just such a community – a community in which the people are united through sacrifice – and it is this notion that he tried to symbolise in his *Guernica*.

Picasso's ambiguous and controversial response to the bombing of the Basque capital proved a disappointment to those Republicans who had looked to the artist for a clear directive. But he had clearly struggled over his commission, producing 45 sketches over a five-week period, and transforming the work through seven states. Photographs documenting the work's progress show that he had originally conceived a more leftist, Republican mural, before changing the central image of a raised fist clutching a sheaf of wheat and reaching up to the sun (the raised fist being, of course, the Republican salute) into the more baffling symbol of an electric arc lamp similar to the one in his own studio – a detail that shifts the picture's emphasis away from the political towards the private and esoteric. And, while the photo-journalists captured the victims of the bombing in black-and-white clarity, Picasso employed a more problematic grisaille.

So, despite his public proclamations and the picture's enduring fame as a symbol of anti-war protest, *Guernica* ultimately inhabits a greyer area – as a statement not simply about the impossibility of representing a human tragedy like the Nazi bombing of Guernica, but about the impossibility of representation itself.

## The odd man at the zoo

What if chimps, rather than humans, had evolved into lords of creation? Patrick Gale savours a beastly satire

Great Apes by Will Self  
Bloomsbury, £14.99

Rather than grant the press the usual proof copies, Bloomsbury has produced just 30 "bound manuscript" versions of Will Self's latest book, numbered and illegibly signed. This could be a piece of overweening vanity from so risky style-conscious a novelist. After 50 or so pages, however, it emerges as a small piece of postmodern wit to prop up a weighty satire, one of whose targets is the contemporary art scene.

Challenging, Tate-hung painter Simon Dykes wakes from a drug-fuelled night on the tiles to find his world is not what it was. His inamorata has become a shrieking, violent chimpanzee, her smelly retriever a miniature pony. As he is carted off to heavy sedation and a secure room in Charing Cross Hospital, we gather that this is no narcotic hangover but a complete rewrite of evolution. Of the great

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apes, chimps, not humans, have proved the success story. Horses have been bred ever smaller to produce pets which usefully fertilise the garden, and dogs scaled up into beasts of burden and sporting transport.

These details aside, history has progressed exactly as we know it. Saatchi, Rwanda and all. Cars have far more gears and are steered with feet as well as hands. Buildings are slightly smaller and studded with hand-holds. Households are run as hierarchical, incestuous tribes in which a female in *oestrus*, however young, can expect to be mated by father, brothers and any strangers who catch her fancy.

Dykes comes into the care of Zach Busner, an Oliver Sacks figure who, spotting a career opportunity but truly fascinated, leads Simon out of hospital and into the shaggy bosom of his own Hampstead household. Simon comes to understand that his feeling that he is human is a delusion caused by brain damage. He grows to accept that he is a chimp and to flourish in chimp society. Doctor and patient

become friends and embark on a spiritual and intellectual quest that leads them to the dark heart of anthropology.

Exploiting an ape's near-human qualities for satire is nothing new. *Man, Mon Amour* and *His Monkey Wife* spring to mind, as does Peacock's *Melincourt*, where an orang-utan is educated, taught the flute, found a baronetcy and a seat in Parliament. Self renders an entire chimpanzee civilisation, however, and with far more glee and invention than was mustered by the only other attempt, the humourless *Planet of the Apes* films.

There is always a danger, of course, of *Great Apes* becoming a one-joke exercise. Certain gags – like the ritual kissing of rear ends and cradling of testicles – are flogged to death. Self is a word-relisher and has clearly enjoyed setting his word-processor program to hunt down and convert any word smacking of human rather than chimp culture.

Humanity becomes chimpunity, inhuman, inchimp. We glimpse a TV encounter between Anton Mosichimp and Lloyd Grosschimp. Chat shows become gesture shows, to doorstep becomes to doorknuckle, and silence, the etymologically dubious signle

Self's satirical premise works most vigorously on a sexual and scatological level. Child abuse is redefined as neglecting to mount one's pubescent daughters on a regular basis, monogamy is a worrying sign of social immaturity, and Oxford dons relish decanters of lovingly matured shit. Here, his looking-glass world causes the reader to reappraise the real one. The chimp ritual whereby an inferior animal must kowtow to a senior and where insolence is punished with a burst of violence followed by a loving grooming session is portrayed so as to emphasise the parallels with the stress and sycophancy of our own "pecking order".

In time the image of a chimpanised London, in which humans are an endangered species laughed at in zoos, becomes too familiar to be merely funny. Self leads one to look beyond the surface grotesquerie to assess the chimp ways – of raising children, of cherishing hierarchy, of cultivat-

ing an extended family group – and to consider whether they offer any improvement on the human equivalents. There is a Swiftian energy to Self's scatological but Swift would surely not have chickened out, as Self does, from an appearance by the chimpanzee House of Windsor. And Swift's Gulliver is an observer whose emotional life is not an issue; Self's hero has a messy emotional life which his novel fails satisfactorily to resolve.

Like *Brave New World*, another satire in which a primitive is educated in the new ways of a society which

This novel succeeds on many levels; and one of the reasons is the plot, which grips like the excellent mystery it is. But, unlike genre fiction, where circumstantial plot is all and characterisation an optional extra, character is at the very centre of *The Way I Found Her*. It is character and its consequences, rather than circumstance, which fuels its action.

The strange events the book recounts are seen through the eyes of Lewis, and its success depends upon Rose Tremain's convincing us that here is a real, living, breathing 13-year-old boy – no easy feat, especially if you're a woman and teenage is some way behind you. She takes even more risks by using Alain-Fournier's classic *Le Grand Meaulais*, also narrated by an adolescent boy (and written by a young man) as a continuous motif. That *The Way I Found Her* survives even this hubristic comparison is an indication of her achievement.

Nevertheless, I was not immediately convinced. "I think," says Lewis, "I'll start with the moment when I noticed my mother had become a beautiful woman." Do 13-year-old boys, immersed in the solipsism of adolescence, notice this kind of thing about parents? But Alice's beauty is essential to the plot, so Lewis has to notice it; and one of the book's themes is his awakening from childhood into the adult reality of sensual love, in which people do notice such things.

The complication of adolescence, of course, is that you are not yet adult though you may sometimes seem so. Children experience the world differently to adults. This – the different ways in which the same events may be viewed – is the pivot upon which the book turns. Lewis, intent on his own voyage of discovery and following his inexorable boy's logic, thinks he alone can explain

## Little and large

Ruth Brandon acclaims a child's-eye view of adult tragedy

The Way I Found Her by Rose Tremain  
Sindclair-Stevenson, £15.99

For story-gobblers like me, the recent return of plot to the British literary novel is a welcome development. It's all very well trying to do the Turgenev, Joyce or Nabokov thing if you're Turgenev, Joyce or Nabokov, but most are not. In the absence of towering genius, plot can help a lot.

Rose Tremain's latest novel, *The Way I Found Her*, has an excellent plot. It is (at least on one level) a mystery story. Thirteen-year-old Lewis Little goes to Paris with his mother, Alice. They are to stay with the popular novelist Valentina Gavrilovich, whose works Alice translates, in Valentina's opulent establishment near the Parc Monceau. Valentina disappears; Lewis, who has fallen in love with her, determines to find her, and succeeds. Lewis's father, Hugh, does not accompany them. He proposes to build Alice a summer-house while they are away. Lewis refers to this as his "toilet"; it starkly contrasts the humdrum Devon of marriage and family life with exotic Paris. The stay in Paris fatally changes all the premises upon which the summer-house was founded.

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Lewis, intent on his  
own voyage of discovery  
and following his  
inexorable boy's logic,  
thinks he alone can explain  
Valentina's disappearance.  
He uses his own passions  
– for chess, computers,  
the books he is reading,  
and above all for  
Valentina herself – to  
guide him

Valentina's disappearance. He uses his own passions – for chess, computers, the books he is reading, and above all for Valentina herself – to guide him. But the adults are following a different logic, a different trail. They see what he sees, but draw different conclusions. Tremain shows us how both logics, both conclusions, are valid. They are not, however, compatible; and it is this incompatibility which will lead, eventually, to tragedy.

Tremain has managed to avoid the false naivety and awful archness that are one of the great dangers of writing as a child. Her evocation of Paris and Valentina through Lewis's eyes is wonderful, his changing relationship with Alice wholly convincing, the fantasy-life he builds around Valentina delicately and erotically done. Lewis himself becomes more engaging as we know him better. He is unnaturally bright and self-possessed – his command of French is, to say the least, unusual in a hitherto monoglot 13-year-old – but the reader becomes immersed in the inexorable adolescent logic of his world. He is a formidable creation.

*The Way I Found Her* begins joyously; but the end is tragic, inescapably black as only adolescence can be. It's oddly affecting. Will Lewis ever recover from his awful loss? There's no way of knowing. But we really care.

## Human, all too human

Louise Doughty yearns for a little less naked truth

Ten Men by Elisa Segrave, Faber, £10.99

Creative writing tutors spend much time explaining that a fictional work must have a form – autobiographical reportage is not enough. Elisa Segrave's *Ten Men* is a frank and funny account of her battle with breast cancer. Her less recent reminiscences are now published as fiction. *Ten Men* is amusing, quirky and well written in places, but emphatically not a novel. Nor do the subdivided sections have the internal coherence of short stories.

Her material, a series of anecdotes, has been cleverly herded into chapters entitled variously "My Father" or "Martin" or "David Again". But the protagonist is always the female narrator, a young woman with a wry sense of observation but a curious inability to look at herself. The narrator's father emerges as a vivid eccentric; a former naval attaché happy to explain the facts of life to his young daughter over breakfast, much to the chagrin of the alcoholic Catholic cook. The physical aspects of life are never far away. "Another detail about his dead mother which seemed to preoccupy my father was that she had one sponge for her bottom and one for the rest of her body. Why did he find this so irritating and why did he mention it so often?" This works well, but the childlike tone continues. Initially cute and engaging, it starts to irritate when the narrator is a grown woman.

Some chapters work better than others. In "Martin", the narrator demonstrates her surprising capacity to fall in love with unlikely objects. Martin has "a pink face and floppy brown hair ... he was overweight and perspired". She travels around America on Greyhound buses with him and falls hook, line and sinker. Segrave makes this entirely plausible. Like many of the men, Martin is not so much described as glimpsed. A full picture never emerges, but he seems as real and unknowable as a man you might pass in a supermarket.

The self-deprecation implied in these unlikely but convincing affairs is undermined by the narrator's odd avoidance of self-analysis. We discover that her wealthy grandmother has bought her a house in Hackney and asked to sympathise with what a pain it is looking after your own house when you are only 21. Most of the men are irritated by the fact that the narrator doesn't need to work and can afford to swan off to Paris at the drop of a hat. It is an irritation the reader shares. The implication is that it is all leading up to a catharsis, but even the father's death does not prove a turning point.

If this were a memoir, it might be acceptable that it doesn't lead anywhere. When it is packaged as fiction, one is left with a feeling of: So what? Segrave can certainly write, but a series of vignettes, however entertaining, do not a novel make.

## Infoporridge and boffin waffle

Independent choice: techno-thrillers by Mat Coward

Techno-thrillers used to be about big men struggling with big technologies: vast, dangerous machines, like space rockets and nuclear power stations. Today, all we're left with is software. The dangers are mostly digital and the men don't need to be big, since all they do for 500 pages is sit in front of a blinking cursor, drinking coffee. Computers employ a technology most of us use, but don't understand. That presents computerthrillers with a generic problem. Floppies, hard drives, modems: these things aren't just humdrum, but ho-hum-drum.

There are two principal ways of writing novels full of such specialist jargon. One is to explain everything, and thus risk boring the reader; the other is not to explain everything – and thus risk boring the reader. Business journalist Matthew Lynn, in his debut *Insecurity* (Heinemann, £10), has decided to do both. So we get long passages of infoporridge and boffin waffle, half-heartedly disguised as dialogue, at the end of which uneducated home keyboarders like me still have no idea what anybody's talking about.

Jack is Special Assistant to the chairman of Kizog. With a name like that, it has to be (and indeed is) a corrupt pharmaceutical giant. Jack's co-hero, Tara, is beautiful, oriental and a researcher into human viruses. When they discover Kizog's evil-doing, they run away and hole up in a hotel with a few grand's worth of backing equipment purchased on Tottenham Court Road. They emerge with their hacked proof (the regular Maltese Falcon of computerthrillers) for a final race-against-time scene, set mostly in a committee room at the Bank of England.

Lynn's publishers believe this book "brings the tension and tradition of John Buchan hurtling into the Nineties". While the set-up is tedious, its unravelling is quite exciting in an off-the-peg sort of way. John McLaren's *Press Send* (Simon & Schuster, £10.99) is also a lively enough caper. A "systems inventor" dying of cancer uses his last months to perfect a break-

through in artificial intelligence. By downloading himself into his creation, he effects a posthumous electronic revenge on everyone who ever thumped him or ripped him off. Unfortunately, the first half consists of a hilly satire on the values of 1990s San Francisco, set in the wacky world of venture capitalism.

Told almost entirely in unattributed dialogue, *Press Send* – which has already made its British author a dollar millionaire – contains a few very good jokes and some ancient SF ideas. An ever-present risk of cross-genre writing is that what seems ground-breaking new to one school will, to another, reek of Bakelite. McLaren's press release claims that "in a computer world, nothing is impossible". Well, there's your problem. If nothing's impossible, then there's nothing left to write about. Meanwhile, McLaren and Lynn both suffer from the undeniable fact that if there is one thing more boring than computers, it is business. Only the solipsists who named a minor City reform "Big Bang" could possibly think otherwise.

Computers can occasionally be interesting, but they can never be exciting. Duane Franklet, computer trouble-shooter and author of *Bad Memory* (Gollancz, £16.99), seems to acknowledge this with his office-bound settings, low-key characters and convincingly toneless dialogue. True, there are a few murders in this very readable story of a Fortune 500 computer company held to ransom by a brilliant saboteur, but one gets the feeling that they are there largely for appearances sake. Franklet's real themes are office politics and commerce's dangerous dependence on information technology. He does hint at something more apocalyptic, but pretty much forgets it. Just as well, since his deadpan "Dilbert in Peril" approach is his book's greatest strength.

Greg Iles's *Mortal Fear* (Hodder & Stoughton, £17.99) is by a long way the best written and most satisfying of these books. It's also a phoney. It pretends to be a computerthriller, about a serial killer



Pick of the week  
*Mortal Fear* by Greg Iles

who picks his female victims from among the subscribers to Eros, an on-line erotica forum. But actually it's a Southern morality tale of guilt and redemption, a form as thoroughly traditional and long-debugged as an abacus.

Iles, writing mostly in the present tense, uses the self-consciously literary, Greek-tragedy style often found in Deep South crime fiction. Here, acts of innocent foolishness or human weakness have terrible, disproportionate consequences. Family secrets rot and stink; sins are punished by an irrational, Old Testament version of Fate. Real Mississippi men, even those who ride mice instead of pick-ups, must eviscerate their inner demons before they can hope to win an Oz (face-to-face) confrontation with sex, marriage, or psycho-killers. To do the right thing is to live; to live with cowardice is to die. Morality may be relative, but reality is never virtual.

*Mortal Fear* is a fine piece of writing and a tremendous thriller. In it, technology knows its place – as fiction's servant, never its master.

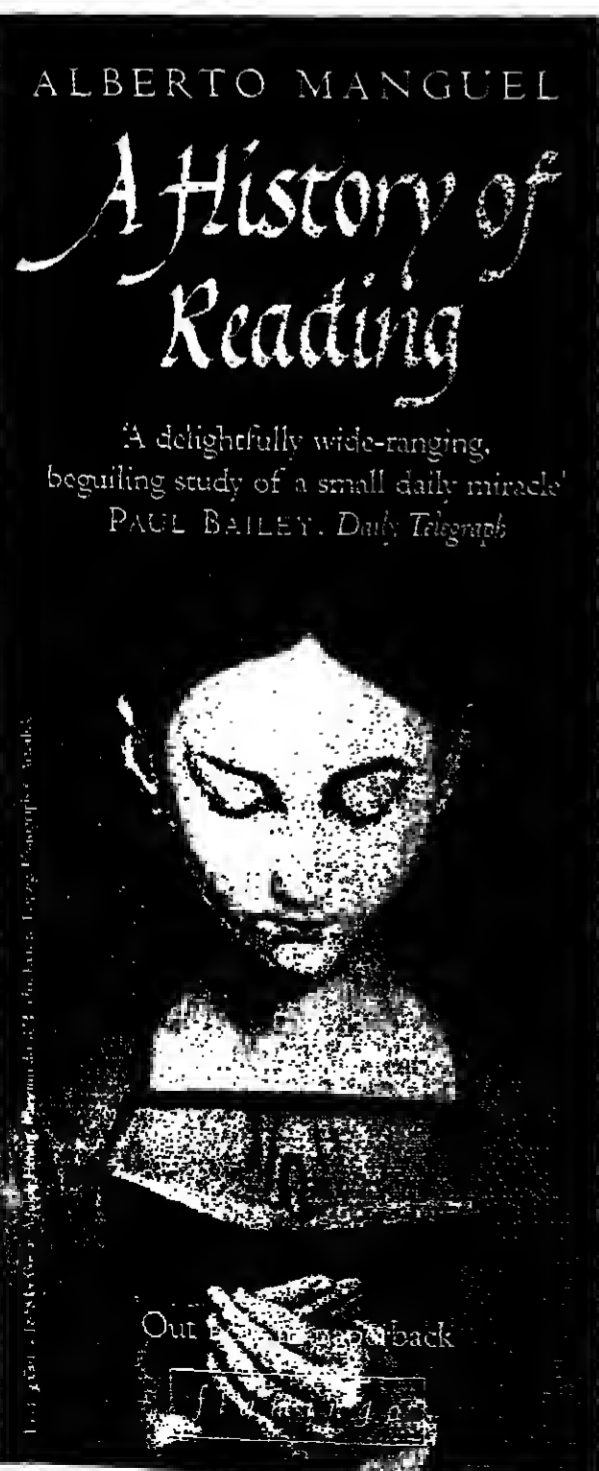


Boyd Tonkin

A week in books

Commonwealth or scheming Curia – turns more brightly. "Commonwealth literature", of course, means precious little in itself. To academics, it's just a quaint fur-trimmed euphemism for the post-colonial writing that began to flourish as the Union Flag came down. To publishers, it's no more than the English-language market shorn of the States. Yet the richness of the thing makes up for the vagueness of the term. Recent winners of the main award have included Vikram Seth, David Malouf, Louis de Bernières and Rohinton Mistry. That's arguably a stronger record than the Booker itself. (And the victors get an audience with the Queen rather than a going-over by *Late Review*.) On Tuesday, expect a close contest between *Salt* by Earl Lovelace from Trinidad (winner of the "Caribbean and Canada" heat) and the ubiquitous Beryl Bainbridge, who hails for Liverpool and the scary-sounding "Eurasia" with *Every Man for Himself*.

Alastair Niven and Michael Schmidt point out in their tasty new selection of Commonwealth writing, *Enigmas and Arrivals* (Corgi, £9.95), that much of the best work under their broad rubric tells "a story of migration and re-settlement". As it happens, that story fits much of the planet's population. There are even rumours it might apply to many drivers of mid-range family saloons in marginal seats. But (by Jingo) don't tell that to the spin-doctors.



ALBERTO MANGUEL

A History of Reading

A delightfully wide-ranging, beguiling study of a small daily miracle

PAUL BAILEY, *Daily Telegraph*



Out of the back

كتاب من الأصول



# Ancestral piles

Piers Brendon meets the hard-up nobility who sought salvation in the tourist trade

The Fall and Rise of the Stately Home by Peter Mandler, Yale University Press, £19.95

In 1871 a fire damaged Warwick Castle, ruining many private apartments. The castle had long been popular with visitors, who apparently paid one housekeeper £30,000 in tips. So a restoration appeal was launched, without reference to the 4th Earl of Warwick in order to protect his "sensitive honour". Radicals attacked the fund but supporters argued it would restore part of the national heritage. Ruskin himself, though a champion of castles, found the subscription disgusting at a time of widespread despoliation: "If a noble family cannot rebuild their own castle, in God's name let them live in the nearest ditch till they can."

Nevertheless, £9,000 was raised, the castle was repaired and visitors were soon guided round "the all that was destroyed by fire; harnessed ravens ...". A few years later, the Earl imposed a charge of a shilling for entry, anticipating later stately home entrepreneurs. So, like Windsor Castle, Warwick was private property while it was standing but belonged to the nation when it burned down. Its true status was unequivocally demonstrated in 1978 when the eighth Earl sold it to Madame Tussaud's.

This vignette illustrates many of the themes explored in Peter Mandler's splendid scholarly survey of the fortunes of the stately homes of England over the past 200 years. The book explodes the pervasive myth that country houses are unchanging Arcadian monuments, cherished by owners and venerated by a populace who regard them as the quintessence of Englishness. Mandler argues that even critics of the present country house cult, who see it as an expression of snobbish nostalgia, misread the past. They magnify the aristocratic contribution to national heritage while neglecting the

influence of popular culture.

Thus the Victorian vogue for country-house visiting, which peaked in 1870, was financed by higher wages, facilitated by more leisure time, fuelled by steam and fostered by travel agents like Thomas Cook (who wanted to keep people out of pubs). It was also inspired by the quest for a cultural inheritance which had more to do with romantics like Walter Scott than with prosaic aristocrats. They themselves tolerated the intrusion to assuage class antagonisms.

Struck by the agrarian depression in the late 19th century, many owners charged for entry, sold or closed their houses. Chatsworth and Knole restricted access. Waldorf Astor built a stone wall topped with broken glass around Cliveden, earning himself the nickname "Walled-Off Astor". As the peerage faced fiscal and political assaults which culminated in Lloyd George's People's Budget, its palatial mansions were more often deemed "fortresses of barbarism" (Matthew Arnold's phrase) than strongholds of civilisation. The proprietors looked upon them as white elephants. So after the First World War great estates were broken up and, after the Second, demolitions continued apace. Between the wars visits to stately homes reached their nadir. Only about two dozen were open, as opposed to 350 today.

The current boom did not really begin until the 1960s. Governments had earlier given tax relief, helped the National Trust and subsidised owners who opened their doors. But what chiefly revived stately homes was the arrival of a vast new public, motorised and conservation-minded. They flocked to enjoy houses that the Gowers Report called "England's greatest contribution to the visual arts", and valued homeliness as well as stateliness.

This summary does scant justice to Mandler's long, sophisticated but sometimes tiresomely abstract account. It is certainly open to crit-



Lord Montagu of ...

cism. While admirably tart about the taste of patricians, Mandler underestimates the quasi-magical way they have exercised over England's caste-ridden society. As late as 1939, Chips Channon could crow: "It is the aristoc-

racy which still runs this country although nobody seems to realise it." Nevertheless, this book is less a *tour d'horizon* than a *tour de force*. Moreover, it is handsomely illustrated but modestly priced – another triumph for Yale.

## Dance to the music of time

Geoff Dyer learns raving history

Altered State: the story of Ecstasy culture and Acid House by Matthew Collin with contributions from John Godfrey, Serpent's Tail, £10.99

Future social histories of our period will make much of the outcome of next week's election. Yet in the context of the sea change engendered by chemicals and music described here, that event seems like an incidental detail. The structure of feeling of Britain has been changed in ways that will be manifest long after the next government has come and gone. Fashion and music change quickly, but we can take solace in Ecstasy culture's "unprecedented longevity". The music has kept improving and, amazingly, the scene has kept growing. *Altered State* explains how.

The chief difficulty in writing about Ecstasy culture is the enormous gulf between those who have been part of it and those outside. From within, the tone tends towards the cringe-making sub-literary of the recent *Disco Biscuits* anthology. Back in the late 1970s, by contrast, some like Dick Hebdige puffed up his reputation by putting "youth culture" through a sub-Roland Barthes mince, the novelty depending on the palpable gap between what was being discussed and the style of its dissection. Since the hallmark of Ecstasy culture is that it is participatory, any attempt to process it in these terms would be laughable.

Matthew Collin's and John Godfrey's excellent book is dedicated to the friends "who lived it with us", but it is also a model of judicious evaluation and clarity. True to their subject, they emphasise that their version of events offers one of a number of possible remixes. It is hard to imagine that theirs will soon be bettered. Much of the story – from the rediscovery of MDMA (the active component of Ecstasy) in the 1960s, the Warehouse, Ibiza, raves and Leah Betts ("a symbol out of innocence defiled but of the chasm in understanding between generations") to super-clubs catering for "the chemical generation" – will be vaguely familiar. Yet events already

semi-mythical are synched in with obscure incidents, and the experiences of ravers, to create a narrative that is constantly informative and utterly compulsive. Since the initial acid-house cult has long since splintered into God knows how many subsects, this in itself is no mean achievement.

Even more impressive, though, is the way that the narrative is shaped. A few minutes after starting the prologue, you feel a rush of admiration for the way that the myriad inflections and ambiguities have been arrayed. "The recurring story within Ecstasy culture," it argues, "is of people coming into the scene, being inspired by the revelatory flash of the primal Ecstasy experience, then ... altering the direction of the scene itself by applying their own personal frame of reference to their experience."

The attractions of Ecstasy culture are obvious: "It is the best entertainment format on the market, a deployment of technologies – musical, chemical and computer – to deliver altered states of consciousness." At the same time, it "offers a forum to which people can bring narratives about class, race, sex, economics or morality." While the culture challenged the "vested interests that control the leisure industry", its dependence on an illegal drug meant that gangsters were soon fighting over the profits. "Thousands danced in blissed-out ignorance of the fact that 'their pleasures were facilitated by violence and terror'."

On the one hand, Ecstasy culture is subversive: "as drug use became normalised criminality was democratised". On the other, subversion has been commodified. Like all the best historians, what's more, the authors have that knack of making this analysis an inherent – rather than supplementary – quality of the narrative itself.

*Altered State* is not just timely; it was crying out to be written. Anyone who has played a small part in this still unfolding story will want to read this book because it explains what they have lived through: anyone who hasn't, should.

## What a load of merchant bankers

Many years ago, I lived just around the corner from Lord's Cricket Ground. One weekend, when my father was down from the north-east on business, we went to the Eton vs Harrow match. The weather was not good and neither was the cricket, but the admission price was more than justified when, fortified by the endless supply of drink in the parental hamper, a group of 50 or so floppy-haired youths set up a raucous chant of "Eton are wankers". "Well," my dad said gleefully, "that's not something you'd ever hear at Headingly."

During the course of *People Like Us*, his odyssey through the world of the upper classes, Charles Jennings also visits the Eton vs Harrow match, directed there by Lady Celestia Noel's *Harpers & Queen Book of the Season*. This social Baedeker guides him to Royal Ascot, Henley, the Burghley Horse Trials and Queen Charlotte's Ball, among other events.

Jennings's experience at Lord's is similar to my own. The match proves to be that incontrovertibly blue-blooded mixture of impeccable manners and yobishness which lends weight to the view that the difference between "horseplay"

Harry Pearson ticks off a toff-baiter

People Like Us: a season among the upper classes by Charles Jennings, Little, Brown, £15.99

and "hooliganism" is whether the perpetrator pronounces his aitches or not. For Jennings, the afternoon culminates not in songs about *onanism*, but when his friend answers an upper-crust old coot's inquiry about the identity of the umpire with: "He's got a white coat on, and he's got a face as brown as a tinker's nut bag."

The match is the high point of *People Like Us*. Which is a pity, not only because it comes only a third of the way through this slim book, but also because what has preceded it is really very funny. The book begins brightly with Jennings neatly identifying the peculiar inverted snobbery of the English, to whom "Posh people ... start where I leave off". (Jennings indulges in quite a bit of this social self-deprecation himself, telling us, among other things, how he "tricked" his way into Oxford. But did you ever meet an Oxford

or Cambridge graduate who got in on merit?)

There are some entertaining tales extracted from the diaries of James Lees-Milne. And a bizarre conversation with an upper-class woman about the bourgeois danger of saying "some coffee" rather than "a cup of coffee" leads to a pin-sharp dissection of the high-class habit of dropping out in a way which only serves to further emphasise your privilege. It concludes with a deft filleting of Tony Benn: "If he'd really wanted to leave Viscount Stansgate behind, he'd have run a newsagents or found a position designing bluminised garages, instead of doing the obvious and becoming daffy officer material in the vanguard of the proletarian army. These patricians only give up the perks of high birth when they die."

There is a funny story, too, from a prep school master (who tells Jennings that the little boys' sports jackets were made of such stout tweed that they stood up on their own) and a stream of accurate and amusing observations about upper-class voices during a day at Ascot.

After the trip to Lord's, however, the whole thing rather fizzles out. Jennings maintains an impressive level of outrage (despite a vague feeling of envy that begins to overtake him at a Sloane Ranger's birthday party) but the social events soon begin to blur into one another. The toffs, almost uniformly vacuous and repellent, work hard to confirm Henry Miller's assertion that only the great resemble one another.

The problem, I think, lies with Jennings's choice of subject. Ridicule, however well-aimed, can only carry a writer so far. In his first book, *Up North*, Jennings travelled beyond the Watford Gap and was rude about what he found. In *People Like Us* he takes a similar approach to the aristocracy. The result is not broad enough to sustain an entire book.

In being nasty first about northerners and now the upper classes, the author may think he is living dangerously. But in England – particularly educated, middle-class England – contempt is always the safest opinion to express. Jennings is a sharp-eyed and witty writer. Next time he should really take his life in his hands and write about something he likes.

## Paperbacks

By Christopher Hirst, Emma Hagestadt and Paul Binding

**The Gunpowder Plot** by Antonia Fraser (Weidenfeld, £12.99) The atrocity planned for 6 November 1605 remains the most famous terrorist episode in British history. This compelling account explores both the religious persecution which prompted these "brave, misguided" Catholics and the complex detail of their doomed plan. Not only were they betrayed from the outset, but their gunpowder was so decayed that it would never have exploded anyway. Narrative history at its best, this dark tale becomes painful as the prisoner "John Johnson" is tortured into revealing himself as Guido Fawkes.

**Resident Alien** by Quentin Crisp (Flamingo, £7.99) The diaries of Britain's great export to the Big Apple are studied with one-liners: "Los Angeles is New York lying down"; "I have always held the opinion that it would be less depressing to be alcoholic than to be anonymous". Astute and gutsy, Crisp possesses phenomenal energy for his age, but, unfortunately for his readers, travels in order to be seen rather than to see. His quaint, mannered style becomes a trifle wearing, particularly his affectation of giving everyone titles, as in "Mr Milton" (John), "Mr Claus" (Santa) and "Mr Hur" (Ben).

**In Search of Dracula** by Raymond McNally & Radu Florescu (Robson, £9.99) This run but scholarly study is the latest in a long line of flesh-creeper (the

first appeared in 1499) devoted to the grisly doings of old toothy. Despite Ceausescu's attempt to rehabilitate Dracula, he emerges as a disagreeable fellow whose speciality was not putting the bite on people but doing nasty things with a sharp pole. His addiction to impalement continued even when imprisoned, substituting mice for humans. The authors, who discovered Castle Dracula in 1969, bring the story up to date with a 40-page filmography.

**The Evil That Men Do** by Brian Masters (Black Swan, £7.99) This kaleidoscopic view of good and evil is sub-titled "From Saints to Serial Killers", but the latter (not always serial in nature) outweigh the former in a proportion of about 12:1. Perhaps goodness is by its very nature hard to write about – Masters is reduced to showbiz "saints" like Audrey Hepburn and Bob Geldof. His cool analysis of evil is inevitably jarred by the horrific examples, from Jeffrey Dahmer to Dachau. Goodness, he concludes, depends on "constant alertness". An intelligent, readable but depressing book.

**Perfectly Correct** by Philippa Gregory (HarperCollins, £5.99) Successful academic, Dr Louise Chase, has a neat country cottage, a neat bob and a commitment-free relationship with her best friend's husband. A tidy life, except for her inexplicable passion for a local farmer with periwinkle-blue eyes and no interest in gender studies. Gregory has tried her hand at

contemporary satire before, and this gently romantic, naughty read shows her story-telling skills travel well. For women who invest in silk pyjamas, but know deep down they shouldn't bother.

**Exquisite Corpse** by Poppy Z Brite (Phoenix, £5.99) Eating people is wrong, but young American "punk-slab" writer, Poppy Z Brite, almost makes it OK. When English serial killer Andrew Compton arrives in New Orleans, the last thing he expects is to fall in love, especially with a fellow psycho-killer. But having something in common always helps, and soon he and Jay are cruising the French Quarter and dining in on a foul-smelling jambalaya. Even if this spooky Anne Rice/Clive Barkerish tale isn't your usual cup of tea, Brite's book is sickeningly compelling.

**Photocopies** by John Berger (Bloomsbury, £6.99) This collection of essays describing "moments" spent with late twentieth-century Europeans by one time Booker Prize winner,

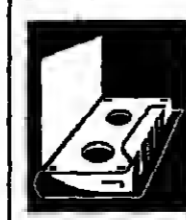
John Berger, reads like an Inter-Railer's wet dream. His "Euro-encounters" include standing under a plum tree with a beautiful young fresco-restorer from Galicia; chewing the cud with assorted peasants; and talking Paul Klee with just about anyone who will listen. At times Berger's writing is so affected it's hard not to laugh – though when it comes to describing the blue of the Aegean, or the yellow of a French post van, he's a hard man to resist.

**The Professor's House** by Willa Cather (Virago, £6.99) Cather's masterpiece tells the story of a retiring academic who has fallen out of love with life, exhausted by his riven family and depressed by the materialism of 1920s America. And it has inset in it – like a glowing jewel – an account of his dearest student's numinous experience in a New Mexico pueblo. Virago have also re-issued the First World War novel *One of Ours* and the lyrical *My Antonia* (£6.99) to mark the 50th anniversary of Cather's death, with Hermione Lee's model biography *A Life Saved* (£8.99).

moments in this retelling of the 1981 jokey horror classic. The original cast (Jenny Agutter, Brian Glover, John Woodvine) do their terrified thing superbly. Spoonface Steinberg (BBC, 1hr, £5.99) uses Maria Callas's arias to punctuate the story of how opera helps a brilliant but autistic seven-year-old come to terms with the fact she has terminal cancer. I know, I know, it does sound a bit over the top oo slush factor, but ten-year-old Becky Simpson reads with a straightforward simplicity that makes Lee Hall's dramatic monologue quite unforgettable.

Christina Hardyment

## Audiobooks



**Dirk Maggs's latest** "audiomovie" *An American Werewolf in London* (BBC, 2hrs, £8.99) is, like all his "surround sound" masterpieces, best heard on headphones. Gbasty gurgles from the werewolf's victims are perhaps a little too prolific, but there are plenty of chuckleworthy



## The totem of Taboo

Chris Savage King on an Eighties icon

If London really is a centre of culture again, it's largely due to applied art-school intelligence. Leigh Bowery was one of the brightest blooms on this circuit in the 1980s. Sue Tilley's memoir of him, *Leigh Bowery: portrait of an icon* (Hodder, £9.99), is honest and affectionate. A consummate *objet d'art*, Bowery got on best with people with whom he could show off intellectually. He is best remembered for his outrageous fashion designs, but was also a sitter for Lucian Freud, a performance artist, a keen shoplifter, and an inveterate liar.

The Eighties were a time of naked ambition and hardcore hedonism. The dmn policy of Bowery's club – Taboo – was unequivocal: "Dress as if your life depends on it, or don't bother". Yet if you ever managed to get in, it was surprisingly friendly. Bowery was a trouper. When he was diagnosed HIV-positive in 1988, he kept it secret for a long while. He wasn't interested in becoming a professional victim. We'll never know what Bowery would have made of the 1990s. The get-out-of-my-way-or-I'll-kill-you ethos that he embodied with such aplomb is no longer popular. The Mc generation has been replaced by "me too" and the current rave-style of clubbing – in which you leave your ego at the door – would not have suited him at all.

Still, his legacy lingers in those he inspired, and in a few convictions he shared with them: "Be brave, do what you want, and don't be afraid of failure – never give up". This is a charming and raffish book, a fitting tribute to someone who lived fast, died young and stayed pretty. He packed more into his time than many manage in a much longer life.

Left: Lucian Freud's 1993 portrait of Leigh Bowery

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## Janie Lawrence talks to Naomi Wolf

“I have a star that says that I’m a feminist,” she says. “I have a star that says that I’m a feminist.”

Yes I understand. But drawing attention to the belittling of female desire is not revolutionary feminist thought. Might it not be more productive to reject the word "slut" altogether and go further? Apportion some of the blame where it belongs? With women? There's collusion on a grand scale. We forever tell so-called revolutionary magazine sex surveys that we've only slept with three men, don't care about orgasms and can barely pronounce the word masturbation. Can men therefore be entirely to blame for maintaining such a mistaken impression of our physical needs and desires when women persistently lie? I have a lot of compassion for that because the culture informs us that if we want too much and our appetites get too strong there are going to be real penalties. Ranging from freaking out our partners to losing a criminal case to losing our children.

There are those who ask quite why Is Wolf has attained the prominence he has. Partly it has to be because she's emerged as the sunny, shiny face of feminism. Wheel in Naomi and, unlike Andrea Dworkin, you won't frighten her horses. Or, more specifically, young women who so loathe the f-word feminism has to be pretified. That Naomi is pretty – extremely, if truth be told – is her declaring that "you're either ugly or pretty to be heard." A fair point but it's disingenuous to pretend that if she were the former so many would have listened so intently.

That sounds like she's citing the politics of feminist envy. Whereas women with no axe to grind are, in fact, questioning the intellectual rigour of what she's offering. This is a sore point: "What I write is accessible because I do very deliberately write for anyone whether they have a higher education or not - that's a political decision I've made. It was a painful one because I came from an academic background." This unfortunately doesn't excuse the unfathomable psychobabble of *Promiscuities*. Gens like, "I can always get to the pleasure but I can't always get to

But where does she come from? By turn delightfully warm and infuriatingly prickly, she's a curious mixture of the militant and highly conventional. She says she remains vehemently pro-choice despite what she claims were the gross misrepresentations of her views on abortion in the British press a year ago. Theo as of now she declares that an abortion should be a matter of a woman's conscience. "This is a balanced argument so I'm going to ask you to follow it closely. I predicted a year and a half ago that if we didn't reframe our rhetoric in the US we were jeopardising abortion rights and my prediction has come true. What I'm missing now is more and more women in politics are beginning to adopt the language that I advocated and they're doing a much better job of defending abortion rights as a consequence." For many that's not the primary issue. Much more worrying to other pro-choicers is the introduction of another dimension — what appears to be her dangerous hierarchical grading of abortion. "There's a difference between an abortion that a guy brings

**NEXT**

Unless you're an impressionable 20-year-old I don't believe she's offering any answers.

*'Promiscuities'* is published by Charto & Windus, £12.99

“My real life is being a marm, which means I am at the absolute bottom of the social heap”

tem so there aren't inequities between rich and poor".

If old feminist mantra dictated the personal was political it cuts no ice with Wolf. Brought up in San Francisco she's now married to Clinton's speechwriter, also Jewish, and lives in Maryland with their two-year-old daughter, Rose. Strangely she will not be drawn into volunteering the most innocuous personal details about her husband. Ask her why she wears a wedding ring and she replies with a classic non-sequitur, "Do you believe in gay marriage?" However, she admits that her decision to marry was "complicated". "I think there's no question that heterosexual marriage as an institution is corrupt. But I think we've got to reclaim rituals that have meanings for us and make them mean what we want them to mean. I'm a product of a feminist marriage and an egalitarian contract between a man and a woman that pretty much worked so I know that it's possible for individuals to be fair with each other. If you grow up with the changing the diapers, staying up all night with the sick baby, teaching you how to tie your shoelaces then you associate boring domestic labour with men as well as with women."

To the outsider she's the woman who has it all. Career, man, baby. The very notion horrifies her. "Don't even begin to suggest that," she responds immediately. "My experience of marriage — and I'm not talking in personal terms — is that even with two people with the best will in the world every institution tries to undermine it and throw the balance of power to the man."

Just like her husband her daughter is also off limits for discussion. "I don't talk about her," she announces. "She's only two so quite what the problem is I can't begin to imagine but there's going to be no usual mumsy stuff about the terrible two here. Perhaps, then, she has some thoughts about motherhood? She has. It's an outpouring with barely a breath. "It's radicalised me. I've been demoted. My real life is being a marm which means that I'm at the absolute bottom of the social heap. It means being invisible, it means living in a world pushing a stroller and it means a complete lack of recognition for doing the most important job in society." And the downside? She breaks into a grin and slows down. "Apart from that it's Heaven."

No wonder that Ms Wolf is contradictory. It strikes me that she's every bit as confused as the rest of us. Motherhood versus career, sexual vulnerability versus sexual autonomy; the conflicts are endless. I admire her for attempting publicly to make sense of it all.

Unless you're an impressionable 20-year-old I don't believe she's offering any answers.

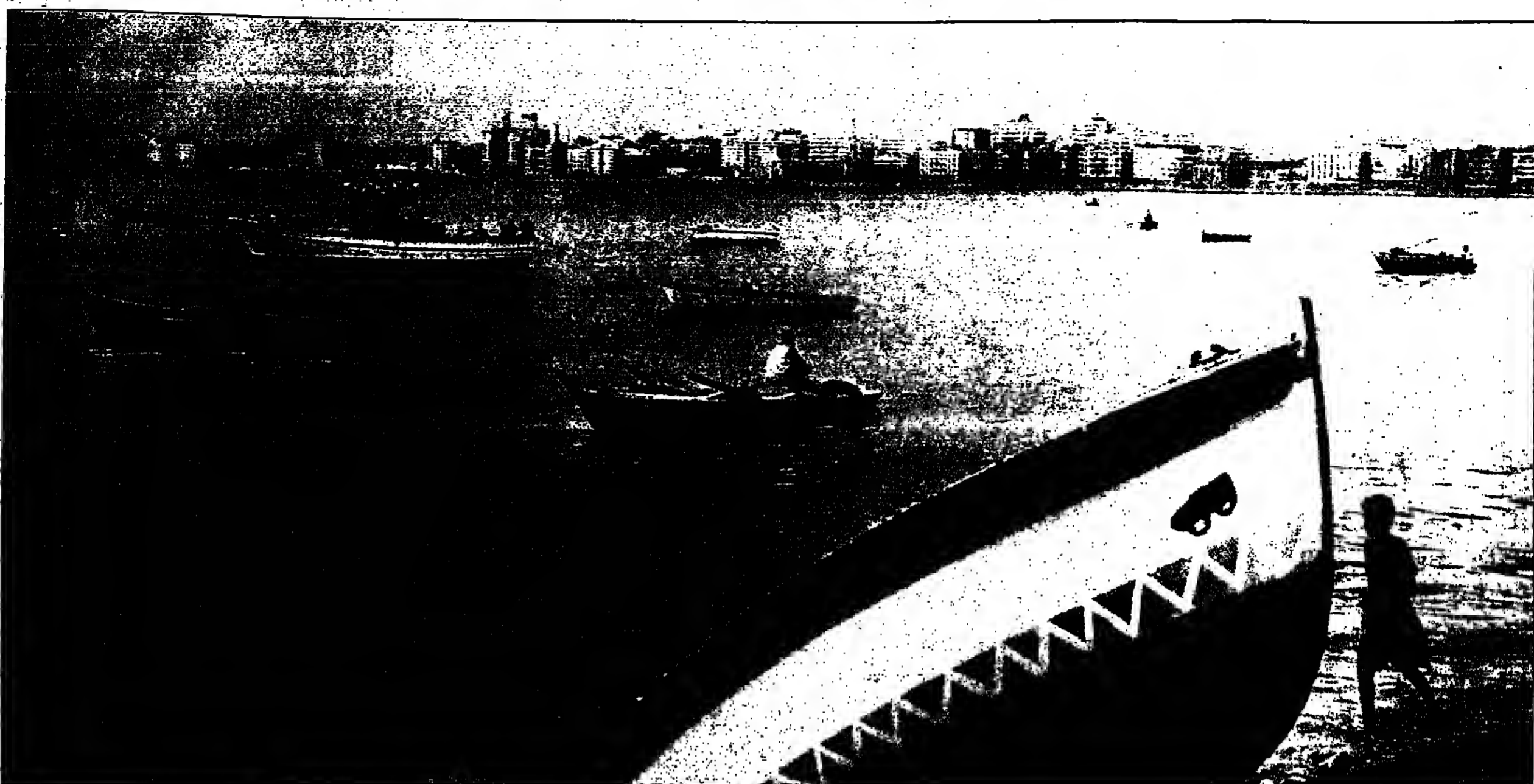
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# travel & outdoors

Walking the Lakes 12/13  
San Francisco, city  
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A blaze of springtime  
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Nowhere quite like Alex - achingly literary and swathed in legend, European colonialists made it a centre of trade and intrigue

PHOTOGRAPH ABOVE MAGNUM/HARRY GRUYAERT; BELOW HUTCHINSON LIBRARY

## Between the desert and the deep blue sea

On the edge of the Sahara, where the Nile meets the Med, lies Alexandria, a modern metropolis still in thrall to its literary past, writes Martin Buckley

In Bombay I used to know an old English poet who had been marooned by life. He slept by night in the slums around Chhatrapati Market, and wandered by day in the streets around the Museum, with his possessions - mostly poems - bundled up in plastic bags. Geoffrey Hann's life as an artist and servant of Empire had taken him by stages from the Levant, to Cambridge, to India. But the place where it had begun seemed to have made his exotic journey almost inevitable. For Geoffrey had been born in Alexandria.

The city is so swathed in legend and so achingly literary that any visit here becomes in part a journey into your own imagination. At first sight there seems to be little that's essentially Alexandrian. Expecting to see remnants of Alexander the Great's capital, you stare at buildings that might be in Athens or Naples - the shoe shops, burger bars and Benetton's of a city that longs to be modern. But, for British visitors tempted by the new flights that began from Gatwick this month, the pleasures of Alex are more decadent and perverse - the satisfactions of faded grandeur, nostalgia and decay.

If you want to wallow in literary Alexandria (and can afford it), you'll stay at the Cecil Hotel. You may come reeling from the horror of Shephard's Hotel in Cairo (evoked in *The English Patient* in all

its colonial glory, but now a multi-storey box), in which case the Cecil will restore some of your faith in truth and beauty. They all came to the Cecil - Churchill, Coward, Forster, Durrell, Maugham; here Durrell's fictional heroine Justine made her first big entrance, clad "in a sheath of silver drops". Despite being "modernised" (and renamed the Pullman Cecil), the hotel has retained a discreet charm and a sense of pride in its occidental roots. ("Would you like some milk tea with English cake, sir?" asked a waiter.) It stands at the midpoint of the semicircular Corniche, with views of the blue Mediterranean and bobbing fishing boats, and the butter-coloured Qasr el Farafra.

This 15th-century defence is in effect the stump of that wonder of the world, the Pharos lighthouse, which towered 400 feet over the harbour, lighting the gateway from Greece to Egypt. It was raised in 300BC and levelled by an earthquake around AD1300; they built the fort from the rubble.

Alexandria lies at the north-western corner of the Nile Delta, caught between desert, verdure and sea. There is plenty of ancient history buried among the 19th-century and Art Deco piles that make up so much of its crumbling fabric. The Corniche once featured a pair of Pharaonic "Cleopatra's Needles", but to see one of



### A town called Alex

**How to fly there**  
British Mediterranean Airways flies three times each week from Gatwick to Alexandria, on behalf of British Airways. The telephone sales team (00 0345 222111) does not appear to be entirely aware of the new flights, so you may have to insist that they check under the airport code, AEX. If you book by Monday, you qualify for a World Offer fare of £312.90 return, including tax.

**Who to ask**  
The Egyptian State Tourist Office is at Third Floor, Egyptian House, 170 Piccadilly, London W1V 9DD (0171-493 5282). British citizens require a visa, issued by the Visa Section of the Consulate-General, at 2 Lowndes Street, London SW1X 9ET (0171-235 9777). You need a passport, a photograph and £15.

these today you'll have to travel to London's Victoria Embankment. Pompey's Pillar, however, offers some compensation: a column 72ft high, cut from a single chunk of pink granite. Around it lie fragments of Cleopatra's great library, for 400 years the most learned location on earth, and destroyed. It is worth remembering, not by "them" but by "us" - a Christian mob, attacking "paganism".

Looking at the small cluster of cisterns and sphinxes around the Pillar, I found it extraordinary to think that it is all that remains of a vast Ptolemaic acropolis. The site of worship and study is now one of Alexandria's gloomiest slums.

A tout approached me. He was toothless and unshaven, wore a torn anrak, and had a few tourist trinkets draped over him. He had a desperate look, and did not so much ask as order me to follow him. Some distance into the warren of buildings I found my tongue and told him I would not go any further. He silently shrugged, and strode off. And I wandered on through the narrow streets, with their domestic refuse and dangling clothes-lines.

With a little help, I found my way to the catacombs. These subterranean tombs span the whole history of Alexandria, eliding religions and architectural styles into a jumble of mummies, medusas and Egyptian gods dressed as Roman

legionnaires. Back towards the seafloor, I reached the Roman odeon, a neat mini-Colosseum with marble seating and some patches of mosaic flooring. It was once surrounded by a pleasure garden dedicated to the god Pan, and given over to the pursuit of earthly delights - the same delights, no doubt, that drew literary Europeans in the Thirties and Forties.

European colonialists gave Alexandria a lift after it had lain dormant for a millennium, making it a centre of trade and intrigue. When they were sent packing by the Egyptian president Nasser after the Suez crisis, the city lost its louche cosmopolitanism. To recapture it today, wander through the decaying streets, and pause at a tea shop to enjoy a bubble-hubble pipe; or you might sit in a mirrored patisserie, with the works of the Greek poet Cavafy propped up next to your croissant. Cavafy's

house is now a small museum, but in the Thirties there was a brothel on the ground floor. "Where could I live better?" Cavafy asked. "Below, the brothel caters for the flesh. And there is the church which forgives sin. And there is the hospital where we die." In fact, as a homosexual, he did not make use of the brothel, preferring to pick up boys in the cafés behind the Cecil.

In the bookshops of Alexandria you'll find Durrell, Cavafy, Forster; but you won't find Geoffrey Hann. In Bombay, I used to ask him if he thought he'd ever see Alexandria - or England - again. "No," he said. But that didn't stop him dreaming. In one of his last poems, "Nearly Over", he wrote: "I who am rootless as desert air/Could I put down an archaeological root in Cleopatra's city/Cavafy's too - Alexandria?/It is fitting that in the Coarseness of time/I should exit where I entered/In my case just a closing of the sand."

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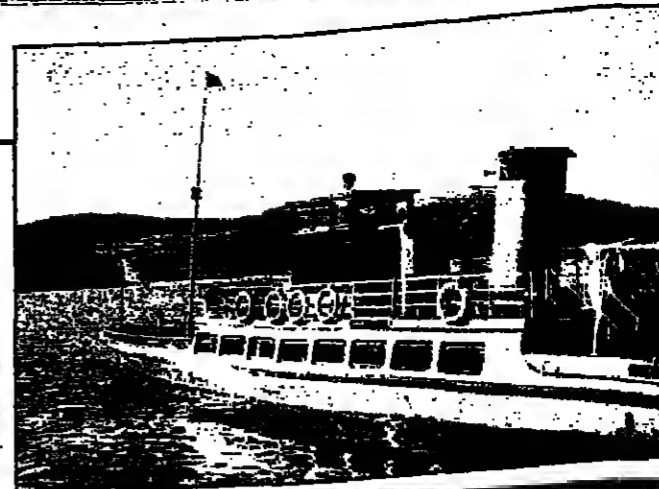
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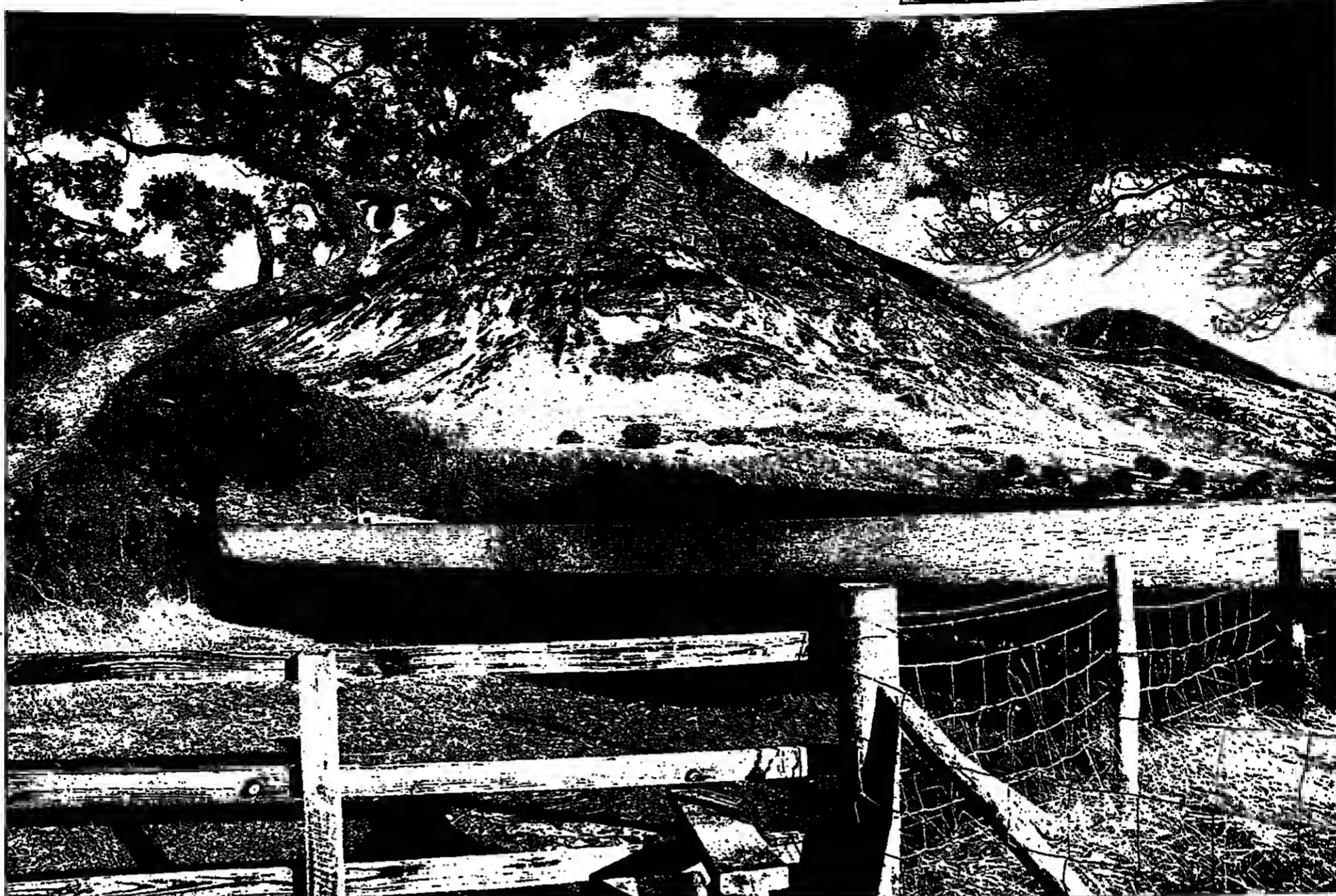
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# Poets' corner



In the wake of Wordsworth and Coleridge, inspiration is easy to find. Hunter Davies divines the best of Lake District attractions, both classic and modern



Over the years, mountains take on new colours, textures and even contours; lakes change their width, their depth, their shape

PHOTOGRAPHS: NISI

You've probably been to the Lake District; billions have, since the passion for visiting this small area first started in 1770. At the back of your mind you can doubtless remember a school trip, a tent near some lake – was it Windermere or Loch Lomond? – no, wrong country, but you can clearly remember the rain. Billions of visitors? Surely some mistake? Well with 15 million visitors a year spending at least three hours in Lakeland, it must be more than a hillion by now. About 150 years ago, when the railways first arrived, Wordsworth was moaning about the possibility of 10,000 of the unwashed from Lancashire getting off the trains in Windermere. Writing about Lakeland means you have to take account of the fact that so many Brits do know the Lake District, have been many times, love it dearly, and have their own favourite bits which they guard in their minds and don't want exposed in print. But each year there are also several million first-time visitors who don't know their way around, who ask for the Beatrix Potteries, inquire about boats from Bowness to the Isle of Man or would like a copy of the latest *Dorothy's Journal*.

In theory, mountains and lakes don't change. How can they: it's Nature? But of course they do, all the time. Over the years, mountains have taken on new colours, textures and even contours, thanks to mining, erosion, farming, plantations. Lakes have changed their width, their depth, their shape, their con-

tent, thanks to the weather, pollution, fishing, boating and assorted laws and regulations. Haweswater, Thirlmere and Tarn Hows may look lovely, but they are essentially man-made. Underneath Haweswater is a drowned village, and if Lakeland is as dry as it has been these past three years, it will probably pop out again. Ullswater, Crummock and Ennerdale do look totally natural, but even they have been cunningly "reservoirised" around the edges. The most obvious recent changes and developments are in towns and villages – though not all. In Lakeland there has been a whole host of golden new arrivals in the past two years, tossing their leaflets in sprightly dance to catch the breeze, or at least our attention.

New visitors want to know what I shouldn't miss. Old visitors, meanwhile, want to know what's new. Not necessarily to go to see these changes. In fact it may be a useful warning. So, for both these sorts and conditions of visitors, here are my top five – Classic and Modern.

## Classic Lakeland

A lake steamer. Every visitor should have a boat trip, up or down a lake. It's such an easy introduction, a lazy way of getting the feel and the flavour of Lakeland without in fact doing any work. There are four lakes with a regular service. Windermere, being 10 miles long, provides the longest trip, about 90 minutes one way, and is the most popular, with more than 1 million boat passengers last year, but it

can get very busy. Ullswater has equally attractive boats, and is much quieter. The Derwent Water boats are smaller and noisier, and are of more use in getting to various points around the lake than as a pleasure in themselves. The most elegant, artistic boat ride is on *Condola*, an 1859 steam yacht, which sails on Conistone.

An easy walk. For those wanting a low-level, family stroll, Rydal Water is the most convenient, as it's right in the heart

of Lakeland – on the road between Grasmere and Rydal, with good parking. But don't walk on the road itself. The walk is along the other side of the lake. It is a round walk – one way along the shore, returning at a higher level.

A harder climb. There are three mountains higher than 3,000ft, so you should do them all, as a true laker. Skiddaw is the easiest. As it's just outside Keswick, it's easy to get started here – and it's easy to ascend. Helvellyn is a bit harder, and more dramatic on top. Scafell Pike takes longest, but is the most satisfying. You can then say you've done the highest peak in England.

A famous house. There are two that should not be missed – both modest, as houses, but fascinating because they are as they were when the famous person lived there. In each case, the person is part of Lakeland – and ever will be. Mr Wordsworth's Dove Cottage is in Grasmere – open daily, 9.30am-5pm, adults £4.25, children £2. (015394 35544) and Miss Potter's Hill Top is at Sawrey – Saturday-Wednesday, 11am-4.30pm, adults £3.60, children £1.70 (015394 362690).

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## Modern Lakeland

The Beacon at Whitehaven – open Tuesday-Sunday, 10am-5.30pm, adults £3.30, senior citizens £2.75, children £2.10, family ticket £9.50 (01946 592 302). This is a brand-new £4.2m tourist attraction, supposedly to tell you all about Whitehaven's history, which it does, but it's full of hi-tech amusements, the sort that kids are supposed to find fun on a wet day. Useful as a focal point for exploring Whitehaven's Georgian streets and magnificent harbour.

The Dock Museum, Barrow – open Wednesday-Sunday, 10am-5pm week-

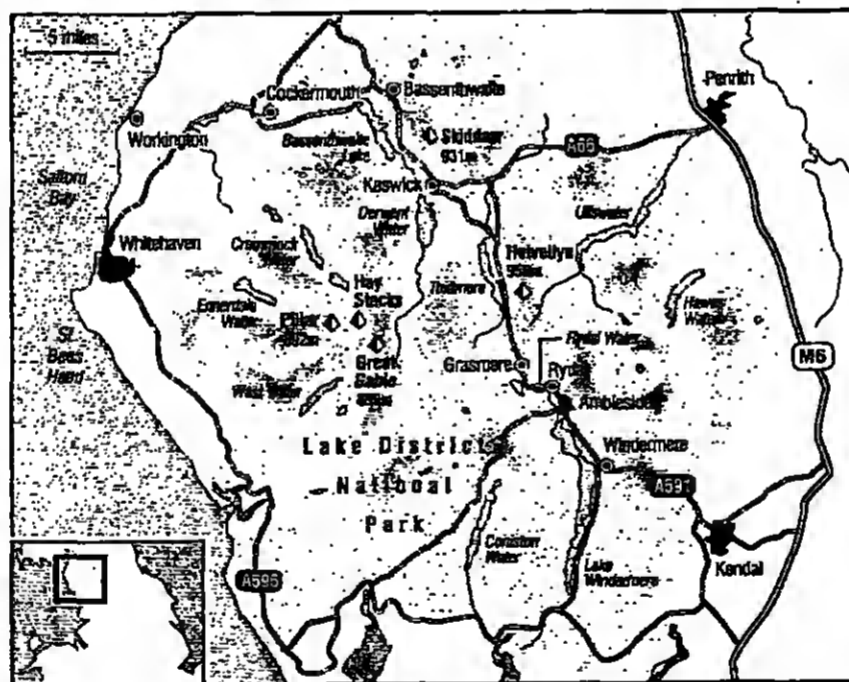
days, 11am-5pm weekends, free admission (01229 370871). Another multi-million-pound modern creation. Where do they get all the money? The building itself is worth seeing – a giant, three-storey conservatory, created out of a sandstone dock. A snip at £5m.

The Oasis Forest Holiday Village, near Penrith opens next Friday, 2 May. The new holiday complex is fully booked for the first week, but reservations for subsequent weeks are being taken on (0940) 086000. This is heralded as Cumbria's highest-ever man-made tourist attraction – 700 lodges, built at a cost of £100m, which will attract 300,000 visitors a year. What on earth would Wordsworth have thought?

Lakeland Wool and Sheep Centre, Cockermouth – daily shows at 10.30am, 12pm, 2pm and 3.30pm, adults £3, children £1.50 (01900 822 6730). I have seen this, and it's hysterical. Well I burst out laughing when I sat in its 300-seat theatre and watched 19 pedigree sheep walk on stage, find their own dais and name, then pose and pout. Very like a Miss World contest.

Andy Goldsworthy. The well known sculptor has secured £600,000 to reconstruct Sheep Folds, the sort that you see fallen down all over Lakeland. As works of art, of course. A hundred of these will be reappearing between now and the Millennium.

Hunter Davies is the author of *The Good Guide to the Lakes*, published by Forster Davies, price £5.99.



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## Summer starts with a Spanish cloud – but Greece is back

Thursday, 1 May, sees the dawn of an optimistic era for Britain's air travellers. Nothing to do with the election – Thursday just happens to be the day when the summer charter schedules start. There are some causes for hope that this summer will be better than last. Airtours International has a May Day plan to eliminate delays that some travellers suffered last year, such as the 52-hour wait my colleague Wendy Berliner experienced in Orlando. Airtours is keeping a plane on standby at Manchester airport from 1 May. The aircraft will be fully crewed, ready to take off if other planes "go technical".

Its big rival, Britannia Airways, says it has operated a back-up plane for the past four years. Britannia has chosen International Workers' Day, 1 May, to ditch its long-established Royal Service in favour of a new, classless (if that is not a contradiction in terms) "360" class. Also on Thursday, AB Airlines opens a new route to Portugal: cheap flights from Gatwick to Lisbon.



Simon Calder

These are more silver linings compared with the forbidding cloud on the horizon: the new airport tax being introduced in Spain. Our most popular package holiday destination has imposed a tax of 150 pesetas on travellers. The amount itself – less than 70 pence – is trivial when compared with our Air Passenger Duty of £5 or £10. But Britain's departure tax is an example of how politicians see travel as an easy target. AFP is set to double in November, whoever wins the election.

The new tax is the thin end of a potentially expensive wedge: how long before the government in Madrid sees the opportunity for tapping the 10 million British visitors each year for a bit more cash? The levy is all the more galling because, as older readers will recall, Spain dispensed with its 50 peseta tourist tax soon after the mass market holiday industry began 30 years ago.

According to one travel company, the true level of Spain's departure tax is not 70p, but £5.

The tour operator Unijet has announced it will henceforth quote prices for seats on its charter flights exclusive of tax. Nigel Jenkins of Unijet says the company has taken this step "in order to create a level playing field with scheduled airlines, who have refused to include taxes in their pricing. From a marketing point of view we've been at a disadvantage."

Up to a point, this is fair enough: it is important for the traveller to compare like with like. Ideally, all fares would be shown inclusive of tax, as they are for almost anything else you buy. But since the two airlines that dominate the flight market to Spain, British Airways and Iberia, choose to advertise fares without tax, it seems reasonable for competing companies to follow suit.

The problem is: how do you define tax? Besides Britain's £5 Air Passenger Duty, Iberia and BA charge only 60p or 70p Spanish tax, respectively. But Unijet adds on a "passenger charge" to make a total of 948 pesetas and rounds the lot up to £5.

Next time I take a Unijet flight, I shall offer to pay for a fiver's worth of drinks with 948 pesetas, adding

helpfully: "It's roughly £5." At yesterday's spot rate, I make the charges exactly £4.

A cynic (see picture, left) might point out that presented this way, Unijet's fares could look artificially attractive, but Mr Jenkins refutes this suggestion: "Seat-only sales provide the only opportunity we have to show passengers how much of the cost of a flight goes straight to governments in tax."

The other great event on 1 May is that one of our favourite destinations comes out of hibernation, at least according to a branch of a travel agency chain. This week I conducted one of my regular incognito trawls of travel agents. The mission: to find the best flight, either chartered or scheduled, to Athens in April. One agent said flatly that I was wasting my time: "Greece doesn't open until May".

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# A walk on the mild side

With bifocals and breathable cagoule in place, Edward Blincoe marched into the mists of the Lakelands

An enthusiastic hiking friend who had just returned from the Lake District told me how wonderful he thought the place. "And I know a great hunkhouse in Borrowdale for less than £2 a night mid-week." I wasn't so foolhardy as to pass on this information at home, but some time later another friend remarked that he thought the Lakes "a dreadful place". I was amazed. "Never eaten such awful food as I did on a weekend in Keswick." My northern pride was stung and my resolve to return to a favourite part of the country stiffened.

We decided on Bassenthwaite, as it was an area neither myself nor my wife knew well. Monday dawned to a forecast of gales, but as we drove up the motorway, the hills of the southern Lakes were bathed in sunlight. Just as we neared Kendal we ran into torrential rain. Desperate to postpone the outdoors, I remembered the Punch Bowl in Crosthwaite being highly recommended. The chef proprietor had trained at Le Gavroche, and despite it being a wet Monday lunch-time, and with no pool table or dartsboard in sight, we were lucky to get a table.

It was a meal to remember, particularly on the way up Hay Stacks the next day. Standing on the top, surrounded by Lakeland's highest hills - Great Gable and Pillar close by; Helvellyn and Skiddaw more distant; breathtaking views over Buttermere and Crummock Water; and, in the distance, the Solway Firth glinting in the sun - it seemed that this was definitely the finest view in Cumbria ... England ... the world.

Memories of backpacking holidays in glorious weather, when I was happy to eat cold baked beans from a tin and fall drunk into a tent at night, cast their shadow. But a practical reason for no longer doing this is that we are firmly in the bifocal generation, unable to read maps if we leave them off and afraid of falling over if we wear them. We know we are teetering on the edge of the great divide between those who roam the fells and those four-fifths of visitors who never walk more than 400 yards from their car. Never shall the twin meet except in middle age and hotel lounges, where the outward-bound droop on about the joys of "breathable" cagoules, and the inward-bounders retaliate with tales of crosswinds and contrails, on the M6. Despite a growing

sybaritic tendency, we are anxious to keep faith with the hikers.

Our difficulty with maps was easily solved. We climbed Hay Stacks on an organised walk from the Moot Hall in Keswick. The 15-strong party included a Derbyshire doctor with a holiday home in Keswick, a kitchen porter from Glasgow who was youth-hostelling, and a woman from Bolton who nips up whenever there is a walk that she particularly fancies. The rambles are organised and led by a small group of enthusiasts who know and love the Lakes and can tell you all about the flora, geology and history as they lead you round a variety of well-chosen routes. Of course, they are also eccentric and opinionated and have a number of bees in their bonnets - from the National Trust to fox-hunting, Alfred Wainwright and mountain bikes. Like your dentist, the guides have you at a disadvantage as they are fit enough to talk fluently striding uphill, while you need all your puff to keep going.

On Wednesday we awoke to light rain, but decided to walk in the immediate area and chose a gentle, circular route from a book of local walks. It proved to be a pleasant path through a quiet valley with views along the length of Bassenthwaite Lake. The rain had cleared and as it was still early we decided to visit Cockermouth. This handsome if slightly run-down town - famous for being Wordsworth's childhood home - was busy with the aftermath of a cattle market. We ate our packed lunches outside Jennings' brewery and debated whether a visit there, which would require leaving in a fit state to drive back to our hotel, was worthwhile. The brewery lost and we visited the Castlegate House Gallery instead. Later we browsed in the largest of Cockermouth's many "antique" shops, examining piles of junk that we would have thrown out had we owned them.

On our drive back to the hotel we decided to spend the evening at the cinema in Keswick. At one time I tended to dismiss this town, preferring more remote spots; and would call in only to buy sandwiches from Woolworth's. These days there are at least three sandwich bars, making choice of a packed lunch more of an intellectual challenge - but in most other respects it has changed very little. With hindsight I would recommend Keswick for spring breaks. Besides the cinema, there is the theatre running three



Cumbrian quiet: Lake Buttermere and Hay Stacks

PHOTOGRAPH BY JOHN VOOS

plays in repertoire, and lots of B&Bs, pubs and restaurants.

It might be thought that Keswick would be the least likely place to have adopted the Mediterranean habit of the evening passeggiata. But fugitives from cramped B&Bs don their outdoor finery and wander the streets past late-opening shops, deciding on their evening meal and entertainment. Every second shop sells outdoor-pursuits paraphernalia with bunches of mannequins entangled in ropes and brightly clad in anoraks. The uniform for all but potbellied males, who stick to breeches and jeans, is tight leggings,

revealing well-exercised bottoms. With folk nights and beards, and friendly pubs needing no bouncers, there is something of a Sixties feel about Keswick.

On Thursday, our last day, the weather was foul, but my wife insisted that we walk. At the Moot Hall, the guide awaited customers for his hike up Blencathra, wearing a brand-new wet-weather suit that had been a rushed order that morning for him to test in bad conditions. Eventually three lads arrived, and two hours later we all neared the summit. I was giving a good impersonation of Brian Blessed staggering up Everest, but no one volunteered to

carry my load. Perhaps they couldn't see me through the mist. Our leader kept our spirits high with tales of folk falling to their deaths from Sharp Edge, following Wainwright's advice to descend that way. We photographed our triumph from the top, before being blown down the other side. Coleridge was right when he wrote: "On stern Blencathra's perilous height! The winds are tyrannous and strong."

As we stripped off our sodden clothes in our steamed-up car for the drive home, we agreed that the holiday had been good fun and very satisfying. A bit like sex, really - we should do it more often.

## Lakeland links

Cumbria without a car

This summer, the Lake District is more accessible for people without cars than it has been for many years. Virgin Trains has just amalgamated its West Coast and Cross Country divisions, and is promoting a range of cheap fares from England, Wales and Scotland to the region's "gateway" stations of Carlisle, Penrith and Oxenholme.

The best fare is a "Twosome", for two people travelling together. London to Oxenholme costs £60 return for two people; Glasgow to Carlisle is £30. You must book by 2pm the day before travel.

Rail fares from other points vary widely: Carlisle to Carlisle costs £62.70 for a Supersaver; from Oxford to Oxenholme costs a minimum of £31 for an Apex return. Until 30 April, call 0345 484950 for rail information; from 1 May, the Virgin Rail Sales Centre is opening on 0345 222333.

National Express (0990 808080) runs buses to Windermere from various places in Britain. From London there are two Rapid services each day, price £32.50 (£39 for travel on Fridays). From Birmingham there is one direct service, cost £24.50/£29.50 return.

Within the Lake District, Stagecoach Cumberland (01946 63222) sells the best-value unlimited-travel pass in Britain - valid throughout Cumbria, south to Blackpool and Preston, north to Annan in Scotland and across to Newcastle-upon-Tyne. A Day Explorer costs £5.20, or £9.99 for a family ticket for two adults plus two children. A four-day pass is £12.99, and must be booked in advance.

The Lakes Daytripper ticket from NorthWest Regional Railways allows travel to Grange-over-Sands or Windermere, plus unlimited bus travel for £3 more than the normal day return ticket. Sample prices: from Liverpool £15.50, Bolton £12.50, Manchester £12.90.

Windermere Lake Cruises has three piers: Lakeside in the south, Bowness (for Windermere) and Waterhead (for Ambleside). Departures are every hour from 9.05am to 4.55pm. A Freedom of the Lakes ticket, valid for 24 hours, costs £8.75 for adults or £4.40 for children. Details on 015395 31188.

The Ullswater Navigation and Transit Company, which began sailing in 1855, continues to operate Victorian vessels: the *Lady of the Lake*, built in 1877, and the *Raven*, younger by 12 years. Call 01539 721626 for times and fares.

The Ravenglass and Eskdale Railway (01229 717171) runs steam-hauled trains on the seven-mile, 15-in gauge line from the coast to Dalgarth. The journey takes 40 minutes. An Eskdale Explorer (two adults plus two children) costs £14.70 and is valid all day. Thomas the Tank Engine will make an appearance on 18 and 19 October.

Simon Calder

## Trouble spots

How to avoid cultural gaffes around the world.

**Israel:** "It is not uncommon for men to carry handguns, usually tucked discreetly into waist bands and covered with the shirt. This should cause you neither alarm nor trepidation. Remember that almost all adult males in Israel have served in the Army; that Israeli men are often concerned with a 'macho' image, and that Israel does

have very real security difficulties. It would be indiscreet (or inept) to make reference to the gun." - *The Simple Guide to Customs and Etiquette in Israel* (Global Books, £4.99).

**Korea:** "Finger to nose gestures are very rude, so it's best to keep your hands away from your face (even if your nose is itchy)." - *The Cultural Gaffes Pocketbook*, by Angelina Boden (Management Pocketbooks, £6.99).

**Japan:** "To convey 'no', the word 'difficult' is used." - *Ibid*.

**Eastern Europe:** "Eastern Europeans do not want to be patronised: 'I bet you don't have this back in Moscow' will not go down well. Many are prosperous, have travelled and are rapidly developing their economies; don't expect them to accept second class." - *Ibid*.

**Bali:** "Bahies are not allowed to touch the 'impure' ground until they are six months old according to the Balinese calendar (about seven months according to our calendar)." - Thomson Faraway Shores brochure.

## Bargain of the week

The low-cost airline Ryanair is facing a boycott from Britain's travel agents from Thursday, when it reduces the commission paid on flights between Britain and Ireland. This issue has obscured the airline's latest bargain between Scotland and London. With a new £19 one-way fare on the Stansted-Frestwick route, plus special low-cost rail fares, you can travel between any ScotRail station and central London for a total of £55 return: £43 for the flight (including tax), £7 for the Stansted SkyTrain and £5 for rail

travel in Scotland. The airline offers 3,000 seats a week at this price. Several points: 1. The ScotRail special deal of £5 return can be obtained on producing your air ticket at Frestwick airport or any staffed ScotRail station, but the Stansted SkyTrain ticket requires a seven-day advance booking. 2. Scottish residents who have no intention of travelling to England can still benefit from the offer; Thurso to Frestwick normally costs a minimum of £49, £1 more than if you use this deal but throw away the plane ticket. 3. If your travel agent won't sell you the ticket, book direct on 0541 569569.

Hunter S Thompson Fear and Loathing Wild Turkey, the six-mile-high club attains many new inductees, and the whole happy clan disembarks with nicotine tans to continue the fun. Well it wasn't quite like that. In economy class there's a smoker's corner, hut, presumably for fear of revellers standing and drinking until they fall over, there's no alcohol allowed in the area. The dry bars have a capacity limit (on my flight it was six) and on one leg, thanks to some emphysema seekers experimenting with Red Kamel cigarettes (tar content 17mg), there were queues. The business and first-class areas do, however, have wet bars for both smokers and non-smokers.

The clean air cabins, available on all but a few flights to the Americas, are a considerable investment for Air France. Their press office, however, was a little on the guarded side, initially suggesting

that I used patches, gum or other unfulfilling alternatives before explaining how they have installed powerful extractors and odour-killers to ensure that both smokers and non-smokers are accommodated in peace. "Non-smoking does not mean anti-smoking" is the way they put it. The flight was a success. Well-timed connections and a shorter check-in time at Heathrow meant that the trip took just a couple of hours longer than direct flight. The bargain £253 fare was some £50 cheaper than the flights from Gatwick.

According to the FOREST lobby group, matters could get hotter, due to plans to deregulate flights whereby European airlines can pick up passengers in London en route for the States. Until then it's Air France (0181-742 6600) for a forthcoming trip to Chicago: my kind of airline.

Tim Perry

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## travel & outdoors

# Celluloid city

Screen gem: San Francisco, hero of Hitchcock's re-released 'Vertigo'. Muthena Paul Alkazraji checks out the town-turned-movie star

In a burst of exuberant bed-bouncing at San Francisco's Phoenix Hotel, the lead singer of US hard-core band the Foo Fighters sprang over the bamboo footboard and through the plate-glass window. Perhaps due to the window's sheer effrontery in spoiling the record leap, the band then crashed the rest of the room. The staff at the Phoenix, however, are used to dealing with the excesses of music business characters. This oasis in the otherwise sleazy Tenderloin district is a regular check-in for touring rock bands and their road crews. If you travel budget/record label will cover the damage, you are more than welcome to turn up here and swing your Stratocaster around in a Pete Townshend-like manner.

The hotel's guest list reads like a duplicate of invitees to a Q Music Awards ceremony. As well as luminaries from US rock's hall of fame, it has also hosted many a visiting Brit. Tears for Fears, Radiohead and Blur have all stayed here, and a faded UB40 tour-sticker still clings stubbornly to the chambermaid's cleaning trolley. To their credit, hotel employees have a reputation for showing neither star-struck obsequiousness to rock deities – not so easy when David Bowie is in your foyer – nor disdain for lesser travelling mortals.

A salmon-pink colour scheme, piped bird and cricket song, and tropical plants give the Phoenix a kitschy-fun character. The hotel's kidney-shaped swimming pool, with its swirling 1969 artwork on the bottom, circumscribed a local pool bylaw (no swimming designs on pool-bottoms) by obtaining California landmark status. Inside, the hotel's Voodoo Bar and Lounge – oamed, so I was told, to ward off the legal curse of the Rolling Stones management – the décor includes zebra-skin wallpaper, bone-draped lighting and bongo-drum bar stools. Miss Pearl's Jam House, the hotel's restaurant, offers Caribbean cuisine. I pumped for "plan-tain ecrustrated thresher shark", but my enjoyment was tempered by concern about having endangered the species.

A further facility for the use of guests at the Phoenix, a simple but inspired touch in this favourite city of movie-makers, is its choice of videos shot on

location in San Francisco. Reclining on the bamboo bed in my room, I called up my selections from reception on the in-house cable channel, and set off later to soak up some movie-location ambience. I particularly wanted to walk through scenes in Hitchcock's dark classic, *Vertigo*, re-released in Britain this week. From the top of Russian Hill, the streets of San Francisco plummet in step-like descent beneath intersecting electrified trolleybus-cables, and down towards the bay and Alcatraz Island. Gradients of up to 51.5 per cent wear away the brake-lindings of city taxis on average every 2,000 miles. This is quintessential car-chase territory. It was through these streets that Steve McQueen breeched in a Ford Mustang GT, pursuing the hitmen who had assassinated a trial witness under his protection, in the 1968 thriller, *Bullitt*. Hand-held cameras caught the fender-crunching action from the passenger seat.

### SAN FRANCISCO: TAKE 1

Three airlines fly non-stop from London Heathrow to San Francisco. British Airways (0345 222111), United Airlines (0181-990 9900) and Virgin Atlantic (01293 747747). The lowest fares are available through discount agents rather than direct with the airlines. For example, Quest Worldwide (0181-546 6000) quotes £325 including tax on Virgin Atlantic, if you return before 21 June.

The Phoenix Hotel is at 601 Eddy Street, San Francisco, CA 94109 (tel 001 415 776 1380, fax 001 415 885 3109). Rooms start at \$89 per night for a double, and include continental breakfast.

The San Francisco Movie Map gives a short resume and the locations of more than 100 films made in the area. These include classics such as *The Maltese Falcon* and *Daddy's Girl* movies, as well as more recent productions such as *Interview with the Vampire* and *The Rock*. Copies from The Reel Map Co, 5214-F Diamond Heights, Suite 425, San Francisco, CA 94131.

Looking down the streets today, you cannot help but secretly hope to witness some first-hand automotive drama. You hear tyres squeal, you prepare to dive into the trash-cans, but it's just some old brown Buick slipping on the gradient.

Across town at the cemetery of Mission Dolores, a whitewashed chapel on the beautiful palm-lined boulevard of Dolores Street, a scene from *Vertigo*, the film that cast San Francisco's magnificent vistas in a starring role alongside James Stewart and Kim Novak, was played out. It was here that the acrophobic Scottie (Stewart) secretly followed the hags Madeleine (Novak) to the site of Carlotta Valdez's grave. Following in their footsteps through the quiet chapel, San Francisco's oldest building, I scoured the graveyard for Carlotta's resting-place, but this detail turned out to be fictional. Her headstone apparently remained in the garden as a tourist attraction for some years after filming, but with visitors passing the real tombstones to get to a film prop, the bishop decided that it had to go.

Still shadowing Madeleine, the millionaire shipping-magnate's wife, in his De Soto, Scottie later drove down to the one location which, above all others, is the city's defining symbol. I continued to shadow them both. Arching between the San Francisco peninsula and Marin County, the Golden Gate Bridge carries more than 100,000 vehicles a day across its two-mile span. Relatively few visitors, however, descend from the view-point at the Toll Plaza down to sea level at Fort Point, an old US Army fortress which squats directly below the rumbling roadway. It was here, set against the spectacular backdrop of the two towering 740ft steel suspension towers, that Madeleine faked her suicide attempt by falling into the freezing waters of San Francisco Bay. Here Scottie dived in to rescue her, and here my search for authentic movie ambience found a sensible cut-off point.

Back at the Phoenix, I checked the kidney-shaped pool for rock stars. There was neither living legend splashing about, nor the dead, floating variety. Just one young man, with handsome sideburns, dark sunglasses and a Britpop-ish lisp, looked as if he must fit somewhere in the rock-schema – but I didn't know who he was.



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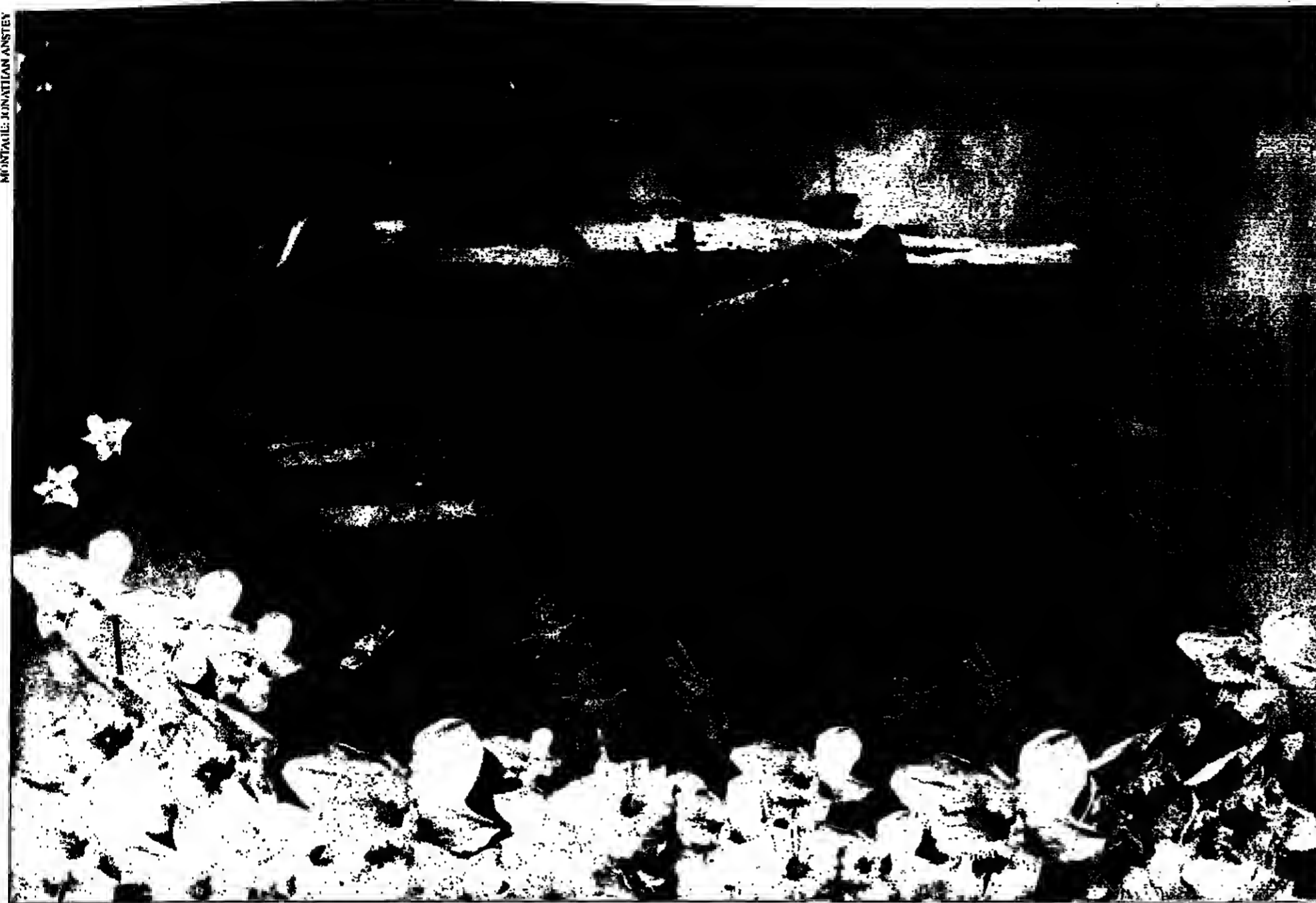
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## Tanks for the wildlife

Country: Nicholas Schoon on plans to develop Army land in national parks

Look at an OS map of the north of Dartmoor National Park, or the heart of Northumberland National Park, and you see lots of red ink, warning of danger areas.

Go to either of these places, and what do you find amid the wild, bleak scenery? Big signs warning people to keep away when the Army is firing; red flags fluttering; barriers across the roads. Guofire often smoothes the sounds of the wind in the heather, lark song and rushing water.

Then look at your map again, and reflect that this indispensable guide to Britain's walkers and nature lovers had military origins. The Ordnance Survey was carried out to help gunners shell accurately in every bit of Britain.

The Ministry of Defence owns or is licensed to use land in nine of the 11 National Parks in England and Wales. Hardest hit are Northumberland (22 per cent of its area is MoD controlled), Dartmoor (15 per cent) and the Pembrokeshire Coast in southwest Wales (5 per cent). For much of the time the public have to keep out or risk prosecution – and their lives.

Yet these parks are designated as our most precious terrain, and Acts of Parliament say their natural beauty should be preserved to promote public enjoyment. What on earth is the military doing here?

It's a question ramblers and environmentalists have been asking since the parks were founded half a century ago. It was raised again this week, with the opening of a public inquiry into the

Army's plans for developing its big Otterburn training area, straddling the middle of Northumberland National Park. It is the least visited and most remote of the parks: 400 square miles of moor and low mountain, just south of the Scottish border.

The inquiry will last as long as six months and cost the taxpayer more than £2.5m. The artillery wants to use Otterburn to train with its Multiple Launch Rocket System (MLRS) and its Artillery System 90 big gun. These heavy, tracked vehicles would sink into the soft, peaty soil. So the plan is to widen nearly 30 miles of narrow, metalled roads through the training area, and build new gun emplacements. New butts would be built to house extra soldiers in its Otterburn camp, plus a concrete vehicle park the size of a couple of football pitches – to be screened by trees. Three more miles of track would be built on the hillsides.

The military is not the only culprit in such developments. A nuclear power station, now defunct, was built at Trawsfynydd in Snowdonia. In the mid-Eighties five miles of dual carriageway was pushed through Dartmoor National Park, allowing the busy A30 to bypass Okehampton.

But whereas it is extremely unlikely that these kind of developments would be allowed today, the military pressure on the parks seems likely to continue. The Army would like an extra 39,000 hectares of training area in Britain – the equivalent of another Salisbury Plain – following the ending of the

Cold War, which enabled the Army to withdraw most of its armour and soldiers from Germany.

The Army argues that its very presence helps conserve the landscape and wildlife of the parks. Apart from the shell holes, red flags and warning signs, Otterburn is the least spoilt, most natural part of the Northumberland National Park.

Conifer plantations, decry by a generation of hill walkers, are not much in evidence. Overgrazing by sheep and cattle has been kept in check; there are 31 sheep and cattle farms in Otterburn rented from the Army, but grazing is limited.

Training grounds such as Otterburn provide a haven for endangered wildlife – both inside and beyond the National Parks – because intensive agriculture has not been allowed to harm them. Salisbury Plain is Britain's largest remaining fragment of the rolling chalk downlands that once covered much of southern England. Most of this habitat has been ploughed for crops or "improved" with fertiliser – wiping out many wild flowers.

The stone curlew, a wading bird that has adapted to live on dry land, survives on the plain. So does the bobby, a magnificent bird of prey, four nationally scarce butterflies, and other rarities. If the army were to leave, the plain would qualify for instant designation as a National Park.

The Army wants to move AS90 training to Otterburn so as to make the maximum possible use of Salisbury

Plain for tank training. It is one of few areas where the ground is hard enough for them to roam freely. As for the MLRS, Otterburn is the only UK training area where this fearsome weapon can launch its salvo without having to close a major public road. Even its practice rocket, which does not fly as far as the real thing, requires a completely unpopulated safety zone 11 miles long and two miles wide. That is not available on Salisbury Plain.

The key issues for the public inquiry are whether the disturbance that this means for Northumberland National Park can be justified. Government policy is that there should be no major construction in the parks unless there are exceptional circumstances, and it is in the national interest.

The Army argues yes on both counts. Its main opponents, the Northumberland National Park Authority, the county council and a coalition of conservation groups, will try to demonstrate that the military has failed to consider other ways of training with this new artillery. Could it use computer simulation instead? Train overseas? Use other areas, or buy some new land altogether? No, no, no and no, says the Army.

Eventually the Government-appointed inspector will write his report, then the Secretary of State for the Environment will make a decision some time in 1998 or 1999. The best guess is that the Army will get the go-ahead, with a few further restrictions imposed upon it.

The inquiry follows three years of negotiations during which the National Park Authority agreed that there was a case for developing the training area in principle – an important breakthrough for the Army. Yet even after the military made further concessions to reduce the development, and the disturbance training causes to walkers and wildlife, the authority still refused planning permission last year, precipitating the inquiry. Maybe it should have offered a little bit more. Perhaps the Army's mistake was its somewhat aggressive public relations; many locals warmly approve of its presence because of its importance to the local economy. It did not help that the Army's spokesman on this issue also suggested the Authority's chief officer, Graham Taylor, was a Quaker pacifist who might be opposed to the military presence in principle.

Whatever the outcome, the tensions in Northumberland and other national parks will continue. The army will never get the funds to buy or rent large new chunks of training land in other thinly populated areas. It will seek to make the best possible use of the land it already controls, and perhaps add on a few bits around the edges. What it needs is plenty of tact, and a willingness to allow maximum possible public access to its training grounds – brilliant public relations, in short. The thunder of gunfire will rumble on in the hills of Otterburn and other national parks long after the verbal salvos at the inquiry have ceased.



Duff Hart-Davis

'People think grass is magic – grows by itself. In fact, only weeds do'

It was a visit to Highclere Castle, near Newbury, that made me see red – or should I say green? – about my lawn. I know it is foolish to make any comparison, for the Earl of Carnarvon's house is rather larger than mine (200-odd rooms) and his lawns, which cover eight acres, are more extensive. But what hit me was the sheer quality of the grass: even in this dry spring, it was a living Wilton carpet, dense, soft, smooth, springy and without a weed in sight. Returning to my own patch, I saw nothing but bumps, hollows, moss, dandelions and daisies. For advice on how to sort it out, I made contact with Denis Burles, a lawn doctor who lives in Abingdon and operates around the Oxford area.

To diagnose my problem properly, he said, would mean a site visit, for which he charges £36 an hour.

Knowing that Mr Burles was an RAF pilot, and flew passenger jets for British Airways, I reckoned he must be a man with steady nerves; nevertheless, I feared that the sight of my lawn might give him a nasty turn, so to save my own embarrassment (and pocket) I opted for a discussion about lawns in general.

He agreed that many of his clients are fanatical about their grass. Some are so proud of it that they summon him mainly for praise and reassurance. Others are jealous: they have seen a marvellous lawn elsewhere, and want theirs to look like it.

Few gardeners realise how much maintenance grass needs. "People imagine that after years of neglect, everything can be put right in five minutes. They think grass is magic, and grows by itself. In fact, the only things that grow by themselves are weeds."

"And moss," I suggested. "Yes," he said. "You get moss if you cut the grass too short, or the soil is compacted. But moss has no roots – only a foot, which anchors it to the ground. It gets its nutrients out of the atmosphere, rather than from the soil. That's why ferrous sulphate kills it."

Ferrous sulphate? We were off into the subject of patent lawn-improvers. Mr Burles is adamant that most are a waste of money. All the average grass needs, he said, is lawn sand, costing a few pence per pound: ordinary sand, that is, with the addition of ferrous sulphate, which scorches moss and most weeds, and sulphate of ammonia, which produces nitrogen.

As for mowing, is it better to box grass off, or leave it on as much? Everything depends on how often you mow. "If you can see the mowings after you've cut, pick

them up; otherwise they'll smother the rest of the grass. But if you can't see them, leave them as mulch."

Yet in periods of drought, such as we are having now, the trick is not to cut too short. "With the mower shut down and disabled, make sure you can put your hand flat on the ground beneath the blades. That'll give you an inch clearance." In normal weather he is all for "over-sowing" – scattering seed on to thin patches; but with the ground as dry as it is now, seed cannot germinate.

How did he learn all this? After leaving British Airways he took a course at the Sports Turf Research Institute at Bisleigh, did his City and Guilds certificates at Watlington Agricultural College, then did courses organised by the Institute of Groundsmanship at Milton Keynes. Eight years of practical experience have consolidated his expertise.

Besides diagnosing problems, he will also turn surgeon and operate, travelling with a battery of scarifiers and spikers. His busiest season runs from Easter until June, followed by another burst of activity in September and October. Back to my own ground. If I want to create a show-piece, he said, the only thing to do is to zap every living plant with Roundup and start again: rake of rubbish, Rotavate soil, roll with Cambridge roller, level ground, lay turf or sow seed, roll, water.

Curses! I think I'll settle for the *status quo*, weeds, bumps and all.

Denis Burles, 6 Oxford Road, Abingdon, Oxon OX14 2AA (0235 52059)

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## Bring on the fritillaries

At one time the sight of a field of fritillaries was commonplace in middle and southern England. Fritillary Sundays were held so that the public could enjoy the spectacle. Now the number of these flowers has so diminished that perhaps only a dozen or so fritillary meadows still exist in England.

At Ducklington in the Windrush Valley, however, the tradition is going strong and on Sunday 27 April, visitors will be welcomed to admire the village's fritillary meadow. Local historian Phillip Best explains: "The field was bought by the Peel family who used to live in the manor-house. They were interested in conservation, and allowed people to come and see the flowers. After they left the village, the church continued to operate the celebration and in fact sometimes some of the family turn up to participate."

This year, as in the past, tea and home-made cakes will be served in the village hall and there will be stalls on the village green selling tea-towels and other items decorated with fritillaries. Phillip Best suggests that visitors also make their way to the church, where they will be able to observe fur-

ther evidence of Ducklington's association with fritillaries.

The flowers are embroidered on two modern altar frontals and depicted in a fine stained-glass window, dating from the Thirties, by the Arts and Crafts-influenced artist Caroline Townshend.

Fritillaries are also carved into the 19th-century pulpit from Magdalen College, which itself boasts perhaps the best-known fritillary meadow in England. Indeed, Magdalen's fritillaries may well have come from Ducklington. In the 18th century, the living of the parish was under the patronage of Magdalen College; Richard Mabey in *Flora Britannica* suggests that the incumbent took some of the fritillaries from Ducklington back to his college plant.

People in Ducklington recall gypsies and locals regarding the plants as a lucrative sideline. Children would take fritillary posies to sell in Oxford and Birmingham, and flowers were even sent to Covent Garden. Ducklington was by no means the only place where such a trade existed. In the Oxfordshire area a tradition of permitting children over nine years old to sell posies in Oxford High Street.

The history of the plant is of interest because it is uncertain whether it is a genuine native wild flower or a garden escapee. The Latin name *Fritillaria meleagris* describes its appearance; *fritillaria* refers to its chequered markings and means a dice box, while *meleagris* refers to the mottled feathering of the guinea-fowl. It has a great many local names, including toad's head, frog cup, dead man's bells, and mourning bells of Solomon. In Berk-



JOHN LAWRENCE

shire it was known as bloody warrior, from the belief that each flower grew from a drop of Dane's blood. The first botanist to mention it was John Blackstone, who in 1736 noted it growing at Maud Field near Ruislip. If the plant were native to this country, it seems unlikely that early botanical writers would have overlooked it.

What is certain, however, is that the fritillary grows best on damp meadows which in the past were known as Lammas land. This was grazed from Lammas Day in August until Candlemas in February, at which time the stock was removed so that a cut of hay could be made in July. Changes in husbandry, extensive land drainage and gravel extraction have been responsible for the demise of many of these meadows, but there is still one magnificent example to be found – the 108-acre North Meadow at Crickeadene in Wiltshire. Here, on the alluvial deposits of the flood plain of the rivers Thames and Churn, three-quarters of the British fritillary population still grows. In bloom, it is an unforgettable sight.

While Ducklington is one of the few parishes to keep up the tradition of a Fritillary Sunday,

tomorrow at Fritillaries in Suffolk, an open day for fritillary viewing will be held at Fox's Meadow, a five-acre site now owned by the Suffolk Wildlife Trust. The meadow can be viewed throughout the flowering period, but on the open day refreshments are served and there is free parking. Fox's Meadow is named after a former owner, Queenie Fox, who opened it for charity one year, allowing anyone who paid a shilling to take home a bunch of flowers. Of course, a pick-your-own fritillary field would be environmentally unacceptable today; you now can simply go to look and to nurse.

Where to see fritillaries: Magdalen Meadow, beside Magdalen College, Oxford; open row during Fritillary Sunday at Ducklington, six miles west of Oxford; at Fox Fritillary Meadow on open day, 27 April; at Boundary Farm, Fritillaries, near Debenham, in Suffolk (Suffolk Wildlife Trust also owns other Nature Reserves where fritillaries bloom; details: 01473 894189); North Meadow at Crickeadene, halfway between Swindon and Chippenham – the best fritillaries anywhere in the south.

Patricia Cleveland-Peck

125 من الأصل



## Losing battles for kids – a round-up of mazes

**Kent's Hever Castle, near Edenbridge, Kent TN8 7NG (01732 865224)** Don't start with the maze, or you may miss the Italian garden, sculpture, cascades and fountains that decorate the childhood home of Anne Boleyn. Open daily, 11am-6pm. Admission £4.90/£3.90.

**Hung-up on the 19th century: the Allan family outside the general store**

been like, giving us a very local connection. The lady in the chemist, Gee's, told us that when the shop was being re-erected before they asked Mr Gee's daughter-in-law to show them where he had kept his stores. In the hardware shop the man talked to the children about prices, how they compared to wages and what people spent their money on. He had a kettle on sale for 10 shillings, a shopkeeper's weekly wage. He explained that it may seem a lot but the kettle would last forever.

The staff were helpful but there were not enough of them to give the place the feeling of a true mining community. We didn't do much on the canal, and while it was such an essential part of the whole set-up there was not a lot of information down there or people to ask about it. This may be better on a brighter day.

1997, 1998, 1999, 2000, 2001, 2002, 2003, 2004, 2005, 2006, 2007, 2008, 2009, 2010, 2011, 2012, 2013, 2014, 2015, 2016, 2017, 2018, 2019, 2020, 2021, 2022, 2023, 2024, 2025, 2026, 2027, 2028, 2029, 2030, 2031, 2032, 2033, 2034, 2035, 2036, 2037, 2038, 2039, 2040, 2041, 2042, 2043, 2044, 2045, 2046, 2047, 2048, 2049, 2050, 2051, 2052, 2053, 2054, 2055, 2056, 2057, 2058, 2059, 2060, 2061, 2062, 2063, 2064, 2065, 2066, 2067, 2068, 2069, 2070, 2071, 2072, 2073, 2074, 2075, 2076, 2077, 2078, 2079, 2080, 2081, 2082, 2083, 2084, 2085, 2086, 2087, 2088, 2089, 2090, 2091, 2092, 2093, 2094, 2095, 2096, 2097, 2098, 2099, 2100, 2101, 2102, 2103, 2104, 2105, 2106, 2107, 2108, 2109, 2110, 2111, 2112, 2113, 2114, 2115, 2116, 2117, 2118, 2119, 2120, 2121, 2122, 2123, 2124, 2125, 2126, 2127, 2128, 2129, 2130, 2131, 2132, 2133, 2134, 2135, 2136, 2137, 2138, 2139, 2140, 2141, 2142, 2143, 2144, 2145, 2146, 2147, 2148, 2149, 2150, 2151, 2152, 2153, 2154, 2155, 2156, 2157, 2158, 2159, 2160, 2161, 2162, 2163, 2164, 2165, 2166, 2167, 2168, 2169, 2170, 2171, 2172, 2173, 2174, 2175, 2176, 2177, 2178, 2179, 2180, 2181, 2182, 2183, 2184, 2185, 2186, 2187, 2188, 2189, 2190, 2191, 2192, 2193, 2194, 2195, 2196, 2197, 2198, 2199, 2200, 2201, 2202, 2203, 2204, 2205, 2206, 2207, 2208, 2209, 2210, 2211, 2212, 2213, 2214, 2215, 2216, 2217, 2218, 2219, 2220, 2221, 2222, 2223, 2224, 2225, 2226, 2227, 2228, 2229, 2230, 2231, 2232, 2233, 2234, 2235, 2236, 2237, 2238, 2239, 2240, 2241, 2242, 2243, 2244, 2245, 2246, 2247, 2248, 2249, 2250, 2251, 2252, 2253, 2254, 2255, 2256, 2257, 2258, 2259, 2260, 2261, 2262, 2263, 2264, 2265, 2266, 2267, 2268, 2269, 2270, 2271, 2272, 2273, 2274, 2275, 2276, 2277, 2278, 2279, 2280, 2281, 2282, 2283, 2284, 2285, 2286, 2287, 2288, 2289, 2290, 2291, 2292, 2293, 2294, 2295, 2296, 2297, 2298, 2299, 2300, 2301, 2302, 2303, 2304, 2305, 2306, 2307, 2308, 2309, 2310, 2311, 2312, 2313, 2314, 2315, 2316, 2317, 2318, 2319, 2320, 2321, 2322, 2323, 2324, 2325, 2326, 2327, 2328, 2329, 2330, 2331, 2332, 2333, 2334, 2335, 2336, 2337, 2338, 2339, 2340, 2341, 2342, 2343, 2344, 2345, 2346, 2347, 2348, 2349, 2350, 2351, 2352, 2353, 2354, 2355, 2356, 2357, 2358, 2359, 2360, 2361, 2362, 2363, 2364, 2365, 2366, 2367, 2368, 2369, 2370, 2371, 2372, 2373, 2374, 2375, 2376, 2377, 2378, 2379, 2380, 2381, 2382, 2383, 2384, 2385, 2386, 2387, 2388, 2389, 2390, 2391, 2392, 2393, 2394, 2395, 2396, 2397, 2398, 2399, 2400, 2401, 2402, 2403, 2404, 2405, 2406, 2407, 2408, 2409, 2410, 2411, 2412, 2413, 2414, 2415, 2416, 2417, 2418, 2419, 2420, 2421, 2422, 2423, 2424, 2425, 2426, 2427, 2428, 2429, 2430, 2431, 2432, 2433, 2434, 2435, 2436, 2437, 2438, 2439, 2440, 2441, 2442, 2443, 2444, 2445, 2446, 2447, 2448, 2449, 2450, 2451, 2452, 2453, 2454, 2455, 2456, 2457, 2458, 2459, 2460, 2461, 2462, 2463, 2464, 2465, 2466, 2467, 2468, 2469, 2470, 2471, 2472, 2473, 2474, 2475, 2476, 2477, 2478, 2479, 2480, 2481, 2482, 2483, 2484, 2485, 2486, 2487, 2488, 2489, 2490, 2491, 2492, 2493, 2494, 2495, 2496, 2497, 2498, 2499, 2500, 2501, 2502, 2503, 2504, 2505, 2506, 2507, 2508, 2509, 2510, 2511, 2512, 2513, 2514, 2515, 2516, 2517, 2518, 2519, 2520, 2521, 2522, 2523, 2524, 2525, 2526, 2527, 2528, 2529, 2530, 2531, 2532, 2533, 2534, 2535, 2536, 2537, 2538, 2539, 2540, 2541, 2542, 2543, 2544, 2545, 2546, 2547, 2548, 2549, 2550, 2551, 2552, 2553, 2554, 2555, 2556, 2557, 2558, 2559, 2560, 2561, 2562, 2563, 2564, 2565, 2566, 2567, 2568, 2569, 2570, 2571, 2572, 2573, 2574, 2575, 2576, 2577, 2578, 2579, 2580, 2581, 2582, 2583, 2584, 2585, 2586, 2587, 2588, 2589, 2590, 2591, 2592, 2593, 2594, 2595, 2596, 2597, 2598, 2599, 2600, 2601, 2602, 2603, 2604, 2605, 2606, 2607, 2608, 2609, 2610, 2611, 2612, 2613, 2614, 2615, 2616, 2617, 2618, 2619, 2620, 2621, 2622, 2623, 2624, 2625, 2626, 2627, 2628, 2629, 2630, 2631, 2632, 2633, 2634, 2635, 2636, 2637, 2638, 2639, 2640, 2641, 2642, 2643, 2644, 2645, 2646, 2647, 2648, 2649, 2650, 2651, 2652, 2653, 2654, 2655, 2656, 2657, 2658, 2659, 2660, 2661, 2662, 2663, 2664, 2665, 2666, 2667, 2668, 2669, 2670, 2671, 2672, 2673, 2674, 2675, 2676, 2677, 2678, 26

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## The visitors

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Sue Allan, a nurse, took her children, Lauren, 10, Tim, 8, and Josie, 6.

**Lauren:** The Black Country Museum was brilliant. It was like going back in time, seeing the mine, the colliery, the houses and the shops just as they would have been in the 19th century. I've never been anywhere like it. I learned a

lot about the way the people lived. I don't think they earned very much. The houses seemed quite small, and just had rugs on the floor, little furniture, and the loos were outside in the gardeo shed.

I enjoyed the cinema, where we saw an old Charlie Chaplin film. It was not very comfy – we had to sit on wooden benches – and the film was very shaky, black and white, and no talking – just music. It was quite funny.

**Tim:** The first part of the museum is all to do with mining. There are lots of tracks and carts, the colliery

and the mine itself. The best bit was the mine. I wouldn't have liked to have worked down there. It was cold, wet, dark, very dangerous and not very well paid. Often the miners were paid in tokens which they could only use in certain shops – and these usually belonged to the mine-owners, so things were expensive. Miners had a hard life.

We went down to the village on the tram and there I got a good idea about life in the 19th century. I liked the hardware store, which had baths like big tins, ropes, brushes and beetle-traps which caught cockroaches in the night.

**Josie:** I really enjoyed the village and best of all the fairground, which was like an old travelling fair. There were swinging boats, a mirror place, a wobbly thing you had to walk along and a helter skelter which looked really old.

In the village the lady in the sweetshop made banana sweets, which weren't exactly delicious but quite nice. In the chemist we saw some scales where you paid a shilling and weighed your baby.

Down the mine there was a pretend explosion, which made the ground tremble under our feet. I found the area outside the mine a

bit boring because there were lots of big machines, piles of coal, and I didn't really understand how it all worked.

**Sue:** It was easy to wander round at your own pace, and there was enough to keep everyone's interest all day. The mine experience was just right, the children were not scared, but we could all see how

The staff were down-to-earth, local and well-informed, and the shopkeepers were keen to discuss where the original buildings had been and what the owners had

1997, 1998, 1999, 2000, 2001, 2002, 2003, 2004, 2005, 2006, 2007, 2008, 2009, 2010, 2011, 2012, 2013, 2014, 2015, 2016, 2017, 2018, 2019, 2020, 2021, 2022, 2023, 2024, 2025, 2026, 2027, 2028, 2029, 2030, 2031, 2032, 2033, 2034, 2035, 2036, 2037, 2038, 2039, 2040, 2041, 2042, 2043, 2044, 2045, 2046, 2047, 2048, 2049, 2050, 2051, 2052, 2053, 2054, 2055, 2056, 2057, 2058, 2059, 2060, 2061, 2062, 2063, 2064, 2065, 2066, 2067, 2068, 2069, 2070, 2071, 2072, 2073, 2074, 2075, 2076, 2077, 2078, 2079, 2080, 2081, 2082, 2083, 2084, 2085, 2086, 2087, 2088, 2089, 2090, 2091, 2092, 2093, 2094, 2095, 2096, 2097, 2098, 2099, 2100, 2101, 2102, 2103, 2104, 2105, 2106, 2107, 2108, 2109, 2110, 2111, 2112, 2113, 2114, 2115, 2116, 2117, 2118, 2119, 2120, 2121, 2122, 2123, 2124, 2125, 2126, 2127, 2128, 2129, 2130, 2131, 2132, 2133, 2134, 2135, 2136, 2137, 2138, 2139, 2140, 2141, 2142, 2143, 2144, 2145, 2146, 2147, 2148, 2149, 2150, 2151, 2152, 2153, 2154, 2155, 2156, 2157, 2158, 2159, 2160, 2161, 2162, 2163, 2164, 2165, 2166, 2167, 2168, 2169, 2170, 2171, 2172, 2173, 2174, 2175, 2176, 2177, 2178, 2179, 2180, 2181, 2182, 2183, 2184, 2185, 2186, 2187, 2188, 2189, 2190, 2191, 2192, 2193, 2194, 2195, 2196, 2197, 2198, 2199, 2200, 2201, 2202, 2203, 2204, 2205, 2206, 2207, 2208, 2209, 2210, 2211, 2212, 2213, 2214, 2215, 2216, 2217, 2218, 2219, 2220, 2221, 2222, 2223, 2224, 2225, 2226, 2227, 2228, 2229, 2230, 2231, 2232, 2233, 2234, 2235, 2236, 2237, 2238, 2239, 2240, 2241, 2242, 2243, 2244, 2245, 2246, 2247, 2248, 2249, 2250, 2251, 2252, 2253, 2254, 2255, 2256, 2257, 2258, 2259, 2260, 2261, 2262, 2263, 2264, 2265, 2266, 2267, 2268, 2269, 2270, 2271, 2272, 2273, 2274, 2275, 2276, 2277, 2278, 2279, 2280, 2281, 2282, 2283, 2284, 2285, 2286, 2287, 2288, 2289, 2290, 2291, 2292, 2293, 2294, 2295, 2296, 2297, 2298, 2299, 2300, 2301, 2302, 2303, 2304, 2305, 2306, 2307, 2308, 2309, 2310, 2311, 2312, 2313, 2314, 2315, 2316, 2317, 2318, 2319, 2320, 2321, 2322, 2323, 2324, 2325, 2326, 2327, 2328, 2329, 2330, 2331, 2332, 2333, 2334, 2335, 2336, 2337, 2338, 2339, 2340, 2341, 2342, 2343, 2344, 2345, 2346, 2347, 2348, 2349, 2350, 2351, 2352, 2353, 2354, 2355, 2356, 2357, 2358, 2359, 2360, 2361, 2362, 2363, 2364, 2365, 2366, 2367, 2368, 2369, 2370, 2371, 2372, 2373, 2374, 2375, 2376, 2377, 2378, 2379, 2380, 2381, 2382, 2383, 2384, 2385, 2386, 2387, 2388, 2389, 2390, 2391, 2392, 2393, 2394, 2395, 2396, 2397, 2398, 2399, 2400, 2401, 2402, 2403, 2404, 2405, 2406, 2407, 2408, 2409, 2410, 2411, 2412, 2413, 2414, 2415, 2416, 2417, 2418, 2419, 2420, 2421, 2422, 2423, 2424, 2425, 2426, 2427, 2428, 2429, 2430, 2431, 2432, 2433, 2434, 2435, 2436, 2437, 2438, 2439, 2440, 2441, 2442, 2443, 2444, 2445, 2446, 2447, 2448, 2449, 2450, 2451, 2452, 2453, 2454, 2455, 2456, 2457, 2458, 2459, 2460, 2461, 2462, 2463, 2464, 2465, 2466, 2467, 2468, 2469, 2470, 2471, 2472, 2473, 2474, 2475, 2476, 2477, 2478, 2479, 2480, 2481, 2482, 2483, 2484, 2485, 2486, 2487, 2488, 2489, 2490, 2491, 2492, 2493, 2494, 2495, 2496, 2497, 2498, 2499, 2500, 2501, 2502, 2503, 2504, 2505, 2506, 2507, 2508, 2509, 2510, 2511, 2512, 2513, 2514, 2515, 2516, 2517, 2518, 2519, 2520, 2521, 2522, 2523, 2524, 2525, 2526, 2527, 2528, 2529, 2530, 2531, 2532, 2533, 2534, 2535, 2536, 2537, 2538, 2539, 2540, 2541, 2542, 2543, 2544, 2545, 2546, 2547, 2548, 2549, 2550, 2551, 2552, 2553, 2554, 2555, 2556, 2557, 2558, 2559, 2560, 2561, 2562, 2563, 2564, 2565, 2566, 2567, 2568, 2569, 2570, 2571, 2572, 2573, 2574, 2575, 2576, 2577, 2578, 2579, 2580, 2581, 2582, 2583, 2584, 2585, 2586, 2587, 2588, 2589, 2590, 2591, 2592, 2593, 2594, 2595, 2596, 2597, 2598, 2599, 2600, 2601, 2602, 2603, 2604, 2605, 2606, 2607, 2608, 2609, 2610, 2611, 2612, 2613, 2614, 2615, 2616, 2617, 2618, 2619, 2620, 2621, 2622, 2623, 2624, 2625, 2626, 2627, 2628, 2629, 2630, 2631, 2632, 2633, 2634, 2635, 2636, 2637, 2638, 2639, 2640, 2641, 2642, 2643, 2644, 2645, 2646, 2647, 2648, 2649, 2650, 2651, 2652, 2653, 2654, 2655, 2656, 2657, 2658, 2659, 2660, 2661, 2662, 2663, 2664, 2665, 2666, 2667, 2668, 2669, 2670, 2671, 2672, 2673, 2674, 2675, 2676, 2677, 2678, 26

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**TAKE NOTICE** that Nigel John Allen of 13 Weston Lodge, Portsmouth Road, Thames Ditton Surrey, is hereby notified that he is carrying on the trade or calling of a **Manager** intends to apply at the Licensing Sessions for the said Division to be held at The Court House, 15th day of May, 1964, on Monday the 15th day of May, at 10.00 hours for the grant to him of a **License** to sell or to sell by retail unwholesome liquor on the premises for consumption on the premises to be situated at and to be known as **Wine Café** comprising the Café having the premises on the plan deposited with the Licensing Officer including the premises and including the **Off Licence** known as **6 Brook House** (formerly known as **6 Brook Street**) Newbury, Berkshire.

**Given** under our hands this 15th day of May 1964.

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# all consuming



## The key to khaki

Khaki is the modern urbanite's battledress. Melanie Rickey reports from the war zone

The buses of London are currently being used in a battle of the khaki. Calvin Klein's slouching, asexual boys are pouting and posing with Kate Moss at Piccadilly Circus as the "Every khaki only Gap" advert swooshes past them and up Regent Street on the side of a number 73 bus. Khaki is a big fashion story for this summer (despite having been a wardrobe staple for years) and is the only classic that comes anywhere near denim in popularity. Today it is omnipresent, thanks to the huge sums the Gap, Calvin Klein and of course, Levi's, with its best-selling Dockers brand, are pumping into their advertising (have you seen the man ironing his bacon sandwich in the Dockers ad yet?).

Khakis, or, as they call them in America (much to the amusement of the English) "kackees", have traditionally been known as chino trousers, be they flat-fronted, pleated, wide or slim, with or without turn-ups and made of pure

cotton. However, "khaki" was the Gujarati word for a mud-coloured cloth - from *khak*, the Persian word for "dust" - and is one of many English words taken from our time in India (others are shampoo, bungalow, pyjama and jodhpurs). Khaki trousers were first worn by British soldiers in India during the 1882 Egyptian campaign. Their modern descendants have merged, via the Boer War and the two World Wars, with American chinos, and are now the trousers of choice for millions of American men who dress as they please at work on Fridays. The "muff" days, or casual Fridays, were introduced in the Eighties when Levi Strauss was approached by white-collar firms eager to encourage their employees to relax office dress codes. Dockers were brought in, and they sponsored a whole series of "how to" books on dressing down. Dockers are now the number one brand in America: two out of three men own at least two pairs, and their most popular colour is - you guessed it - khaki. Since Dockers were launched here in 1995, they have managed to dent Gap's superior market position; they sold 1.1 million pairs across Europe last year, more than doubling 1995's figures.

Gap launched their khakis in 1985 on the back of Dockers' US success; their aim was to make the trousers as accessible and universal as jeans, and it has worked. Gap has three basic styles for men: easy, relaxed, and slim-fit, all with reinforced pockets, crotch and belt loops. There are four

women's styles: regular and slim. Dockers also have the largest size scale available: waists from 28in to 40in and inside leg from 30in to 36in. Apart from office bound

types, people who have never worn (and will never wear) a suit to work have begun to adopt khakis as a modern uniform. Klein's collection, which he calls "the modern urban uniform", is the khaki look repackaged: vaguely military in flavour, downbeat and very, very cool. The range features two basic trouser designs, a pleated front and the more up-to-date flat front for both sexes, with slim-cut hipsters aimed directly at women (see Kate Moss on the buses). There is even a "loose and easy" version for women; when worn they are supposed

to look as though borrowed from the boyfriend (it would be much cheaper to nick them from him, though). There are also safari jackets, slim-fit shirts, shirt dresses and thick, ribbed vests and T-shirts which are bound to sell and sell.

As well as the Americans, British design labels and high-street stores have gone khaki crazy this spring. See French Connection for reasonably priced cotton/Lycra boot-cut hipsters for girls, and flat-fronted, slim-cut trousers for

boys. FCUK have also included coordinating little vests and jackets. People Corporation and Copperwheat Blundell have put the trousers into their collections, worn low-slung, loose and baggy. But female designers such as Nicole Farhi and Margaret Howell, whose silk/linen suit (pictured) is the embodiment of cool, are doing dressier khaki suits for women - still worn in a similar way to the men, but with a serious dose of effortless chic thrown in.

Postscript: One of the most commonly asked questions about khaki is to do with its colour. Many think it is a sludgy olive green, or Army green. Others an off-white, sandy colour. To put the record straight, according to the Concise Oxford Dictionary it is "a dull, brownish yellow", which doesn't sound too attractive, but means that any shade, as long as it's a mixture of brown and yellow, is khaki.

Catwalk pic: Margaret Howell silk/linen suit, trousers £155, shirt, £155, jacket, £355, available from Margaret Howell, 24 Brook Street;

29 Beauchamp Place, SW3; 9 Old Red Lion Court, Stratford Upon Avon; 7 Peved Court, Richmond and Liberty, Regent Street London, W1.

Dockers khaki's (above) cost from £35, and are available from Saffridges, Oxford Street, London W1; Capolito Roma, The Marlborough Centre,

Southampton; Fenwick's of Tunbridge Wells, Kent and Royal Victoria Place and The Dockers Store, Lakeside Shopping Centre Thurrock, Essex.



Calvin Klein Khaki

ck Khaki's - from £85 for men and women styles. For your local stockist call 0171-259 6011

Gap Khaki's cost from £34 for men's and women's styles. For your local stockist call freephone, 0800 427789

## Ad Watch You're getting Fanta

"Drink me: I'm trendy" is the message behind the latest advertising campaign for Fanta. Hardly a unique selling-point, one would think. But it is for Fanta, which has suffered years of neglect by its parent, Coca-Cola, while rival Tangi has taken Britain by storm. Fanta's new campaign features ads designed to "reflect the fun personality of the drink". Coca-Cola explains. In one commercial, a group of boring American teenagers obsessed with mud (they live, breathe and wash in it) have their lives revolutionised by something orange.

No, not Tango but Fanta, whose influence turns the tribe into Face-reading trendsetters. In another, pushing ice is the social highlight for a fictional Canadian community. Except when under the influence of Fanta, that is, when they don summer clothes and get a life.

The aim is to resurrect Fanta in the UK, where it languishes at 10th position in the sales league for soft drinks. In contrast, outside the UK - where Tango is not available - Fanta is the fourth most popular, Coca-



Cola sees "no logical reason" for this, but says "There is no orange war."

Fanta benefits from its parent's supply contract with McDonald's - it's the fast food giant's official orange drink. But this has done little to grow consumer interest in the brand.

The flavoured drinks sector has stayed still in the UK simply "because we've not invested in it", a Coke spokesman, Louise Terry, explains. Ten years ago, flavoured fizzy drinks were selling as many cans in the UK as fizzy colas.

Now "colas have been making more noise - it's as simple as that." As a result, competition from a wide range of other non-alcoholic drinks - even coffee, tea and water - has taken its toll.

Which is hardly surprising when you consider Coca-Cola's chief preoccupation: winning the Cola War against arch-rival Pepsi, as upstarts such as Virgin Cola snap at the big boys' heels. Each cola giant invests tens of millions of pounds in marketing each year, the battle reached new heights last April when Pepsi unveiled its new blue can.

So, Fanta's solution? To shout louder. It's a "mainstream" brand with mass market appeal amongst discerning and advertising-literate 14-to-17-year-olds, says Bruce Haines, chief executive of Leagas Delaney, the advertising agency behind the campaign.

"It's a brand that's had to grow up," he adds. To appeal to the under-10s you must target the early teens; to appeal to early teens, 17-to-19-year-olds. Where Tango plays to its British heritage, Fanta is all about "global context". Oh, and fun.

Without doubt, Fanta's new ads are appealing, especially the ad serious, all-American voice-over describing the bizarre preoccupations of the characters. Coca-Cola is spending no less than £15m on the push, Ms Terry points out.

But there must be a strategy that so self-consciously sets out to convince the world that Fanta is trendy.

The difference with rival drinks business Britvic's approach for Tango (remember the bald Orangeman slapping faces with a large, orange rubber hand?) is cult status. And here's the rub: Tango achieved it seemingly by not trying at all.

Meg Carter

## The world according to fair trading

Third World producers are starting to get a fairer deal, says Meg Carter

Like is the latest in a growing line of companies eager to be seen to be standing up for workers' rights in Third World countries. Last week the sportsware giant was reported to have signed a code of conduct on employee practices around the world. Closer to home, British supermarkets are attempting to do the same. But for the consumer with a conscience, shopping ethically is not as simple as it sounds. "Fair trading" is the term widely used to describe buying and selling products made by people working in decent conditions, and paid a fair wage. It is the idea behind the Fairtrade Foundation (FF) which, with the backing of voluntary organisations including Christian Aid, has developed the Fairtrade mark - an endorsement guaranteeing that Third World production of an item has met certain ethical standards, has been systematically checked and is regularly monitored.

So far, there are only a handful of Fairtrade products available in the UK. The best known are Café Direct coffee, Clipper tea and Maya Gold chocolate. The reason is the investment needed properly to research and source the products, explains Phil Wells, director of Fairtrade Foundation. "Before a Fairtrade product can be launched, we need to form effective partnerships with local farmers; this takes time. It is impossible to apply the same

standards for different products made by different processes in different countries." In spite of this, support for fair trading is growing. Last month, the Shadow overseas development minister, Clare Short, launched an ethics charter, calling for "ethical purchasing which guarantees decent employment and environmental conditions". Meanwhile, most of the major supermarkets now stock Fairtrade goods. And shoppers are demanding ever more information about the products they buy, says Andrew Simms, communications manager at Christian Aid, which is campaigning for a supermarket charter for the Third World. "When the food on your dinner table was growing in Kenya or South America just 24 hours before, perceptions of where home begins and ends inevitably change," he says. Small wonder, then, if supermarkets are now working to develop their own fair trade codes of conduct for dealing with suppliers. The reason is simple, according to Sainsbury's technical manager Dr Petrina Fridd: "We are responding to public demand."

Sainsbury has been working with Fairtrade Foundation for the past 18 months. It has developed a pilot study involving a detailed survey of production methods for four own-brand products: flowers in Kenya, tea in India, babywearing and electrical goods in China. A survey has been conducted in each country and responses are now being analysed. The results will be used to prepare a draft code of conduct which the company hopes to introduce at 5,000 supplier sites early next year. Meanwhile, Tesco last month announced plans to launch a 70-strong team of ethical advisers to monitor foodstuffs and other products. The company has been working on its own code with Christian Aid since last October, and will soon take part in a pilot study to assess what it needs to measure - and how - to shape its own definition of fair

trade. Other chains, including Sainsbury, insist that ethical trading is now "high on the agenda". Good news for Third World producers? Maybe. But a number of worries remain. One area of contention is the monitoring procedures required for an ethical code of practice. With different chains developing different strategies, there are calls to set up an independent body to oversee all ethical codes. "There is still no effective way of checking these codes," says Maggie Burns, of the Catholic Institute for International Relations, which is monitoring developments. Then there's the matter of just how the supermarket chains will use their fairly traded products. "It's a double-edged sword," Mr Wells believes. "While supermarkets' own fairly traded products can only promote the fair trade movement, it may also lead to them stocking their goods instead of Fairtrade ones." Communication is yet another issue. "Interest in developing codes so far has been great, but some strategies have been at best wishful thinking, at worse PR," Ms Burns says. "Lack of information is a problem. Companies are not yet willing to say 'our policy is this, or that'."

Labelling is seen by many as the inevitable end result, but this raises

more information, call 0117 929 0661. The Forest Stewardship Council is an independent body monitoring forests, set up with the World Wildlife Fund. The FSC symbol is used to endorse wood and wood-based products from properly managed forests. For more information, call 01686 412176. The Marine Stewardship Council is recently launched to develop a symbol for fish originating from properly managed stocks, also with the WWF. Unilever has

made a commitment to the scheme and will develop incentives for sustainable fishing. The company has also pledged to phase out the use of fish oil from European sources in 120 product lines. Last week, Sainsbury also pledged its support. For more information, call the WWF on 01483 426444. Fairtrade labelling denotes products produced to approved working conditions, including wages, hours and environment. For more information, call 0171 405 5942.

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### A Life of Facts

How have you survived without this piece of useless info? Here is the breakdown of venues at which breakfast was eaten in three months up to September 1996

|   |    |
|---|----|
| A hotel/guest house restaurant            | 25 |
| A fast food outlet (e.g. McDonald's)      | 15 |
| A train or ferry                          | 13 |
| A pub or club                             | 12 |
| A travel terminal                         | 12 |
| A sports/leisure centre                   | 2  |
| Have not eaten breakfast outside the home | 14 |
| Only eat breakfast at home                | 14 |
| Don't know                                | 2  |

Source: BMRB/Mintel





# business & city

Business news desk: tel 0171-293 2636 fax 0171-293 2098  
BUSINESS & CITY EDITOR: JEREMY WARNER

## High Court judge attacks City 'dishonesty'

Regan accused of 'iniquitous conduct' as net widens to 17 more companies

Nigel Cope  
City Correspondent

The scandal surrounding Andrew Regan's failed £1.2bn break-up bid for the Co-op widened yesterday to include 17 leading City financial institutions and blue-chip companies. They were supplied with confidential information stolen from the Co-op after what a High Court judge described as "iniquitous conduct" on the part of Mr Regan and his advisers.

Details of the scale on which confidential information was circulated in the City emerged as the CWS won an extension to the High Court injunction banning the use of the illicitly obtained information. This had been provided to Mr Regan by Allan Green, the CWS controller of retailing who was suspended earlier this month.

Ruling in favour of the CWS, Mr Justice Lightman said: "I regard this as a quite exceptional case [and a] gross, wilful and disgraceful breach of confidence." He added: "It was inevitable that this bid would be stopped as soon as it was apparent that it was based on iniquitous conduct on the part of those making it."

He described the methods of obtaining the information as "clearly dishonest".

The CWS was also awarded the most punitive form of costs against the Regan camp. These are expected to run to millions of pounds and there will be a further claim for damages.

The CWS's QC, Christopher Clarke, read out in court a list of the 17 City firms which had received confidential information, mostly distributed by Hambros Bank, Mr Regan's financial adviser.

The list included Nomura International, which withdrew its backing for Mr Regan on Thursday, Price Waterhouse, Goldman Sachs, UBS and JP Morgan. Also cited was Sainsbury, the supermarket group which recently called off talks with Mr Regan to buy some of the Co-op supermarkets.

The information provided was so detailed that it fell into 32 categories including trading forecasts, the board's budget for 1997 and the entire CWS membership on diskette apart from those in Northern Ireland.

In his sworn affidavit, Mr Green also admitted discussing with Mr Regan the possibility

re-focusing the CWS as an operator of smaller convenience store outlets and about possible buyers of the larger stores including Tesco and Alders.

Appealing to the judge Mr Clarke said: "It is just that they pay now the cost... for behaviour we consider outrageous."

At a press conference staged later at the headquarters of SBC Warburg, the CWS's advisers, Graham Melmoth, the society's chief executive spoke of a "cascade" of stolen information saying it was an issue that "strikes to the heart of the City".

He said: "The City prides itself on its system of self-regulation and demands high standards of probity and integrity. Those standards must have been called into question by the activities of certain parties."

Brian Keelan, the CWS's key adviser at SBC Warburg said: "The last week has not been a good one for the City. It is an ugly situation."

He added that on Monday Warburg's had delivered to Hambros a file of information thought to contain details of the controversial £2.4m payment to an offshore company by Regan two years ago.

Though Mr Keelan declined to reveal the contents of the file he said he had expected Hambros to withdraw its backing for Mr Regan's bid at that point. But the bank decided to press ahead.

The CWS has added Hambros and Travers Smith Braithwaite, Mr Regan's legal advisers, to the injunction banning the use of the confidential information. It is also pursuing private civil proceedings against both. However, Travers Smith issued a short statement yesterday saying: "We will resist most strongly any claim which may be made against us." The firm believes that the theft of information is not included under the act.

The CWS is now pursuing the 17 institutions which received confidential Co-op information for assurances that it will not be used. It said replies had been received from some while others were taking advice from their lawyers. It said further action was possible. "We're not going to just sit back if another bid were to emerge that is based on that information."

Mr Melmoth said he did not feel triumphant as a result of the victory. He said the Regan "bid" would have a "cathartic" effect on the movement and encourage it to improve its performance and move its disparate societies closer together.

Mr Regan could not be contacted yesterday. It has emerged that the CWS has written to the Stock Exchange asking it to investigate whether any shareholders in Galileo traded shares in Lancia Trust with the benefit of inside information. In the letter it points out that confidential Co-op documents were distributed to Galileo's shareholders, including Jupiter Tyndall. A number of these were also shareholders in Lancia, whose shares were rising strongly on speculation of a big deal. Lancia's shares have been suspended since February. An announcement from the Exchange is expected in a few days.

Additional reporting by Chris Hughes



Battle lines: Lennox Fyfe, chairman of CWS (left), and chief executive Graham Melmoth yesterday at SBC Warburg, where the campaign against Andrew Regan was masterminded. Photograph: Nicola Kurtz

## CWS turns up heat on Hambros

John Willcock  
and Nigel Cope

The pressure on Hambros Bank grew yesterday as CWS commenced civil proceedings against the venerable blue chip merchant bank which has been advising Andrew Regan on his controversial takeover bid.

Mr Justice Lightman gave the go-ahead in the High Court yesterday for CWS to commence an action for damages against Hambros. The case centres on confidential documents provided to Mr Regan's bidding vehicle, Galileo, and his advisers, Hambros, by two senior CWS executives.

Graham Melmoth, chief executive of CWS, expressed his outrage yesterday at the way the documents containing highly confidential information, including minutes of CWS board meetings, were distributed by Hambros to 17 other institutions.

Mr Melmoth said that "the documents have gone cascading around the City." He added: "We've uncovered much evi-

dence of illegal activity at the heart of the City."

The list of 17 included several banks, which Hambros approached to provide financing for the deal to buy CWS. Most declined to support the bid, but Nomura was about to complete a £1.2bn deal before it withdrew this week. Banking sources said Nomura had failed

CWS were Peter Large and Andrew Salmon.

A spokesman for Hambros said last night that it could not make any comment on the affair now that legal proceedings had started.

In a series of devastating letters this week, Graham Melmoth to Lord Hambro, chairman of Hambros, the CWS boss con-

mura International to withdraw its £1.2bn of debt finance which finally forced Mr Regan to concede defeat.

UBS was approached by Hambros on 16 April to take part in the financing of the Regan bid. It is understood it received documents the following day. However, the negative publicity surrounding the deal deterred the bank from supporting the bid.

Goldman Sachs, the US investment bank, was another institution on the list of names that had seen the documents. The normally low profile bank was moved to issue a statement yesterday: "Goldman Sachs was represented at a presentation given by Hambros and Galileo in late March."

"We decided immediately and made clear to the other parties within days that we were not interested in proposals put forward in respect of CWS. Documents received were handed back to Hambros immediately when they were requested," the statement said.

**Documents have gone cascading around... We've uncovered evidence of illegal activity at the heart of the City - Melmoth**

to receive assurances from Galileo about the provenance of the information on CWS.

CWS is taking legal action against the bank as a whole, not the individual employees who worked on behalf of Mr Regan. The main figures at Hambros that worked on the bid for

cluded that "it is inconceivable that anyone could have concluded that the documents had been obtained by legitimate means from a legitimate source."

Hambros continued its support right to the bitter end. It was only the decision of No-

### How Co-op secrets were spread around the City

The companies and institutions who received confidential CWS documents, principally from Hambros Bank

Goldman Sachs International  
Hambros Bank  
Hillier Parker  
Jupiter International Group  
Lloyds Bank Registrars  
Nomura International  
Price Waterhouse  
J Sainsbury  
Société Générale  
Union Bank of Switzerland  
Healey & Baker  
Leucadia National Corporation  
J P Morgan  
Lloyds Bank  
Bankers Trust  
HSBC Investment Bank  
Avonwick



Justice Lightman: Scorned 'wilful breach of confidence'

## Key figures in the abortive £1.2bn takeover bid for the Co-op



In the eye of the storm (from left): Andrew Regan; David Lyons, Mr Regan's business partner; Allan Green and David Chambers, both suspended as executives by the Co-op; David Evans, shareholder and former director of Galileo; Andrew Regan's bid vehicle, Lord Hambro, chairman of Hambros Bank; and Peter Large, part of Mr Regan's advisory team at Hambros

## Morgan pays £200m in compensation

Nic Cicuttii  
Personal Finance Editor

Morgan Grenfell Asset Management yesterday moved to close a chapter in the scandal surrounding the three troubled funds run by Peter Young, its maverick former manager, by promising that more than 80,000 individual investors in the trusts will receive about £100m in compensation.

Payments averaging about £1,200 per person will be sent on Tuesday to investors in the three funds, in which dealings were briefly suspended in September after trading irregularities were uncovered.

A further 40,000 investors,

whose savings were held in 250 nominee accounts run on their behalf by a number of life companies, including Skandia and Aegon, are expected to receive compensation worth a further £100m within the next few months.

The payments, to be made either by cheque or by topping up individuals' unit trust accounts, brings to £400m the total cost of Peter Young's activities being shouldered by Deutsche Bank, Morgan Grenfell's German parent.

Frances Davies, head of pooled funds at Morgan Grenfell, said: "The compensation will be paid on the basis of a formula agreed with Imro [the

fund management regulator]. We believe what has been agreed is full and fair."

She added that some 70 per cent of unitholders in the three funds, European Growth, Europa and European Capital Growth, had already requested top-ups rather than cash payments.

The mechanism for paying compensation involves setting August 1st 1995 as the starting date for assessing redress. This is the moment identified by Morgan Grenfell when Peter Young began his irregular trading.

Microcap, the specialist financial statistics provider, was asked to calculate average

fund performance to September 1996 for trusts within the same sectors and operating on the same principles as the three affected Morgan Grenfell ones.

In the case of the European Growth Trust, the flagship fund run by Peter Young, its growth was just 2.05 per cent compared to the average growth of the benchmark funds of 15.4 per cent over this period.

Calculating the compensation to be paid involves comparing the price at which investors bought the units and when they were sold, or September 6 1996, he held to that date.

Losses between the two

prices will be repaid in full, Ms Davies said yesterday. Investors would also receive an "underpin" to their funds returning their money in full, including the bid-offer spread on the investment. Payments would be topped up by an additional 6 per cent compound interest payable from September last year.

The payments next week bring to a close another chapter in the saga which severely damaged the credibility of Morgan Grenfell. Earlier this month it was fined £2m, plus £1.5m costs for a vast catalogue of regulatory offences that allowed Mr Young to engage in his rogue trading practices.

## Ulster watchdog rejects MMC electricity curbs

Michael Harrison

The electricity watchdog for Northern Ireland yesterday rejected new price controls recommended by the Monopolies and Mergers Commission in a move which could have serious repercussions for utility regulation throughout the UK.

Douglas McIlinden, the director-general of electricity supply, said he was not minded to accept some of the price controls for Northern Ireland Electricity called for by the MMC. The regulator and the MMC are at loggerheads over NIE's

depreciation policy and acceptable levels of capital and operating expenditure.

The dispute is unprecedented and could have ramifications for the way in which Clare Spottiswoode of Ofgas reacts when the Government publishes the MMC's long-awaited report into price controls for British Gas's transportation arm, now known as BG.

NIE had proposed a cut of 22 per cent in certain of its charges while the regulator wanted a reduction of 33 per cent. The MMC has proposed a reduction of 28 per cent which will mean

a cut in electricity bills in real terms of 14 per cent.

Patrick Haren, chief executive of NIE, warned that Mr McIlinden's refusal to accept the MMC's ruling threatened to bring the whole regulatory framework into disrepute, adding: "It is not now open to the director-general to reject the MMC's conclusions and we shall resist any attempt on his part to do so."

Although regulators are technically at liberty to disregard the MMC findings, since it is effectively acting as a court of appeal, the convention is for the MMC's recommendations to be accepted.

| STOCK MARKETS  |          |              |            |              |             |           |
|----------------|----------|--------------|------------|--------------|-------------|-----------|
| Index          | Close    | Day's change | Change (%) | 1996/97 High | 1996/97 Low | 15-MO Avg |
| FTSE 100       | 4369.70  | +18.80       | +0.4       | 4444.30      | 4056.60     | 3.70      |
| FTSE 250       | 4500.30  | +16.90       | +0.4       | 4729.40      | 4469.40     | 3.56      |
| FTSE 350       | 2143.00  | +9.00        | +0.4       | 2194.30      | 2017.90     | 3.67      |
| FTSE SmallCap  | 2296.67  | +2.14        | +0.1       | 2374.20      | 2178.29     | 3.04      |
| FTSE All-Share | 2112.15  | +8.32        | +0.4       | 2163.94      | 1989.78     | 3.62      |
| Nifty 50       | 6752.92  | +39.33       | +0.6       | 7085.16      | 6032.94     | 1.82      |
| Tokyo          | 18612.86 | +85.21       | +0.5       | 19448.00     | 17303.65    | 0.857     |
| Hong Kong      | 12645.78 | +81.07       | +0.6       | 13668.24     | 12065.17    | 3.297     |
| Frankfurt      | 3377.27  | +20.09       | +0.6       | 3460.58      | 2848.77     | 1.581     |

| INTEREST RATES  |               |              |         |        |         |         |
|-----------------|---------------|--------------|---------|--------|---------|---------|
| Short sterling* | UK medium g/t | US long bond | 1 Month | 1 Year | 3 Month | 6 Month |
| 6.75            | 7.5           | 7.25         | 6.19    | 7.0    | 7.67    | 7.25    |
| 6.50            | 6.5           | 6.5          | 5.56    | 6.31   | 6.94    | 6.58    |
| 6.25            | 6.0           | 6.0          | 5.03    | 5.75   | 5.27    | 5.41    |
| 6.00            | 5.5           | 5.5          | 4.33    | 5.28   | 4.82    | 5.37    |
| 5.75            | 5.0           | 5.0          |         |        |         | 5.68    |

| CURRENCIES |         |         |         |         |         |         |
|------------|---------|---------|---------|---------|---------|---------|
| £/\$       | £/DM    | £/¥     | £/Sfr   | £/A\$   | £/NZ\$  | £/HK\$  |
| 1.6308     | 0.6108  | 151.14  | 1.6308  | 0.6108  | 151.14  | 1.6308  |
| +0.0001    | +0.0001 | +0.0001 | +0.0001 | +0.0001 | +0.0001 | +0.0001 |
| 1.6309     | 0.6109  | 151.15  | 1.6309  | 0.6109  | 151.15  | 1.6309  |
| +0.0001    | +0.0001 | +0.0001 | +0.0001 | +0.0001 | +0.0001 | +0.0001 |

## Peugeot increases profits to £30.5m

Peugeot Motor, the Coventry-based car maker, increased its profits sixfold to £30.5m last year as production reached record levels and its share of the UK car market rose, writes Michael Harrison.

The profits compare with the £74m that the entire Peugeot group earned in 1996 and help explain why the French parent company delivered a vote of confidence in its UK operation by approving a £100m investment in a new model this month. The car, a replacement for the 205, will go into production at Coventry late next year alongside the 306.

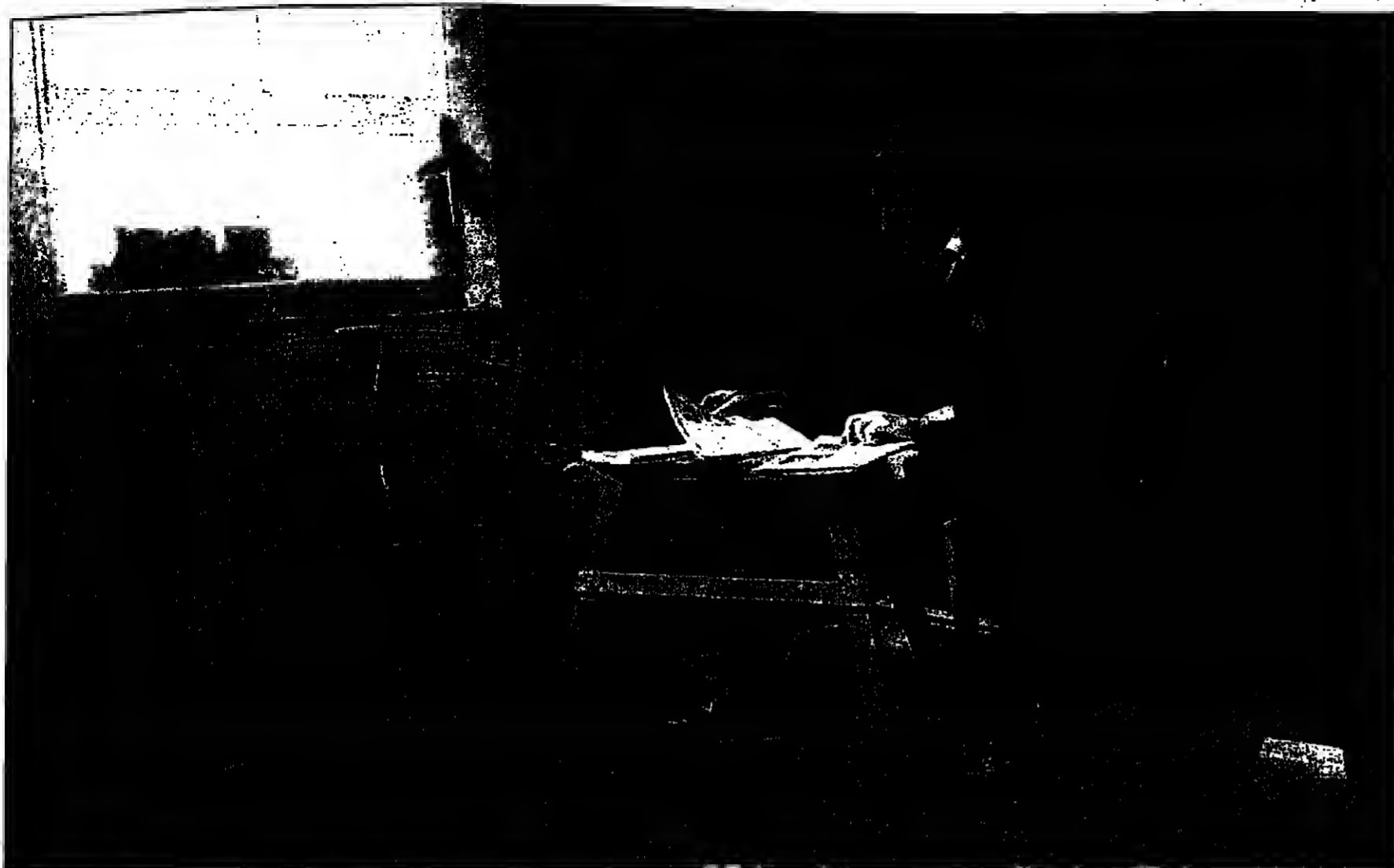
The strength of sterling against the French franc helped Peugeot to sell more cars last year with UK sales rising by 10,000 to 153,242. But Peugeot said the main factor behind the £30.5m profit - its highest since 1991 - was the improved competitiveness of the Coventry plant.

Richard Farham, Peugeot's managing director, said he expected to increase sales further this year against a background of modest growth in the UK car market. Production is expected to reach 90,000 against 85,751 last year - of which just under one-third were exported.

JP Morgan

# homes & money

Shopping for shares in the High Street.....25  
Make the most of your windfall.....28-30  
Invest to collect: reel in the cash.....30



## House hunting, fee and easy

For 18 months Jeremy Williams, a freelance advertising account planner and his wife Anne Hyde, a freelance photographer, became increasingly frustrated house-hunters. "We were inundated with mail, wasted most weekends on wild goose chases, and our relationship became fractious," Mr Williams says. Finally they decided to pay someone else to find them a new home and they hired the services of County Homesearch.

The couple knew they were looking for a rural property at around £100,000, within one-and-a-half hours of London - and indeed, it took another eight months to find the place they wanted. Bids were invited on the property, and a Homesearch agent, Douglas Fensome, advised them on what to offer. Last May, they became the owners of a two-bedroom lodge on a country estate in Buckinghamshire.

"Time was money for us," says Mr Williams. "It was a wonderful feeling to be able to let go of the reins, and we ended up with pretty much a perfect match to our brief."

Anyone who has ever braved the rigours of the property market will know how exhausting and demoralising the search for a house can be. There are so many criteria to satisfy, and so few hours in the day to make the necessary phone calls and trudge round homes on show - most of which are not going to fit the bill anyway.

With so little currently in the market-place, paying somebody else to do the searching, while knowing that you will be getting the best possible deal, is an attractive proposition. Property search companies, which sell themselves on taking the stress out of house-hunting, claim to have expert knowledge of the market-place, and are confident of being able to get a better price for a property than the client would acting alone.

Typically, when clients approach a search company, an agent will come and see them face-to-face to get a feel for exactly what they are looking for, and within what price range. Once it has been established that the company can work productively for the client, a contract is drawn up and an initial fee levied. The idea is to ensure that the client is serious, but the amount paid is sometimes deductible from the final fee.

Estate agents are keen to deal with search companies because they know the buyer being represented is serious, and that good relationship means that firms often get wind of properties before they go on the market. The firm then takes the client to the very best places it has seen, giving advice and pointing out pitfalls, and when the client has made a decision, the condition of the property is assessed. The final fee charged to the client for the service is usually between 1 and 2.5 per cent of the purchase price.

One of the most established search organisations is Property Vision, which has been finding homes in the country for the time-

starved buyer since 1983, and in London since 1989. Says director Charles Ellingworth: "Fifteen years ago, we did research which showed that people wanted advice that they just weren't getting from estate agents. Estate agents are acting in the interests of the seller, not the buyer, and we found that purchasers were prepared to pay someone to act on their behalf."

Property Vision will seek out properties starting at £400,000 in the country, and at £250,000 in London, with London property now constituting around two-thirds of its business. With a registration fee of £1,500 in London (£2,500 in the country), and a final fee of 2.5 per cent of the property's purchase price, Ellingworth admits Property Vision is more expensive than other buying agencies, but the initial charge is returnable against the final amount.

Stacks Relocation, which was set up in 1984 and now has 14 regional offices, charges a £300 retaining fee, returnable against a final fee of 1.5 per cent of the purchase price. Paul Greenwood, managing director, claims to save clients money "not necessarily from the asking price of a property, but from what would happen if they were left to their own devices".

County Homesearch, established seven years ago by Jonathan Hayward, now has 23 offices country-wide, with offices in Singapore and Hong Kong serving expatriates returning to the UK. It will search for properties worth from £75,000 up to several million pounds, charging a registration fee of £350 to "sort the wheat from the chaff". The final fee is equivalent to either 1.5 per cent of the purchase price, or 15 per cent of the saving made on the asking price - whichever is the greater.

Some estate agents will also act for buyers, among them Savills in London. Johnny Turnbull, of its Knightsbridge office, says: "A client who's been looking unsuccessfully for, say, six months, might come to me and say 'We get on with you - will you help us keep looking?' I might then see a suitable place about to go on to the market, and if the client likes it I will try and get it at the best possible price for him." That, of course, constitutes something of a role reversal for the estate agent, whose job it is usually to make as lucrative a sale as possible, but agents do not usually ask for any money initially, and the final fee charged is only 1 per cent of the purchase price.

Meanwhile Jeremy Williams is in no doubt that using a search company gave good value for money. "What we saved on mileage," he says "we've been able to spend on making the house look exactly as we want it."

Property Vision: 0171 823 8388.  
Stacks Relocation: 01666 860523.  
County Homesearch: 01872 223349.  
Association of Relocation Agents: 01273 624455.

Scott Hughes

## Dirty work well done

A year ago, Josephine Seccombe, a management consultant, was devastated to learn that she had narrowly failed to buy a derelict Victorian house in Shacklewell, north London. The three-bedroom property was not much to look at - plaster falling off, rotten windows, collapsed ceilings, a damp cellar, once beautiful rooms partitioned, bricks missing. "You wouldn't have washed your hands in the bathroom, let alone done anything else," she recalls. But the house retained many original features - cornices, wooden shutters and double doors in the living room - hidden under strips of ply-board, as were the spindles of the mahogany banisters.

A London property developer had also spotted the potential, however, and outbid her. The usual story seemed set to unfold. House snapped up for £77,000 is tarted up for fast sale and developer walks off with fat profit, leaving a bodged job.

But Ms Seccombe was in luck. The developer, Martin Fitzgerald, doesn't conform to stereotype. Where you might expect a smooth chammer in a BMW, offering emollient smiles and a handshake loaded down with gold, what you get is a 50-year-old in a beaten-up red van with a load of timber on the roof rack and half a house in the back. Locals go so far as to say he is that rare commodity, an honest developer.

Indeed, such was Mr Fitzgerald's reputation that after viewing previous work, Ms Seccombe bought the dilapidated house from him within days of the original sale. But the price wasn't £77,000. She paid £120,000 for Mr Fitzgerald's promise to do his "usual job". Twelve weeks after she'd first seen the wreck, Ms Seccombe moved into a restored home, with replastered walls and ceilings, new sash windows, modern central heating, rewiring, and a new kitchen with French windows, created by knocking through an outside loo, a scullery and an old kitchen. "I could never have project-managed the work so efficiently," says Ms Seccombe. "And it would have been much more difficult living here through the mess."

Property developers are not all cowboys, writes Jack O'Sullivan



Martin Fitzgerald (top picture): a rare commodity

PHOTO: NICOLA KURZ

combe. "He appreciates these old houses, and his work reflects that." So what is life like for that rare beast, a Nineties developer with a conscience? "We're making hay while the sun shines," says Mr Fitzgerald, who has seen prices rise by 30 per cent in two years. A recent sale tells the story. "I bought a three-bedroom place off the council last year for £98,500, expecting to spend my usual £30,000 on it and sell it for £145,000, leaving me with £16,500. We've just sold it for £160,000. On a rising market you make a bonus. The trouble is, you then have to pay more for the next derelict house you buy."

The late Eighties and early Nineties were rocky. "We made a lot of money up

to 1988 and then went on a curve downwards. The combination of falling prices, high interest rates and tax bills for the good years got us into trouble. We waited eight years for the recession to end." Though he avoided bankruptcy, there were dark days. At the top of the market in 1988 he owned, virtually outright, a huge, £350,000 Victorian detached house in Hertford. In 1992 debts forced him to sell a third of it off for £150,000 and remortgage, for £150,000, the four-bedroom remainder where he now lives with his wife and four children. "We dropped nearly 300 grand in the bad years. It was enough to make you a bit religious."

"A lot of people left the business and went into letting, where you do up a place and bring in tenants. But that ties up your cash. I like to be buying and selling. That way you can respond to the market quickly." The turning-point for Mr Fitzgerald was when Britain left the European Exchange Rate Mechanism in 1992. "We decided to go for growth," he says. That means developing a dozen houses a year.

"I like to think of myself as a renovator and an organiser," he says, standing in the debris of a recent acquisition. It has been cleaned back to its plain Victorian brick and the back wall is missing. The job ahead is like transforming a mouthful of rotten, filthy molars into a set of beautiful milk teeth. But it's a task that is becoming increasingly urgent. According to the Joseph Rowntree Foundation, houses built today will have to last longer than the Pyramids or Stonehenge, given the rate of building new ones.

"I like to have six houses on the go - two or three identified for purchase, a couple being built, two or three being decorated." In a recession, he says, are difficult to take. "In a holiday you're worried about not doing enough work, and when things are going well, you don't want to miss out on the good times." But this year he expects to spend a fortnight in Florida. "The wife's booked it. She's told me I'd better be there."

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تحتفظ من الأصل

# Pooled resources

## Is it worth splashing out on a swimming pool? Penny Jackson tests the water

**A**s temperatures soared over Easter, swimming pool covers came off across the country. However, not many people actually set out to buy a house with a pool. The chances are they will buy despite rather than because of it, even though they may end up enjoying its use. Anyone considering building a pool should do it entirely for themselves, not as a future selling point. However well it is designed, the next owners would invariably say to themselves, "I don't like this."

Catherine Scales, who acquired a covered pool when she and her family moved out of London, would love to move it. "It was plunked right in the middle of the garden even though there is plenty of space at the side of the house. It's a bit of an eyesore."

Nevertheless, with a young family it does "get a good deal of use which makes the effort involved in maintaining it worthwhile." "You have to be absolutely sure the chemical mix is right, and of course you get leaf problems. We have strict safety rules, such

as not allowing anyone to swim alone, or the children to go in without an adult. "I don't think I could live like this and would never have a pool that was not completely secure. Having said that, it is great in summer for family parties."

Estate agents often find that a pool is a liability when it comes to marketing a house. They find prospective buyers can be alarmed by the maintenance costs and often express a preference for tennis courts. "A substantial country house does not have to have a pool to get the price. I can't remember a number of times I have seen a small outdoor pool turned into a rose garden," says Bill Dixon of Cluttons. However, even though there was a fall-off in the construction of pools during the recession, the Swimming Pool Allied Trade Association (SPATA), has seen the demand come back with a vengeance over the past couple of years. A spokesman said that anything which did not involve swimming pools was a poor bet was selling fast. Pools can cost anything from a kit at £2,000 to £3,000 to well over £100,000. Maintenance

costs, according to SPATA, should be no more than £1,000 a year.

It is not surprising that the Saville Guildford office is aware of the nuisance potential of pools, but has also noted that the imaginative design of swimming pools has increased by leaps and bounds over the past few years. Given that money is not likely to be an obstacle in a house where £50,000 might be spent on the kitchen alone, he has seen pools that would make anyone's mouth water. They can be sited in extensions that sport like conservatories or orangeries and to all intents and purposes they become part of the house. "Ideally, a pool should be appetising in winter even if it is not integral to the house. In period buildings, where extensions would be unlikely to get permission, I have seen some wonderful pools in old barns, where you find yourself swimming under rafters and beams," he says.

For the garden, the Saville office is more sensitive to their surroundings than they used to be, he finds. Instead of stone of a Mediterranean hue, they

find to be natural—and the fashion for deck pools, where water comes up to the chest, is a strong, graceful, and softer look. At the worst end of the market, people are not happy with a few lengths a day but want a full leisure complex of gymnasium and pool.

This is a feature picked up, but with limited success, by property development companies. They believed that the *fad* for fitness would prove a big attraction when it came to selling new developments in London. Indeed, a private swimming pool in London is a small, if its country equivalent appears not to have, possibly because it is likely to be indoors. But some developers have seen swimming pools quickly become white elephants. Regalian, for instance, put one in at Free Trade Wharf in London's Docklands, but it has proved to be a real disappointment. In Kensington Green, Taylor Woodrow consulted residents about putting in a pool, but the residents declined.

Like Lady Beany of Beancy Pearce says, residents rarely use pools. Those that do want to swim prefer the more

social atmosphere of a club. "Residents have to pay for maintenance of the pool, and the southern water does not seem to be difficult to soak a pool. There is nothing worse than sitting on your balcony having dinner with the smell of chlorine wafting through." She sees gymnasia and tennis courts as the most popular way forward.

For those who see years of long, hot summers stretching ahead, and have the moody and space for a pool, there is some comfort from the water companies. "Southern Water does not include pools in its sprinkler band and once the pool is filled, considers the amount of water used as negligible. But Thames Water is beginning to meter pool owners."

Where the pool becomes a nuisance, there are alternatives. If transforming the plot into a rose garden doesn't appeal, follow the example of one Home Counties buyer who turned his pool into a sunken golfing range.

*For advice about swimming pools contact SPATA on 01264 356210*

## Three on view



**10 Abbotsbury Road, London W14**, has an outdoor heated pool in a large garden which backs on to Holland Park. The pool has an automatic roller cover for safety and to conserve heat. The detached, low house has six bedrooms, three bathrooms ad, on the top floor, a large family-cum-playroom. It was built in 1936 in the original grounds of Holland House. It is on the market for £3.85m through Chesterfield (0171 581 5234) and John D Wood (0171 727 0705).



**Prith Hall, East Farleigh, Kent**, is an early Victorian house with gardens, paddocks and wood orchards in more than 10 acres. It has a swimming pool and a hard tennis court. The six-bedroom house, with reception, drawing room and sitting room, has original fireplaces, shutters and cornices. In the grounds there is a detached period barn which could be converted. Offers in excess of £600,000 through Lanc Fox (01732 459900).

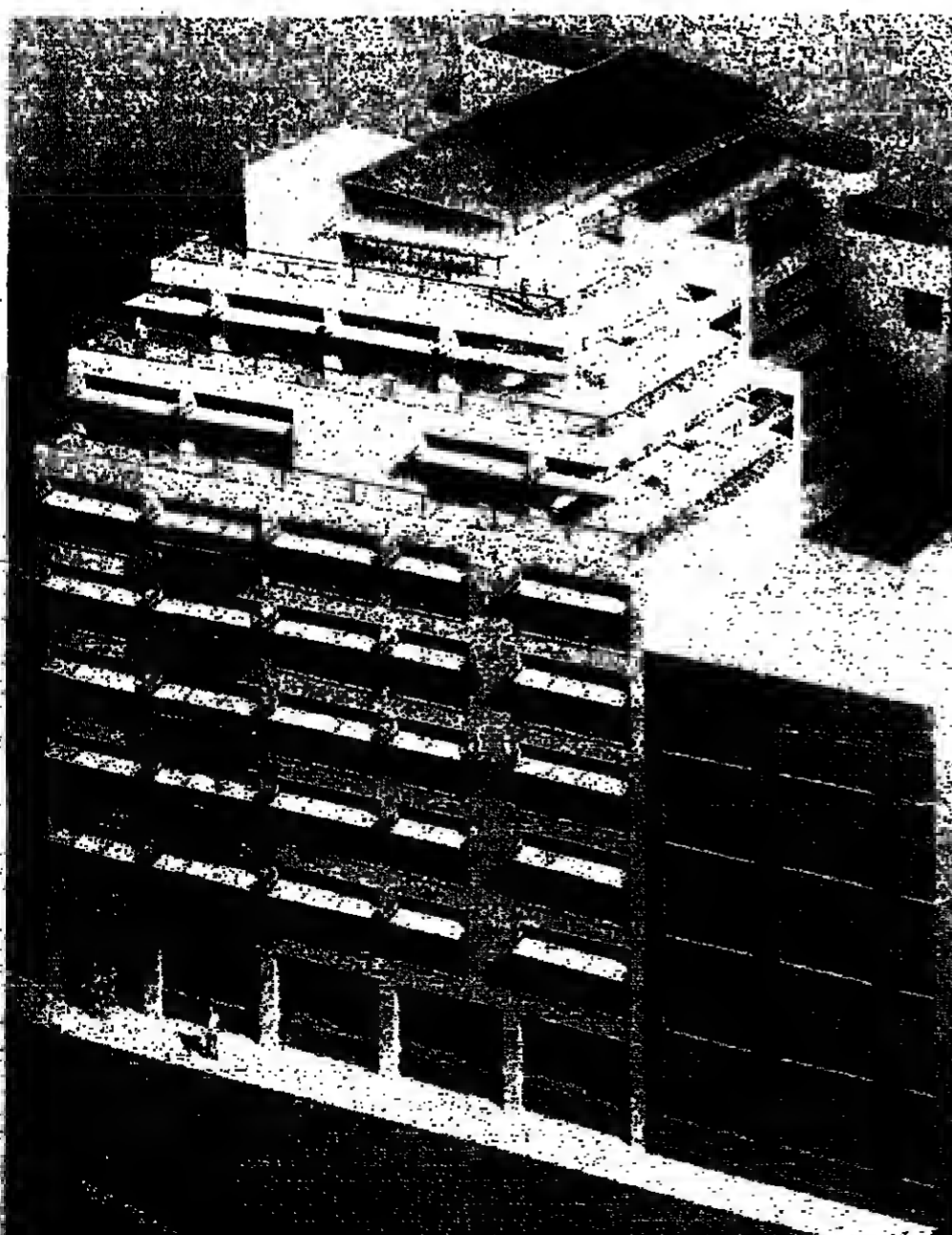


**East Down, Paignton, South Devon, dates back to the Napoleonic wars. It has a crenellated tower and is thought to have held prisoners en route to Dartmoor. In the 2.5 acres of garden is a pool, south facing and protected. The four-bedroom house, a haunt of Isadora Duncan, is priced £325,000 through Campbell Nicol Simpson (01548 857879).**

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Less than one week to go to the election, and disappointingly we have had only one rogue poll to disturb what otherwise appears to be a smooth transition towards a Labour government.

Even the spread betting market, which attracts some of the smartest money, seems stuck in a narrow trading range as far as estimates of the outcome go, pointing to a Labour majority of around 70 (though I am told some shrewd money has been heading in the direction of backing the Liberal Democrats and Scottish Nationalists to do better than expected).

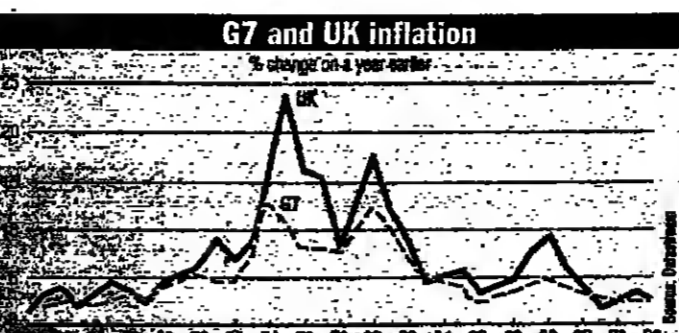
As an unreconstructed contrarian, I shall be disappointed if the actual result does not confound the pundits once more, but with no inside knowledge of any sort to call on, my personal ambition remains the more modest one of surviving until polling day without committing any money to the outcome.

As in so many things, however, the real bet that faces everyone this week is how much they are effectively wagering by doing nothing. For investors, in particular, the big unreserved question is whether, in voting for a Labour government



Jonathan Davis

The big question is whether, in voting for Labour, investors are also voting for higher inflation



they are also, whether deliberately or not, voting for higher inflation. This is a subject I have been chewing over again this week with Roger Bootle, the chief economist at HSBC James Capel. Roger is one of the leading exponents of the school of thought, once considered dangerously wild, now increasingly influential, which says that inflation is yesterday's bogeyman. His argument, expounded now over the past seven years, is that the world is in the grip of some powerful forces which are wiping inflation out of our economic system, and which are far more powerful than most people, including the world's economic policymakers, have yet realised. The danger now, he argues, is not that inflation is set to revive, but that we may tip over into worldwide deflation.

Although it suits central bankers and finance ministers to play up their own role in killing inflation, the truth is, claims Roger, that there are more powerful forces at work which explain why inflation has fallen so dramatically not just in Britain, but all around the world. He lists the growth of low-cost economic competitors in emerging market countries, the transforming power of computers and the gradual erosion of "producer power" across the developed world. Deregulation, privatisation and

the curbs on organised labour adopted by many governments have also played their part. "Throughout the industrialised world," he writes in his book *The Death of Inflation*, "the old cost plus bureaucratic system of interlocking quasi monopolies is collapsing."

With markets opening to competition all round the world, and consumers everywhere in the ascendant, it is little surprise, he concludes, that inflation continues to fall faster and more durably than everyone expects.

One small but telling example is what is happening to telephone charges in hotels. Time was when the hotel added a huge mark-up to

received a warm welcome in the central banking fraternity.)

When Roger started expounding his thesis that inflation was yesterday's problem, around 1990, he was greeted with incredulity, especially in the City. When he repeated the thesis in 1992, when Britain was bounced out of the ERM and into a compulsory devaluation of the pound, most institutional investors "laughed even louder," he recalls.

The conventional view was that devaluation would import inflation again, as it had always done in the past. But miraculously, the opposite proved to be the case. Inflation is the dog that has so far failed to bark. In the UK, although the Government has failed to hit its election-day target of 2.5 per cent inflation, it is only a hair's breadth away from it, and this despite four years of steady economic growth and a sharp fall in unemployment.

Where are we now in the inflationary cycle? According to Roger, while the UK's inflation record is still remarkable by recent historical standards, it is by no means the most impressive performance around. The latest data shows that inflation in Germany is down to 1.5 per cent, in France to 1 per cent, and in Japan to zero. Both Italy and Spain have inflation under 2.5 per cent, while Sweden, even more remarkably, is experiencing falling prices. Small wonder that those who took Roger's advice and invested in European and Scandinavian bonds have reaped a windfall in the past three to five years.

Is the great disinflation game over? As usual, the markets are still fretting about a resurgence of inflation, but Roger thinks there is still more good news to come. He remains a bull of bonds, including gilts. But even he admits to having had some nervousness about the way that asset prices have started to rise recently in the UK.

Fortunately, sterling's strength is more than countering the inflationary threat for the moment, and that in turn should be enough to prevent a Labour government from doing too much damage, even if it tried.

Longer term, the thesis of a low-price world remains very much intact. Anyone planning their finances and future savings would do well to ponder the implications of a low-inflation future carefully.

# An investment basket



High street shares: Rachel Fixsen peps up her shopping list

Rice crispies, semi-skimmed milk, bin liners, a building society account – and 100 Rank Group convertible preference shares. Stock market investments could be just another item on your shopping list these days. On the high street, building societies now offer packaged equity products which are low-risk enough to attract the cautious saver.

Familiar names such as Woolwich Building Society, Co-operative Insurance Services and Halifax Building Society all offer equity unit trusts, usually through a tax-free personal equity plan (PEP).

Halifax started offering its own PEPs in 1995, and believes it has tapped a new market, with its high street accessibility attracting savers from outside the professional classes towards equity investment.

"The customers we have are often first-time buyers of equity products and they do like the comfort and trust of being able to go and deal with someone they know and who in their eyes is tangible," says John Warburton, investment product manager at Halifax.

Halifax offers PEP investments in its Income Trust and its Growth Trust. These funds have only been running for two years. So far, both have slightly underperformed their competitors, and fees are

above average. The spread between the price you buy and sell at is 5.68 per cent, and the annual management fee is 1.5 per cent of the total investment.

Woolwich offers three funds – its UK Stockmarket Fund, an International Managed Fund and its Corporate Bond Fund. To make investing seem as simple as possible, Woolwich has a Stockmarket Card, which investors can use to buy and sell units and check how much their investment is worth at any time.

Though linked to the long-standing household name, Co-operative Insurance Services has no retail outlets and operates through direct sell either by post or phone. It has three unit trust funds: UK Growth Trust, UK Income Trust and Environ Trust – the UK's largest ecological fund. All have performed better than average within their sector over the past five years, according to the financial information provider *Moneyfacts*.

Many other building societies sell PEPs, though most are managed by an insurer. It is easy to buy a PEP on the high street, but are you sacrificing potential performance for convenience?

Independent financial advisers say you should give yourself more choice. "There might be another product out there that's

more appropriate to your circumstances," says Graham Hooper, investment director at IFA firm Chase de Vere, in Bath.

Mr Hooper says it is no coincidence that the performance of these building society funds lags behind that of the more established fund managers. According to *Moneyfacts*, a £1,000 investment in the Woolwich's UK Stockmarket Fund three years ago would now be worth £1,282.55, while in the Perpetual Income fund it would have grown to £1,402.09.

However, Woolwich says its fund is invested very conservatively. "It invests in blue chip companies. As a building society we've deliberately set up risk-averse funds – we don't like volatility," says Ian Jackson, operations manager at Woolwich Unit Trust Managers. "The Woolwich feels it is in the savings market, and that goes through from deposits to equities."

But the outlook for the market is uncertain at the moment, with the imminent election and some concerns about how the economy is going to develop over the next six months, says Richard Jeffrey, group economist at merchant bank Charterhouse. "For inexperienced investors, you don't want to invest just ahead of a period of uncertainty, because you can get your fingers burned in the short term."

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# Open your eyes to investments

Makeover: An optometrist needs to plan ahead



**Name:** Sandra Small  
**Age:** 34  
**Occupation:** Self-employed optometrist  
**The problem:** Sandra earns about £34,000 working for a number of firms in the Midlands. She contributes £75 per month to a personal pension with Equitable Life and has been contracted out of Serps with Abbey Life since becoming self-employed. Sandra wants to retire at 55 on a salary equivalent to £20,000 in today's terms.  
**Apart from money she has set aside for tax,** Sandra has approximately £11,000 on deposit, a Tessa with Birmingham Midshires and is expecting free shares from the Halifax and Woolwich building society flotations. Sandra has a Capital House Synergy Mortgage Plan PEP which is run by Newton, into which she pays £22 a month. A home-owner, she is looking to move into a bigger house.  
**The adviser:** Bryan Fisher is an independent financial adviser and the financial planning manager at Berkeley Financial Planning in Coventry. Tel: 01203 555240.  
**The advice:** "First, your pension. If you require your retirement income to be inflation-protected you will need to fully fund pensions to your maximum allowance, which at your age is 17.5 per cent of your taxable income.  
This equates to £495.83 a month. As you are a higher-rate taxpayer you qualify for tax relief at the higher rate of 40 per cent and the net 'cost' is reduced to £297.49 a month. I would recommend increasing regular contributions by £150 to £200 a month, and then making a single contribution at the end of the tax year.  
You previously contracted out of Serps through Abbey Life. No further money (rebates) will be paid into this plan now that you are self-employed.  
You must make sure your pension premiums will be met if you fall ill or have an accident with 'waiver of premium' facilities.  
Now, to your investments: You have accumulated capital which is largely deposit-based at present. Although this is considered low risk, it gives you very little chance of capital growth certainly in the medium to long term.  
The Capital House PEP is perfectly acceptable. However, I would be looking to increase the investment you make of £22.02 a month.



John Whiting

Make sure the taxman doesn't get his hands on a slice of your cake

A new tax year brings a new tranche of tax allowances. This one also brings the possibility of a new government and tax changes in due course. So, can you still take sensible advantage of the variety of tax-efficient investments on offer to ensure that the taxman doesn't grab a share of your investment cake?  
Well, if you are prepared to lock away your cash for five years, a Tessa is a 'must-have'. You can invest up to £9,000 over the five years and any interest received is tax-free providing you don't withdraw more than (basically) the interest from the account. Interest rates vary among banks and building societies, but are usually good. While it does not protect against inflation in quite the same way as a good stock market investment, you won't lose it all on a Black Monday.  
There are various types of tax-exempt National Savings Certificates: Fixed Issue Certificates offer a guaranteed tax-free compounded return if held for five years. Alternatively, Indexed Linked Certificates also need to be held for five years and the return is calculated by reference to a fixed percentage, plus inflation (as measured by the retail price index). This offers a bit of the best of both worlds - the security of a fixed investment, plus protection against inflation. There are also Yearly Plan Savings Certificates - good for higher-rate taxpayers aiming to build up a capital sum with a fixed rate of interest. You can currently invest £10,000 in the fixed issue and a further £10,000 in the indexed-linked one.  
For the more adventurous there are riskier tax-efficient investments. Ex-Chancellor Nigel Lawson is back on TV screens drawing attention to the PEP regime he created. However, this should not be held against it as an investment. All the dividends, interest and capital gains produced by a PEP are tax-free and you do not have to hold the investment for any minimum length of time.  
Investment in a PEP has some of the risks of a stock market investment, though corporate-bond PEPs offer immediately higher income and less volatility. You can invest up to £9,000 - £6,000 in a general PEP and £3,000 in a single-company PEP.  
It can also make a lot of sense to transfer any free building society conversion shares into a PEP to avoid tax charges later.  
Adrenaline junkies have the Enterprise Investment Scheme (EIS) which offers substantial tax advantages to encourage investment in unquoted securities. Relief of 20 per cent on investments up to £100,000 with CGT exemption on the disposal sounds almost too good to be true.  
Drawbacks are the risks involved in investing in unquoted companies, that shares must be held for five years and the restrictions placed on the level of involvement in the company.  
Venture Capital Trusts are similar - quoted companies holding 70-plus per cent of their investments in the type of unquoted companies that would basically qualify for EIS and up to 30 per cent in other investments. They offer similar tax advantages to the EIS but aim to diminish the risk.  
Probably the most tax-efficient investment you can make is a pension. And while some would prefer to live their lives according to the 'might be run over by a bus tomorrow' theory, population statistics suggest that buses are being driven more carefully these days.  
Not only do you get a deduction for pension payments made into a personal pension fund, the tax-free lump sum on retirement is also free of tax. As your income is likely to drop on retirement you will also probably pay tax at a lower rate on the income you receive. It is generally not a high-risk investment in the cautious Nineties, whatever the spectre of the Maxwell saga may suggest.  
Of course Premium Bonds and the National Lottery can be very tax-efficient investments - no tax on winnings. But unfortunately no relief on losses either. This illustrates a wider issue: you must look at the overall investment return and make sure it is competitive. Tax-free does not guarantee the best result.

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John Whiting is a tax partner at Price Waterhouse

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## Learning to live with risk

Stock market: Ken Welsby suggests strategies for novices

For anyone considering stock market investment, windfalls could provide an ideal way to start. Shares in big banks and insurance companies are generally safe, so you aren't likely to lose your shirt.

But – and it remains a big but – don't be seduced by success with windfalls into committing all your spare capital to shares. The two cardinal rules are to do your homework before you make a move – and never to invest in the market

money that you can not afford to lose.

Homework first. Start to read the financial pages and, to make sure you understand them, a book or two such as *Be your own Stockbroker* by Charles Vincent which explains investment principles and the workings of the market in simple terms.

Decide on your long-term goals, but be realistic about the growth you want to achieve, and the time you have to do it.

Mr Vincent, a London stockbroker, says that many of his clients are in their late 40s or early 50s, who have been retired early from management posts in large corporations.

"They need to make their capital grow to secure their old age. So they are looking to invest for 10 years or maybe a bit longer," he says. "Then there are people who want to help their children – perhaps to pay their way through university. They may only have five or six years in which to accumulate enough capital. So they will want to follow a different investment strategy."

Next, talk to some stockbrokers. If you are a novice and – in addition to your windfall, you have substantial capital to invest in shares – you can opt for what's known as "dealing with advice". This is the traditional form of stockbroking: you and the broker

discuss investment strategy and ideas, the broker will give his views and you will make decisions jointly.

The alternative is to manage your own portfolio and use an execution-only broker to do the deals. Execution-only brokers are forbidden to give advice: if you telephone and instruct them to buy shares in XYZ they will do so – whatever they might think of its prospects.

It is essential to keep a close eye on your portfolio. One of the first points to remember is the distinction between long-term investments and short-term trading. In the first, you are looking for quality – companies which will deliver solid dividends year after year. In the second, you are not concerned with the underlying business prospects – you want to buy the shares cheaply and sell when the price has risen by a given percentage.

If you are computer-literate, it makes sense to subscribe to one of the on-line dealing and information services, which can provide a wealth of market and company data.

Does all this sound too hard? In that case, why not put a toe in the water of the stock market with investment trusts. Although some insist on share exchanges, most will allow you to retain your windfall shares.

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First-class posters: An arty Eastern European effort (above) costs £350. Boris Karloff's *The Mummy* went for \$453,000

## Film art fanatics

Roll over Gainsborough, Reynolds, Turner. An illustrated poster for the 1932 horror film *The Mummy*, starring Boris Karloff, fetched \$453,500 (£283,500) last month at Sotheby's New York. For that money, you could buy a museum-quality Gainsborough conversation piece in oils, or five or six good portraits by Reynolds, or a portfolio of half a dozen major works by all three.

The gruesome mummy image is not even an original painting. It is a mass-produced printed poster. What does such an astroonomic price say about the market? Should you rush to invest or steer clear of a fizz-bang rocket about to crash?

No doubt about it, that price was crazy: not a reliable market indicator. It was personal, the product of a saleroom duel between two fanatical collectors. But there were still plenty of bids at \$200,000. The Mummy auction last month was ultra-buoyant: it shifted 90 per cent of its posters, 95 per cent by value.

This is a market sustained not only by nostalgia but by rarity. There are only two known copies of *The Mummy*. In fact, there are no known posters for about 90 per cent of films made before 1935 and only 75 per cent before 1945. A beneficiary who discovers in the trunk of a deceased cinema projectionist a poster for Disney's first Mickey Mouse film, *Steamboat Willie* (1929) or the first talkie *The Jazz Singer*, starring Al Jolson (1927), can expect a six-figure windfall.

American dealers will be competing at Christie's South Kensington in London next month for the only two known posters for any of the films made by Alfred Hitchcock in England. Modestly estimated at \$6,000-£9,000 each, they are

**Collect to invest: John Windsor on why a movie poster can fetch \$450,000**

for *The 39 Steps* (1935), starring Robert Donat and Madeleine Carroll.

The American dealers' twice-yearly foray to South Ken is a transatlantic mission of market support. They consign for auction these posters with British appeal and use the proceeds to offset purchases in the same sale of posters they expect to sell back home. It is known, in accountants' jargon, as "contra-ing". But an American bid of £20,000 for the Hitchcock would surprise nobody.

Tony Nourmand is chief aficionado of the London film poster market – a consultant for South Ken for four years, who launched his own film poster gallery in Loodoo two years ago.

Walk into Nourmand's gallery in Great Marlborough Street, west London, and you will immediately acquire a market sense. There is no Disney, no Elvis (Americans want Disney, nobody wants Elvis). But there is plenty of Bogart, plenty of Madeleine Carroll and Audrey Hepburn, plenty of Ealing comedy – and a plethora of Italian-language Bogarts with moody deep blue backgrounds.

Collectors still want the famous title, *Casablanca*, and the star's face, Bogart, but they have also become artistically discriminating. Language is no barrier. Italian and French artwork is preferred to American. Nourmand says his clients

"wants" list is headed by two requests for the Italian *Casablanca* (1942). He could sell them for £25,000 each and be happy to turn a profit of 10-15 per cent. "If someone spent \$453,500 on *The Mummy*, then *Casablanca* has got to be undervalued. I think that so many of these prices we are seeing are still incredibly cheap."

His gallery is offering the French poster of the film noir *Key Largo* – Bogart, Bacall, Edward G. Robinson – for £2,750. The artwork, showing the faces of all three, is stunning.

Horror? The rarest, most sought-after Hammer poster, showing Christopher Lee in neck-biting mode in *Dracula* (1958) is estimated by Nourmand at £3,000-£5,000 at its auction debut at South Ken next month. "I would look anybody in the eye who paid £10,000 for it," he says, "and tell them they had a good buy."

The trendy, arty Eastern Europeans look good little earners. They added the image of a woman masturbating (not in the film) to their poster for *Blow Up* (Redgrave, Hemmings, 1966). Nourmand's gallery is offering it at £350.

The Japanese have started buying. They want nothing pre-Sixties and go for Clint Eastwood, Steve McQueen, and Italian and French posters – Goddard, Truffaut. "Never mind what you like," I told a young couple touring Nourmand's gallery. "Buy what the Japanese are buying." They left before I could offer an apology.

Auction of vintage film posters: Christie's South Kensington, Monday 19 May (2pm) (0171-581 7611). Tony Nourmand, Reel Poster Gallery, First Floor, 22 Great Marlborough Street, London W1W 7JL (0171-734 4303).

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Serena Mackesy  
In my week

The contrast with doctor-lawyer-land is just too great: most of the people here look as though washing themselves is an effort, let alone washing their clothes

There's an old girl next to us, glumly studying a Welsh Mountain mare with a sweet little dished face. The mare's hooves are unshod, and sport cracks wide enough to lose a penny in. Nonetheless, with that optimism ponies drum up in the most thistle-fed of circumstances, she continues to poke her head through the bars of the gate and greet each grumpy brat who offers her a bit of old hot dog roll.

Old girl, who actually can't be more than 40, roughly the same age as her acrylic sweater, addresses her companion, a Pictish redhead with a pushchair. "I hope," she says, "she doesn't go back to him or they'll probably kill each other. And the kids and all." Only she doesn't say that, because she contrives to cram five - count them, five - uses of the f-word into two sentences. Pictish companion clears her ooze with a hefty influx of breath. "I hate her," she observes, and those Anglo-Saxonisms are an important part of her self-expression as well. "She's a stupid cow."

Such is Southall horse market, a metropolitan tradition about to celebrate its 300th year, auctioning the paupers and failures of the equine world to the ugliest examples of the human. You know those skinny skewbald nags you see, oozing the ragwort, from your train window? This is where they come from, where they go to, where, ultimately, they reach the end of the line. Here, opposite the cop shop, among a forest of sagging roof beams, corrugated iron and discount furniture warehouses, you can buy yourself a pony to keep on the allotment and still have change from a ton.

It's been one of those days where you keep feeling you've stepped off an aeroplane. Southall is a bit like that: a little country all of its own, 10 minutes by train from central

London but thousands of miles away emotionally. It's not Asia, though the area is scattered with Hindu God shops, spice shops, silk shops, pillow-sized sacks of basmati, chaat houses and shops selling piles of sequinned open-toed sandals.

Claire and I have spent a lovely afternoon collecting plastic bagfuls of cloth - embroidered rept silk, green brocade, silver lycra velvet, yellow-and-pink mimosas print, and more. We've lunched on chickpeas and pancakes and little heaps of grated coconut, and had a nice chat about herbal medicine with the



owner of the restaurant. Walking eastwards along the High Street, we've turned up the alleyway marked in the A-Z as a market, and it's a beehive like stepping into the country where everyone marries their cousins.

The contrast with doctor-lawyer-entrepreneur-land is just too great: most of the people here look as though washing themselves is an effort that's beyond them, let alone washing their clothes. There is the odd flat-capped, tweed-jacketed country old boy leaning contemplatively on a fence, the occasional face that would look great on a poster for the gypsy-caravan holiday idyll, but most of the men strutting among the piles of droppings and pursuing their lips at the RSPCA inspectors obviously share bloodlines with Fred West: mops of frizzy hair over faces whose creases are etched in black, dachshund

bodies on bowed, foreshortened legs.

"Good God," says Claire, "where do all these people come from?" I know what she means. The last time I saw this many ugly people in one place was in the villages around Wadi Rum, but at least the Bedouin have thousands of years of relative isolation to explain their appearance. Where these people hide in the big city is a mystery: you certainly never see them in groups, not even at football matches. Every once in a while, however, they show signs of inherited disorders: underhanging jaws and overhanging jaws, missing teeth, watery blue eyes, unnatural banding, burn-fluted, and a display of weary good manners. "If you'll allow me to finish," please let me answer the question you've asked..." - which bore little relation to the actual pattern of the conversation.

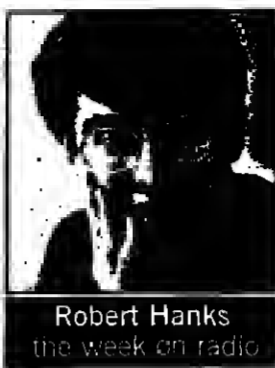
Phone-ins are supposed to get round this sort of thing. The theory behind the political phone-in is, I take it, that while politicians will feel free to ignore questions put to them by professional journalists, they can't do this to members of the public here, at last, they will be on the spot. This idea is fuelled by the lovely memory of Mrs Thatcher

lit up with the pleasurable prospect of a free cockfight. The auctioneer takes to his tiny brick booth, switches on the sound system and starts taking bids as horses and ponies, broken-down oes, unbroken ones, ungroomed ones, are whipped and slapped into trotting out. Prices go up in increments of £1 and £2; a little palomino gelding goes for £62, a spotted colt for £77, a Shetland mare and foal for £190. And I really, really want to leave, to close my mind to the depressing thought that, in the end, if you're born poor enough, or ugly enough, or unlucky enough in this country, you still have little more chance of improving your lot, of escaping cuffs and cusses and the prospect of being sold and sidelined, than you did back in the days when this market first came into being. Remember that when you vote on Thursday.

## The politics of dodging

What's become clear over this election is the sheer futility of political interviewing today: rather like bacteria that have developed resistance to antibiotics, politicians have become immune to interviewers' techniques. Peter Mandelson offered a fine demonstration of the new indifference to David Starkey's show on Talk Radio on Sunday, combating Dr Starkey's gleefully partisan and intellectually engaged jobs and scurries with a display of weary good manners. "If you'll allow me to finish," please let me answer the question you've asked..." - which bore little relation to the actual pattern of the conversation.

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Robert Hanks  
the week on radio

squirming as a housewife interrogated her over the sinking of the "Belgrano". Sadly, though, it no longer works. The most skilfully evasive exchange of the election so far came when Gary from London called Dr Starkey to ask Peter Mandelson what had happened to the word "socialist", which he couldn't track down in Labour's manifesto. Well, Mr Mandelson replied, all Labour's values underpinned the manifesto. The conversation continued: Gary: But are they socialist values?

PM: You can apply whatever label you like, what's important is that, at root, we have certain core beliefs and certain values which have driven us throughout our achievements throughout this century and will continue to do so as we go into the next.

Gary: And those core values have always been socialist. Are they socialist now?

PM: If I didn't subscribe to these values, Gary, I wouldn't be in the Labour Party.

Gary: Well, it's not a difficult question, is it? Are you a socialist?

PM: I am a member of the Labour Party and I subscribe to the values and beliefs on which our party is founded. I am not interested in handily around labels or name-calling.

Did you spot the deft way he inserted a "these" where we would have expected a "those" ("If I didn't subscribe to these values, Gary..."), thereby making it impossible to pin down exactly which values he was referring to?

In the end, though, this sort of virtuosity is counter-productive - you can tell he's just

showing off. Michael Howard has a rather better technique, which he brought into play on last Monday's Election Call. Again, he failed to answer the precise point put - for instance, defending stoutly the government's policy on mandatory sentencing without actually mentioning the issue of diminution of judicial independence, which was what the caller had been cross about. But he prefaced the evasion with a few words of anxious regret: "I'm sorry you feel that way..."

Something odd has happened here, which has less to do with politics than with the way we think radio works. Politicians no longer address the person they are supposedly talking to; instead, their remarks are aimed past them, at some notional floating voter who might be listening in. Listening in most phone-ins at the moment is like being at a party, where the person you're trying to talk to is constantly looking over your shoulder to see who else has come into the room. No wonder so many people are heading off to find the drinks table.

## Want a safe job? Apply for pontiff

Two new findings came to light this week. One, Manchester United must spend about £20m on a competent centre forward to advance any further than the UEFA Champions League Semi-Final - Live (ITV, Wed). Two, the average viewer watches three-and-a-half hours of television a day. That's the equivalent of two semi-finals an evening, incorporating half-times. Or seven editions of The Rock and Goal Years (ITV, Wed), a clips show cynically scheduled to inherit the Champions League audience. Or 42 screenings per diem of the Party Election Broadcast by the Liberal Democrats (all channels, Wed), the one with two fat old coves playing football. Never let it be said that the third party, like the third channel, doesn't know what the people want: the bitter pill of propaganda was coated in the sugar of a footballing metaphor.

While the election coverage limps towards its endgame, just about every documentary on television has been thematically scheduled to ask the topical question: what does it take to hold down a top job? In the Sack Race (BBC2, Sat) Alan Hansen wondered what kind of pressure junkie would fancy managing a football club. Shoot Out In Swansea: The



Jasper Rees  
the week on television

Making of Twin Town (BBC2, Sat) was a frank analysis of the febrile moonomania required of the debutant film director. And Everyman (BBC1, Sun) went to Rome to inspect the list of men who would be pontiff.

It turns out there's surprisingly little daylight between the three vocations: they all call for blind faith in your own vision, and a discipular following to implement it. The Pope ultimately differs from football managers and film directors only because he doesn't have to worry about being fired or going over budget. Everyman yielded a wonderful adjective to describe those who are considered eligible for the papacy. "Papa-bable," literally translates as "popeable", and it should be put on a fast track into the

English language forthwith. No word does a better job of discreetly measuring suitability for public leadership. As in is Tony Blair popeable?

Every time the parliamentary Conservative party selects a new leader - and that'll be the next ballot paper it puts an "X" on after Thursday - it is routinely described as the most saturnal electorate in the world. But for sheer opacity of intention, the Tory party has't a patch on the conclave of cardinals which chooses the Pope. So secret is their electoral procedure, apparently, that cardinals are frisked for mobile phones before they enter the voting chamber. No matter that mobile phones had't been invented when they all put their cross next to John Paul II: this electorate is so sophisticated its members would have got round that one in a jiffy.

So unreadable are the runes in a papal election that the few certainties are best explained, Lib Dem style, via a footballing metaphor. Thus it is that an African cardinal has as much chance of becoming Pope as an African team does of winning the World Cup: slender, but imaginable. And, as with the US football team, no American cardinal has a prayer. Like the han on mobile

phones in the conclave, so serious is the British addiction to the small screen that some voters this Thursday are apparently reluctant to enter the polling station without their televisions. There was a documentary this week called Interview with a Zombie (C4, Sun) about a Haitian who has been legally declared undead. For some viewers it must have been like catching sight of themselves in the mirror.

Others saw Interview with a Zombie listed and promptly phoned Channel 4 in complaint that this was a Prime Ministerial broadcast too far. But in a campaign soiled by daily exchanges of sterile name-calling and distorted by the refusal of either main party to let its female front benchers anywhere near a television studio, you do have to applaud the Conservative leader for one outstanding act of restraint. He may have told you more about what Labour did in power before 1979 than what he would do in power after 1997, but he has nobly resisted the temptation to campaign on the Liberals' dismal record when last in government. It was only two wars ago, after all (the First and Second World Wars), just like Labour's last regime (the Falklands and Gulf). Is John Major popeable? Is he, my (left) foot.

## DAMIEN HURTS...and his painfully creative struggle



## Whatever happened to? British middle-distance running

In the golden summer of 1979, Sebastian Coe breaks three world records in six weeks, leaving fields and superlatives trailing in his wake. He completes the final lap of his final record at 1500m in glorious isolation for a time of 3 minutes 32 seconds. During the following gold-medalled summer at the Moscow Olympics, Steve Ovett comes first in the 800m, Coe second, before himself winning the 1500m. Britain rules the middle-distance world.

Coe and Ovett often refuse to compete against one another, so we never really know who is the best. Meanwhile, along comes Steve Cram to steal their thunder, with victory over Said Aouita and a world record in 1985.

Success continues at the European championships of 1986 as, like "Three Spitzies coming out of the sun" (The Telegraph), Cram, Coe and Tom McKean make a clean

sweep of the medals in the 800m. The future of British middle-distance running seems assured.

But at the 1992 Barcelona Olympics not one Briton reaches the 1500 final - for the first time since 1960. Cram, prevented from competing by Matthew Yates, whose time for the mile is over four minutes, draws his own conclusions: "The ones who have come through are not up to standard.

Matthew Yates, for instance, is good but he's never going to break a world record."

Then, in September 1993, Noureddine Morceli takes two seconds off Cram's world mile record - down to 3:44.39 - in Rieti, northern Italy and the African domination of middle-distance running begins. Though Roger Bannister claims an unfair advantage for black runners "of genetics and upbringing".

The balance of power in British athletics shifts to shorter distances with Linford Christie and Sally Gunnell winning world, European and Olympic titles. Coe, now a Tory MP believes it is down to the lack of "decent PE teachers" - rather than funding. But, as the British 1500m champion, John Maycock (who he?) commented last month, "People think: '1500 m? We used to be good at that...' We're crap now." James Aftenast

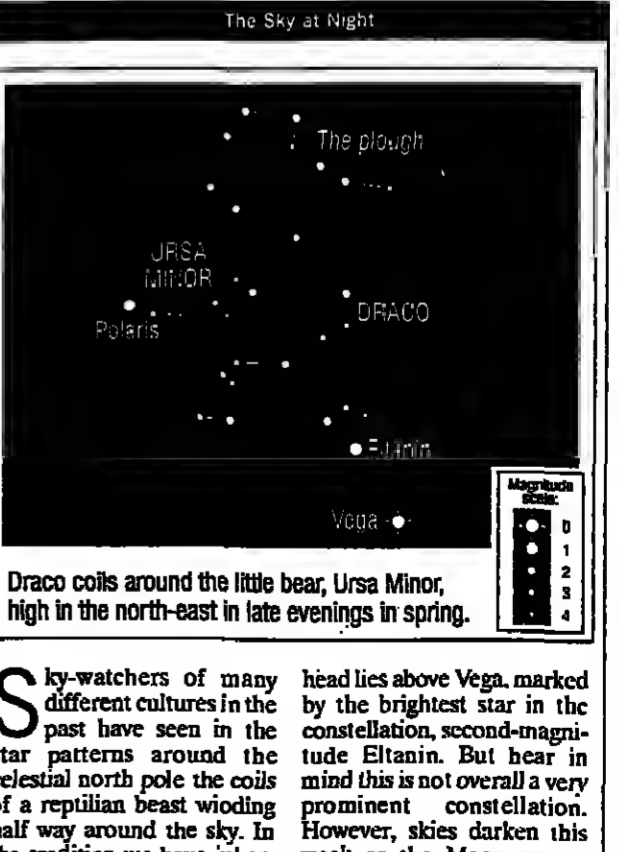
### WEATHER

| The British Isles  |         |           |         |
|--|---------|-----------|---------|
| General Summary and Outlook:   |         |           |         |
| Northern and eastern Scotland should be mostly fine with hazy sunshine, especially at first. South-west Scotland should start dry but thickening cloud will bring light rain later. Northern Ireland will be cloudy with patchy rain early and late. Meanwhile much of England and Wales will start grey and damp and it will probably stay that way in the north and east. The south and west should brighten up for a time, but more rain will reach the West Country and south Wales. |         |           |         |
| Tomorrow, most of England and Wales will become bright for a time, but rain will spread quickly north-east in the afternoon to reach all areas by the end of the day. Northern Ireland should start dry but it will turn wet later. Scotland will be mostly cloudy, and heavy rain will spread from the south-west later in the afternoon and overnight. On Monday and Tuesday a brisk westerly flow will cover the country, bringing a mix of sunny spells and showers.                 |         |           |         |
| Aberdeen   | c 9 48  | Carlisle  | f 8 46  |
| Anglesey   | f 10 50 | Cork      | c 15 59 |
| Belfast  | f 7 45  | Dover     | c 12 54 |
| Birmingham   | f 9 48  | Dublin    | f 9 48  |
| Blackpool  | f 7 45  | Edinburgh | c 9 48  |
| Bournemouth  | f 9 48  | Exeter    | c 11 52 |
| Brighton   | f 10 50 | Glasgow   | f 9 48  |
| Bristol  | f 10 50 | Guernsey  | f 9 48  |
| Cardiff  | f 10 50 | Inverness | f 9 48  |
|  |         | Ipswich   | f 9 48  |

| Europe and The World   |         |             |         |
|--|---------|-------------|---------|
| WORLD WEATHER YESTERDAY (GMT): country, temp, high, low, rain, mist, drizzle, sun, snow, ice, thunder, fog, hail, wind, clouds, visibility, sea, ice, etc. |         |             |         |
| Albania  | c 15 59 | France      | f 18 64 |
| Austria  | c 17 63 | Germany     | c 17 63 |
| Belgium  | c 17 63 | Greece      | c 20 68 |
| Benin  | c 20 68 | Hong Kong   | c 22 72 |
| Bombay   | c 22 72 | India       | c 22 72 |
| Buenos Aires   | c 15 59 | Japan       | c 15 59 |
| Budapest   | c 15 59 | K. Lumpur   | c 34 93 |
| Calcutta   | c 24 75 | London      | c 19 66 |
| Cairo  | c 24 75 | Los Angeles | c 19 66 |
| Cape Town  | c 21 70 | Madrid      | c 16 61 |
| Casablanca   | c 21 70 | Moscow      | c 12 54 |
| Chengdu  | c 15 59 | Perth       | c 15 59 |
| Copenhagen   | c 15 59 | Rome        | c 17 63 |
| Cebu   | c 15 59 | Stockholm   | c 17 63 |
| Darwin   | c 15 59 | Sydney      | c 18 64 |
| Dhaka  | c 15 59 | Taipei      | c 18 64 |
|  |         | Tokyo       | c 19 66 |
|  |         | Vancouver   | c 16 61 |
|  |         | Vienna      | c 18 64 |
|  |         | Warsaw      | c 17 63 |
|  |         | Wellington  | c 15 59 |

| AA Roadwatch  |  |  |  |
|---|--|--|--|
| Surrey, M25 J8-10. Volume restrictions and lane closures both ways between Reigate and the A3 as major widening work continues.   |  |  |  |
| London, A406, Upper Edmonton. Major roadworks on Angel Road over the Lea Valley viaduct. Reigate, M5 J18 and 19, Cornwall in operation across the Avochmouth Bridge with a 50mph speed limit. Regular rush-hour delays. |  |  |  |
| Staffordshire, A50 Stoke-on-Trent. Major construction work at Meir. Long peak-time delays.  |  |  |  |
| West Yorkshire, M1 J47. Major long-term roadworks continue around the Leeds junction with lane and speed restrictions. Expect delays on the M1, M62 and Dewsbury Road.  |  |  |  |
| Perth/Kinross, A90 between Dundee and Perth. Roadworks until further notice.  |  |  |  |
| Northampton, M130. One lane open both ways at Eskine Spur until June 13th.  |  |  |  |
| Aberdeen City, Queen Elizabeth Bridge closed northbound for roadworks. Diversion.   |  |  |  |
| Out and about with AA Roadwatch and 24-hour helpline for the latest local and national traffic news. Source: The Automobile Association. Call charged at 50p per min at all times and VAT.                              |  |  |  |

| Sun and Moon      |        |           |        |
|-------------------|--------|-----------|--------|
| Sun rises         | 5:42am | Sun sets  | 8:15pm |
| Moon rises        | 8:12am | Moon sets | 8:12am |
| Full moon: May 22 |        |           |        |



Draco coils around the little bear, Ursa Minor, high in the north-east in late evenings in spring.

Sky-watchers of many different cultures in the past have seen in the constellation, second-magnitude Altair. But bear in mind this is not overall a very prominent constellation. However, skies darken this week as the Moon wanes. Comet Hale-Bopp is now on the decline as well. Casual oaked-eye observers will not find it easily as we get into May so it is time to take a farewell look.

Jacqueline Mitton

| Lighting up Times |                  |            |                  |
|-------------------|------------------|------------|------------------|
| Today             | Tomorrow         | Today      | Tomorrow         |
| London            | 8:15pm to 5:40am | London     | 8:17pm to 5:38am |
| Belfast           | 8:25pm to 5:50am | Belfast    | 8:27pm to 5:48am |
| Birmingham        | 8:25pm to 5:50am | Birmingham | 8:27pm to 5:48am |
| Manchester        | 8:30pm to 5:45am | Manchester | 8:32pm to 5:41am |
| Newcastle         | 8:32pm to 5:43am | Newcastle  | 8:34pm to 5:39am |
| Brighton          | 8:46pm to 5:43am | Brighton   | 8:48pm to 5:40am |
| Bristol           | 8:48pm to 5:45am | Bristol    | 8:50pm to 5:42am |
| Cardiff           | 8:48pm to 5:45am | Cardiff    | 8:50pm to 5:42am |

| Air Quality |          |            |          |
|-------------|----------|------------|----------|
| Today       | Tomorrow | Today      | Tomorrow |
| London      | Good     | London     | Good     |
| S. England  | Good     | S. England | Good     |
| Wales       | Good     | Wales      | Good     |
| C. England  | Good     | C. England | Good     |
| N. England  | Good     | N. England | Good     |
| Scotland    | Good     | Scotland   | Good     |
| N. Ireland  | Good     | N. Ireland | Good     |

| Outlook for Today |                |                 |                  |
|-------------------|----------------|-----------------|------------------|
| NO <sub>2</sub>   | O <sub>3</sub> | SO <sub>2</sub> | PM <sub>10</sub> |
| London            | Good           | Good            | Good             |
| S. England        | Good           | Good            | Good             |
| Wales             | Good           | Good            | Good             |
| C. England        | Good           | Good            | Good             |
| N. England        | Good           | Good            | Good             |
| Scotland          | Good           | Good            | Good             |
| N. Ireland        | Good           | Good            | Good             |

| High Tides         |       |       |      |
|--------------------|-------|-------|------|
| AM                 | HT    | PM    | NT   |
| London             | 4:49  | 6:17  | 6:9  |
| Liverpool          | 2:01  | 9:14  | 6:9  |
| Newcastle          | 10:13 | 12:28 | 12:6 |
| Hull (Albert Dock) | 9:09  | 7:4   | 7:3  |
| Glasgow            | 3:25  | 3:18  | 3:3  |
| Dun Laoghaire      | 2:16  | 9:9   | 3:3  |

city statements

city statements

# TODAY'S TELEVISION

Tina Ogle recommends Halifax FP Sat 9pm C5

The Enormous Election with Dennis Pennis Sat 10.45pm BBC2

Switching on to *Hamish Macbeth* (Sun BBC1) this pre-election weekend, one could be forgiven for assuming it was a Party Election Broadcast on behalf of the Scottish Nationalists. Save for the fact that Alex Salmond does not appear covered in blue paint, *à la* Mel Gibson in *Braveheart*, it has all the essential ingredients. "Viva Scotia," breathes one character, followed closely by the lament "Only when Scotland becomes a nation again..." What has hitherto been a bizarre but lovable cop series set in the remote Scottish Highlands, comes to an end with a two-parter which plunges us into the realms of plain silliness. Billed by the BBC as "dark", this particular plot kicks off with the long-lost, one-eyed, one-legged, one-armed brother of saintly character TV John being sprung from a South American jail with the aid of a hypnotist. The said entrancer is a glamorous woman of a certain age, complete with comedy

middle-European accent, who spirits the brother back to Loch Dubh to capture the coronation stone of ancient Scottish kings. Which, by the way, just happens to be hidden near. The rest of the plot is too preposterous to describe, and you'll have to wait till next Sunday to see if the plucky clan win their battle for "the very soul of Scotland".

Not wrestling for the ethos of Australia, but proving very incisive is *Halifax FP* (Sat C5), the latest addition to eponymous super sleuths. Rebecca Gibney, a sort of Antipodean Sharon Stone, plays the criminal psychiatrist in this series of feature-length dramas, which see her mentally mixed up in murders. This week, she assesses whether a convicted killer should go free, solves two murders at the local private school, and becomes romantically entangled with a rough-diamond cop. Not bad going, but then she does seem to have nicked Inspector Morse's Jag.

Struggling with more mundane problems are the three contestants in the first of a new series of *Masterchef* (Sun BBC1). Not only do they have to whip up a sumptuous three-course meal in two and a half hours, they also have to put up with time-wasting questions from Loyd Grossman and his two judges. Joined this week by chef Rick Stein and hotelier Anouska Hempel, Grossman prowls around a brand new set consisting of enormous condiment containers. Now, if the waiter in your local Italian produced one of these pepper grinders, you would have something to worry about. Instead, the contestants fret about their *moles* and obvious spots, as their hugely enlarged faces watch the flirty trio descend on their anxiously prepared offerings. If you like a dash of *Schadenfreude* with your afternoon tea, this is surely for you.

And so to the man who has made a career out of delighting

in others' misfortunes, carrot-topped professional irritant, Dennis Pennis. This creation of Paul Kaye hosts a brave attempt to bring election issues to the young. *The Enormous Election* with Dennis Pennis (Sat BBC2) presents politics in a pop-culture style, studded with clever jokes and celebrity comment. Youth icons interview the party leaders, and it's worth watching for Ulrika Jonsson's toe-curling encounter with John Major alone. Finally, prepare yourself for a long Thursday night of political partying with *Swing Time* (Sun BBC2). This gives an entertaining account of election broadcasts since 1935. Charting the massive rivalry between the BBC and ITN, the film elicits endearing confessions of jealousy from the normally puffed-up pundits. And comfort yourself with the thought that, whoever wins next week, we'll never again be subjected to election graphics generated by a knitting-pattern machine.

## BBC 1

7.00 *Harry and the Hendersons* (R/S)(T) (8218249). 7.25 *News, Weather* (6350152). 7.30 *Felix the Cat* (R/S)(T) (2147355). 7.45 *Babar* (R/S)(T) (4734930). 8.10 *Albert the 5th Musketeer* (R/S)(T) (3639404). 8.35 *The Flintstones* (R/S)(T) (3639404). 9.00 *Phantom 2040* (R/S)(T) (3639404). 9.25 *The Incredible Hulk* (R/S)(T) (3639404). 9.50 *Grange Hill* (R/S)(T) (7642202). 10.15 *Sweet Valley High* (S) (1930065). 10.40 *The O Zone* (S) (5881930). 11.00 *Enchanted Tales* (R/S)(T) (7803572). 11.50 *The Pink Panther Show* (S) (6007201). 12.12 *Weather* (4810591). 12.15 *Grandstand* 12.20 *Football Focus* (6748511). 1.00 *News* (T) (2207595). 1.05 *World Championship Snooker* (6773268). 2.00 *Motor Sport: Rounds three and four of the 1997 Auto Trader RAC Touring Car Championships from Silverstone* (79130). 3.00 *Curling: The Curling World Championship from Berne, Switzerland* (1305). 3.30 *British Olympic Magazine* (6655521). 3.45 *Football Half-Time* (9321065). 3.55 *World Championship Snooker* (8349274). 4.40 *Final Score* (9327220). 5.15 *News, Weather* (T) (5618171). 5.25 *Local News, Weather* (8448626). 5.30 *Party Election Broadcast* (S) (289591). 5.35 *Cartoon* (344341). 5.45 *Dad's Army* (R/S)(T) (952978). 6.15 *The New Adventures of Superman* (S)(T) (552220). 7.00 *Whatever You Want*. Three British legends who dream of *Baywatch* are aided by Gaby Roslin (S)(T) (315046). 7.50 *The National Lottery Live*. Four Coronation Street babies join Bob Monkhouse (S)(T) (825862). 8.10 *Addams Family Values* (Barry Sonnenfeld 1993 US). A rare example of the sequel improving on the original, this is monstrous fun, with Anjelica Huston and Raul Julia (S)(T) (6705317). 9.35 *Birds of a Feather*. Sharon has a dream (R/S)(T) (433084). 10.25 *News, Weather* (T) (642607). 10.55 *Thirteen* (T) (70704). 11.25 *Top of the Pops* (S)(T) (400425). 11.55 *Leaving Normal* (Edward Zwick 1992 US). Charming buddy road movie, with Christine Lahti and Meg Tilly as two mismatched friends headed for Alaska (S)(T) (332152). 1.45 *Weather* (5887911). To 1.50am. REGIONS: NI: 5.00 Results 5.25 Newsline 1.50 PEBL 5.55 Weather, Sat 4.40 Afternoon Sports 5.25 Reporting Scotland, Wales: 1.05 Rugby Union 1.10 Motor Sport 2.10 World Championship Snooker 2.20 Rugby Union SWALEC Cup 4.45 Wales on Saturday 6.35 Wales on Saturday 6.05 Cartoon

## BBC 2

6.20 *Open University: Duccio: The Rucellai Madonna* (T) (2879713). 6.45 *Stel, Stars and Spectra* (T) (713130). 7.10 *Women, Children and Work* (T) (1564152). 8.00 *Open Saturday* (S) (307355). 10.30 *World Championship Snooker* (S) (80264336). 12.15 *Film 97 with Barry Norman* (S)(T) (708084). 12.45 *The Lady Vanishes* (Alfred Hitchcock 1938 UK). When an old dear disappears on a train from Switzerland to England, Margaret Lockwood and Michael Redgrave investigate. A classic mystery tale (T) (47110084). 2.20 *Rear Window* (Alfred Hitchcock 1954 US). James Stewart is the photographer who turns voyeur when temporarily confined to a wheelchair, believing he has witnessed a murder by a neighbour. Grace Kelly is his girlfriend (T) (557317). 4.10 *Writing for Hitchcock*. Ernest Lehman describes the pleasures and pitfalls of writing one of Hitchcock's most celebrated films, *North by Northwest* (S) (5702046). 4.25 *The Saint*. Debonair Robin Hood-type crook Simon Templar plunges into the world of racketeering gangsters, intrigue and vicious revenge plots (3534539). 5.15 *World Championship Snooker*. David Vine introduces further coverage from the Crucible, Sheffield (S) (21367510). 7.05 *Newsnight*. A battle of the opposites when radical director Ken Loach looks at the impact of casual and part-time employment, and debates with former Sun editor Kevin MacKenzie (735729). 8.05 *Party Election Broadcast* (S) (289591). 8.10 *Call of the Sea*. The final part in the excellent documentary series examines the impact of World War II on the million men who fought on the seas. Amazing to find out that, once a ship had been sunk, the wages of its crew automatically ceased (T) (737930). 8.50 *Till Death Us Do Part*. Warren Mitchell is loud-mouthed East End bickers Alf Garnett, torturing his long-suffering family (R/S)(T) (405317). 9.20 *Have I Got News for You*. A repeat of last night's satirical news quiz which helped out poor old sacked *Wit Self* by turning him an appearance fee. Hugh Dennis is the other guest joining team captain Paul Merton and Ian Hislop, the MC is Angus Deayton (S)(T) (418317). 9.50 *World Championship Snooker*. Further coverage of the 1997 Embassy World Snooker Championship (S) (436171). 10.45 *The Enormous Election with Dennis Pennis*. See Preview, above (S)(T) (5406959). 12.00 *Close Up* (S) (5853008). 12.10 *Rape* (Alfred Hitchcock 1948 US). Typically terrifying tale of two boys who kill their college room-mate and then invite his family and friends round for dinner. James Stewart is the college professor whose Nietzschean teachings have inspired the killing. Hitchcock at his most experimental and amoral (S)(T) (5982050). 1.30 *Letter with Colin Hanks*. With Ash, the Fugges, Crowded House and Seventies sensation Patti Smith (R/S) (7830824). To 2.45am.

## ITV

6.00 *GMTV*. 6.00 *News*. 6.10 *Professor Bubble*. 6.30 *Bananas in Pajamas*. 6.50 *Our House*. 7.15 *The Wuzzles*. 7.45 *Wake Up in the Wild Room*. 8.55 *Power Rangers Zeo* (6150084). 9.25 *Scratchy and Co.* With guest Gary Barlow (S) (2258112). 11.00 *The Chart Show* (S) (7636633). 11.45 *Fl: San Marino Grand Prix*. Qualifying. Jim Rosenthal introduces live coverage of the qualifying session for the San Marino Grand Prix (S) (218930). 1.15 *ITN News, Weather* (T) (22081510). 1.20 *London Weekend Today* (T) (3572597). 1.25 *Stuntmasters* (R) (2203978). 2.05 *seasQuest* (S)(T) (7102355). 3.00 *Agatha Christie's Murder in Three Acts* (Gary Naylor 1986 US). Peter Ustinov plays Poirot as he hits Agatha Christie in his usual seamy manner (T) (97442268). 4.45 *ITN News, Sports Results, Weather* (T) (1116775). 5.05 *London Weekend Tonight* (5614355).



10.45pm BBC2 'The Enormous Election with Dennis Pennis' The red menace returns, with special guests, to explore the election issues

5.15 *Fl: San Marino Grand Prix - Special*. Latest news from Imola on the San Marino Grand Prix (S) (8437510). 5.20 *Clueless*. Glossy Beverly Hills teen sitcom (S)(T) (9039363). 5.45 *New Baywatch*. Toxic waste hits the muscle-bound beach (S)(T) (426171). 6.35 *You've Been Framed!* (R/S)(T) (445220). 7.05 *Barmy Army* (S)(T) (185210). 8.00 *News, Weather, Lottery Result* (T) (214161). 8.15 *Stars in Their Eyes* (S)(T) (754607). 9.00 *Cracker*. The movie. Brotherly Love. A man is arrested to face the charge of questioning after the death of a prostitute (R/S)(T) (5005646). 11.45 *Clueless*. Glossy Beverly Hills teen sitcom (S)(T) (9039363). 11.55 *Clueless*. Glossy Beverly Hills teen sitcom (S)(T) (9039363). 12.00 *Clueless*. Glossy Beverly Hills teen sitcom (S)(T) (9039363). 12.10 *Clueless*. Glossy Beverly Hills teen sitcom (S)(T) (9039363). 12.20 *Clueless*. Glossy Beverly Hills teen sitcom (S)(T) (9039363). 12.30 *Clueless*. 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